

Winter 1986

Connecticut College Alumni Magazine, Winter 1986

Connecticut College

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The
**Connecticut
College**
Alumni
Magazine

Early Years

20s 30s
40s 50s
60s 70s
80s



A HIGH
ADVENTURE

The Connecticut College Alumni Magazine

Volume 63, No. 2, Winter 1985-86

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One of the aims of *The Connecticut College Alumni Magazine* is to publish thought-provoking articles, even though they may be controversial. Ideas expressed in the magazine are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the official position of the Alumni Association or the College.

75 YEARS

A HIGH ADVENTURE



WHEN A PERSON or an institution becomes 75 years of age, Rosemary Park writes in these pages, there is a lot to look back on. And when that institution happens to be a college, the memories are especially vivid. A college takes

people at a pivotal time in their lives and helps shape them and set them on their life's path. Anthropologists call it a rite of passage. Psychologists, a crisis of identity. To parents, it often seems both expensive and not altogether comprehensible. With adolescence drawing to a close and adult responsibilities just within reach, the four college years are a time for real metamorphosis, whether the setting is the turbulent 60's, the placid 50's, or the pioneering early years at Connecticut.

In 1915, President Frederick H. Sykes told Connecticut's first students that they were "bound upon a high adventure" that would call for all they had "of brain and hand and heart." To celebrate the College's 75th anniversary, we've gathered this collection of stories, poems, diary entries, pictures, anecdotes, yearbook clips, news stories, essays, and memories of events large and small. We can't hope to tell 75 years of history. Instead, this commemorative issue of the *Alumni Magazine* has invited people to tell their stories "of brain and hand and heart," to reflect on how these experiences shaped what Connecticut was, and still is, for them.

The stories collected here evoke a sense of place—of sinking ankle-deep into the mud on the brand new campus in 1915, of spring days at Ocean Beach, of the magnolia outside Bill Hall, of corsaged young women greeting the first freshmen men outside Larrabee House in 1969. And they speak of sound, too. College is music, writes Constance Barnes Merman '45: the measured tones of the chapel bell, the soft crescendo of song on a moonlit night. Twenty-five years later, it is the cacophonous throbs of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, of Mick Jagger and Bela Bartok. For some, the memories are of smells, as Mary Cantwell '53 recalls so vividly in "Forever Twenty-one."

The memories are, of course, filled with people: President Katharine Blunt summoning Dean Gertrude Noyes to entertain Countess Alexandra Tolstoy. Mike



Quad Dorms, 1949

Shinault, print shop manager and the first men's basketball coach, issuing a call "for all men who could walk or breathe." Rosemary Park interviewing a nervous young George Willauer for a teaching position. There is a sense of seriousness, of intellectual challenge, of sitting in a library carrel reading Plato for the first time, of struggling through a required mathematics course with Julia Bower or cowering as Marjorie Dilley commanded "You don't feel, you *think*!"

Specific traditions may fade in and out, but at Connecticut, you can find the same sense of undergraduate enthusiasm and frivolity in a 1920's mascot hunt described by Margery Field Winch '25, when Thomas Nusbaum '85 recalls a midnight crossing of the Thames by raft, or Paul Coyne '82 offers his "bone breakin', earth quakin', reputation shakin' party review," or in the flag football Super Bowl, a "brutal, brawling battle of giants."

"What a luxury it was," writes Rae Downes Koshetz '67, "to live on this beautiful campus as a junior and senior, reading plays and poetry and not caring whether a degree in French literature would pay my bills after graduation." She reminds us of something we feel more profoundly every year—that college was a unique time, that our education at Connecticut a rare privilege.



The Day New London Won the College

It was the night of March 1, 1911, in New London when my parents left my sister and me in the care of a teenage neighbor while they went “uptown” to share in some activity the whole town had been involved in. At the tender age of seven I didn’t know what all the excitement was about, only that my father had been out every night that week. This night, however, my mother went with him, leaving my sister and me to play games with the sitter.

Suddenly the girl ran to the front door and, opening it, cried out, “I guess they made it. Listen!” We heard all the church bells ringing and the fire and boat whistles blowing. Although we lived way down in the Pequot section of town, the burst of sounds coming through the clear night air brought the excitement to us, and we knew that something big was happening. I can still hear those sounds, though maybe after 74 years I only *think* I can.

Mud and Granite

In the fall of 1915, the College held an open house so the citizens of New London and surrounding towns could see the three original buildings—New London Hall, Blackstone, and Plant. All dressed up for the occasion, my sister and I went with my mother by trolley to State Street, where we transferred to the Norwich trolley. It was quite a trip in those days. We got off on Mohegan Avenue about where the drive-



way from Fanning now curves down to the road. On the top of the hill the bare granite buildings stood out starkly against the blue sky. There were no stone walls, no trees, no shrubs, no ivied walls, but all around was mud. Planks had been laid on the soft and soggy ground. I can’t say the interior of the buildings made any impression on me, but I remember missing one plank and sinking ankle-deep into the mud. As we walked down to Mohegan Avenue for our trip home, my mother said, “Maybe some day when you grow up, you two girls will come up here to college.” We did just that, my sister graduating in the fourth class, 1922, while I was in the class of 1926.

—Edna Smith Thistle '26



Mascot Ditty

Tune:

*"Uncle
Sammy"*



O, 1919 she's got a submarine.
She calls it "C 19"
Best one you've ever seen,
And now, by jinks, the enemy's spirit sinks,
It's good-bye rival team,
Good-bye rival team,
Good-bye rival team,



Oh, 1919 she's got a submarine
She calls it "C 19"
Best one you've ever seen,
And now by jinks, the enemy's spirits sink,
It's good-bye rival team.

—1919 Song Sheet



New London Hall and Blackstone under construction, 1914. In 1915, the Norwich-New London trolley line ran up a bucolic Mohegan Avenue. Campus is at left. Above, Frederick H. Sykes, first president of the College.

With Frolic Welcome *The First Freshmen Arrive*

One hundred and one members of the class of 1919 and 62 special students entered in the fall of 1915 to be greeted by Dr. Sykes and a faculty of 23. There were no rules or traditions to bind us, but there was a spirit of enthusiasm and excitement as we embarked on what Dr. Sykes called "a high adventure" in education in this new, modern college for women, on a campus where pioneer conditions were greeted with "frolic welcome." The world was all before us.

There was never any question that we would govern ourselves. We just assumed that. It was not a question of "rights," but a feeling of its being up to us—our responsibility—and this attitude was shared wholeheartedly by Dr. Sykes and the faculty.

And so we went about organizing student government. Our original constitution, adopted in February 1916, states: "Seeking to cultivate a feeling of responsibility and self-respect among the students and to increase the spirit of loyalty to the College, we the students of Connecticut College hereby organize an association for entire self-government. It shall be the object of this association to control all appropriate matters pertaining to the individual conduct of the students and to the community government of the entire student body."

THE EARLY YEARS



First commencement and first laurel chain, 1919. The class of 1919 returned the following June with placards calling themselves "the oldest living grads."

In this framework we proceeded to charter the various clubs and organizations that sprang up like mushrooms—glee club, mandolin club, dramatic club, debating club, French club, *The News*, the first College paper—to recall some that started our first year. Points allocated to the various offices and organizations limited the extra-curricular activity of the student, as did low grades in studies. Academics were to come first.

Rules were established for fire safety and regular fire drills were held. Our one-room library, 209 New London Hall, had a committee to assist the librarian. Resident rules regulated dormitory life and "quiet



The College's second president, the Rev. Benjamin T. Marshall. "Those who heard him, and took his hand," the Hartford Courant wrote in 1917, "felt that he was one to do all that he said and more."

hours," including all day "Sunday quiet." Only classical music could be played in the dorms on Sunday, and I won't tell you the chaperone rules. But, other times, other customs, as the French say, and the rules

we made were our own, and we thought of ourselves as free and independent women.

In the matter of general behavior, I think we took things for granted perhaps more than students today when honor codes are spelled out. The "C," our College handbook that first year, states: "General decorum is expected of every student on or off campus and violators of this rule will be sent before the student council and subjected to appropriate penalties determined by the council." I remember when we were formulating rules, the question of prohibiting smoking arose. It was the consensus that there was no need for any rule as that came under general decorum.

I was president of student government my senior year and lived in the first floor southeast corner room in Blackstone. Late one afternoon, Dr. Louis A. Coerne, head of the music department, came to me in a flutter saying he had forgotten to arrange with the director of residence for accommodations for Helen Jeffers, the concert violinist, who was playing that evening. I said I would arrange for her to have my room, which I did, but I forgot to tell the house president of the plan. As I was about to go to bed on the second floor, heavy cigarette smoke came wafting through the air. I stepped into the hall and looked down. Standing outside my door was a worried group, headed by the house president, trying to decide what to do, when they looked up and saw me laughing.



We must remember that until our senior year our college days were spent against the background of the First World War, in which we all felt involved. Practically everyone, student and faculty alike, had someone close in the armed services, and the arrival of Miss Carola L. Ernst, Professor of French, straight from the battlefields of Europe, brought things very close. I cannot help thinking of the contrast between our attitude toward the war and the feeling of torment and tumult in the thinking on college campuses in the Vietnam war just passed.

The Service League, started our second year, was a non-sectarian organization to which everyone belonged. It organized War Relief and other activities of social concern in the town. There was great rapport between the College and the town in those first years, and New London was very proud of the College.

As I think back about life in those beginning college days, it seems that perhaps the way we felt can best be expressed by a quotation from Wordsworth which I remembered hearing from Dr. Sykes:

*"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive
But to be young was very heaven."*

And we were young!

—Virginia Rose '19
Remarks at Reunion, June 2, 1979

A HIGH ADVENTURE

THE 20s

When the College Was Very, Very Young

Despite the many fine buildings and lovely campus of today, I am glad I was in college during the very new days. We were such a small group and we knew everyone on campus. In those days, the college library was one room on the second floor of New London Hall. In Thames Hall, everyone, including the faculty, had their meals. Chapel and convocations were held in Hillyer, with the seniors always in caps and gowns. Dean Irene Nye was our ever smiling, calm Dean of Women, whose open door at her suite in Branford was an invitation to enter for a chat.

I also remember Dr. Leib, our mathematics professor, registrar, and head of the admissions committee, who lived on the road where Palmer Library now stands. Miss Blue, our young physical education instructor, led one of the College's two Farmerette units on Long Island.

On Sunday mornings, there were breakfasts in Bolleswood with food and fry, a kindness of Miss Harris. In the winter, flapping arctics (boots) were a privilege accorded only to seniors. The trolley was met after dark by the night watchman, who escorted students to their dorms with his dog and lantern. All students were required to be on campus by 7:00 p.m., unless away with a chaperone. After spring vacation, the seniors could stay off campus minus a chaperone.

November 11, 1918—Armistice Day—we all rushed to New London to join the townspeople and hundreds of men in uniform from the forts and sub base, rejoicing that the war was over. That night, Kaiser Wilhelm was burned in effigy on campus.

In June 1919, the first class was graduated, only to return the following June with placards announcing "The Oldest Living Grads." And in June of 1921, our class graduated with mixed emotions—regret that we would not be returning with our friends the next fall, yet with great expectations for the days to come.

—Anna Mae Brazos Chalmers '21



Koiné, 1925

Boy, Weren't We Happy

Mascot Hunt

Hardly a girl is now alive
Who remembers C.C. from '21 to '25,
But one little Flapper I know very well
Kept a Diary then and—what tales it can tell!

March 17 All Vinal ate up in the Dining Hall where the mascot was shown. All the juniors marched around with little lanterns. (Our mascot was a lantern, which we later gave to the College.) We sang mascot songs and it was ever so thrilling. From 8:30 to 9:30 the mascot was hid and the juniors at Vinal dressed up like thugs and went out with picks and shovels. Gee, we looked terrible! We scared everyone who saw us. We buried a fake mascot and had more fun doing it. Amy fell into some awful smelly stuff. I scratched my legs and Alice got a huge splinter in her finger. Some night. Didn't study at all.

March 18 Went on guard with Miriam in afternoon. Went again at night to guard the "ruins" and had some wild time. Sure was tired.

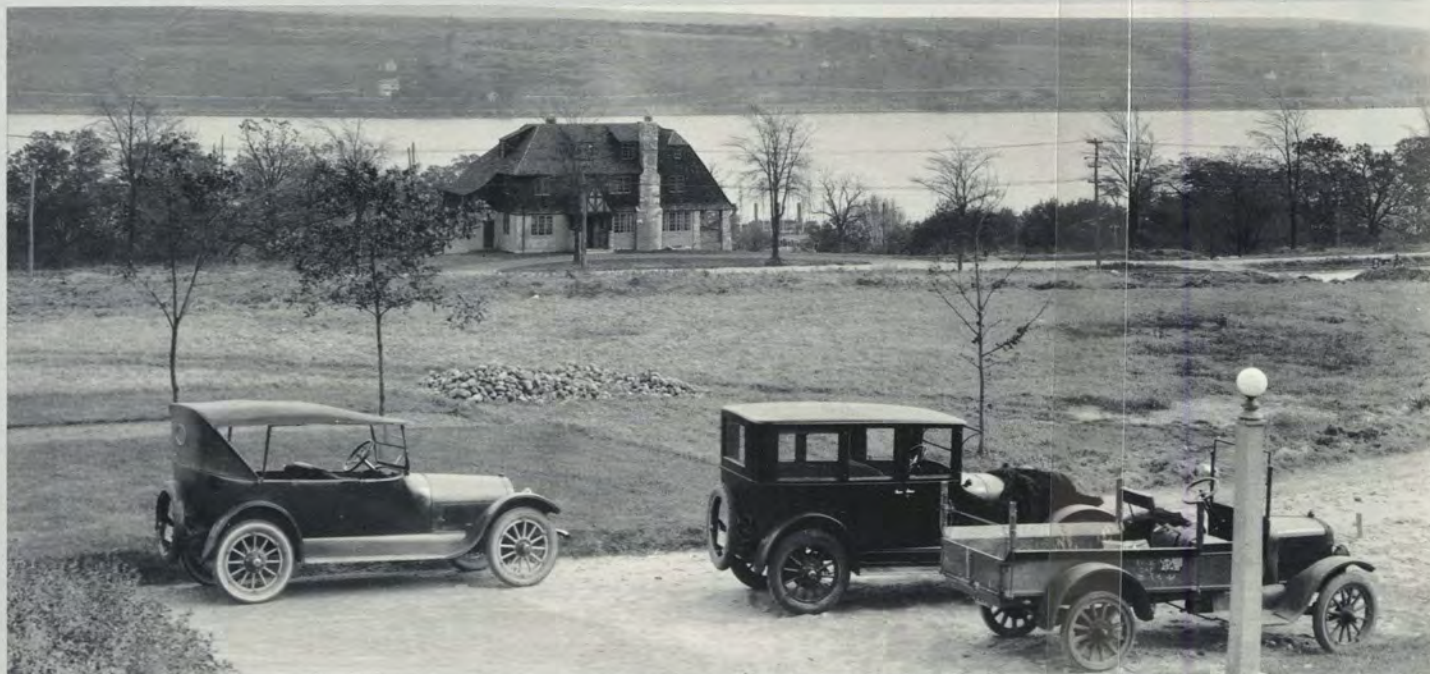
Looking east across campus, 1921, with Vinal Cottage and the Thames River in the distance.

March 19 More guard duty. Guarded reservoir from 8:00 to 9:00. Had joint meeting of '25 and '26 and decided to call off night watches for some awful men had been around.

March 20 Went on duty to guard at 4:00 and was then told that the sophs had found our mascot and that I must get to work. I had to move a whole rock pile! It took me two hours. Didn't eat any dinner. Hunted till 7:30. Boulder fell on my ankle and gashed it. Dug in all the mud and goo. Not *very* tired and dirty. At class meeting we were all assigned to different posts. Sophs gave us till Saturday noon to find it. '27 serenaded us and gee, we almost wept, it was so sweet of them. ('27 was our sister class.)

March 21 Some wild day and cold—brrr! I shiver to think of it. Vinal juniors and all of '25 got up at 5:30 and went out to look for mascot. Mae and I went over to the "ruins" and hunted on hands and knees in stonewalls, up trees, and found everything but what we wanted. Found cigarettes, dead cats, squirrels, live cats, old hats, shoes, etc. More fun. Then it began to rain and I donned my rubber boots and rain hat.

Men may come and maybe go,
But life is very long,
I'll dance here and flirt awhile,
Then sing myself a song.





Students and faculty in military formation, preparing to transfer 18,000 books from New London Hall to Palmer Library, March 27, 1923. Below, Miss Carola Ernst teaching a French class, 1921.



People going by in autos nearly broke their necks looking at me and laughing. Probably thought I was "batty," especially when I had my head stuck in the sewer and waved my rubber boots in the air. Miss Bache, etc., are furious at juniors because we didn't get any meals or anything so we got "snooty" too and ate up in the big dining hall. Went to Billy Whisker's class and cut all the rest. More hunting until 4:00, when the sophs rang the bell and put up the white flag; then we knew the juniors had recovered the mascot. Boy, weren't we happy. Then the fun began. All the sophs stuck to Peg and the mascot, and '25 hired three taxis and tried to shake the sophs but no use. Taxi bill was about \$30. Jackie finally had to sit and hold the mascot but—it was ours! I came in at 6:00 p.m. Some tired! Out since 6:00 a.m. in a freezing March wind on my feet all the time. Some long day!

(Now do you see why Mascot Hunt was later abolished?)

—Margery Field Winch '25

It's Faff so true,
It's Faff so fair,
Gracious, loving, and wise,—
Treading on wings of the skies.





Dear Diary

Remembers the Brides' Class, Cubeb Cigarettes, and Mice in Vinal Kitchen

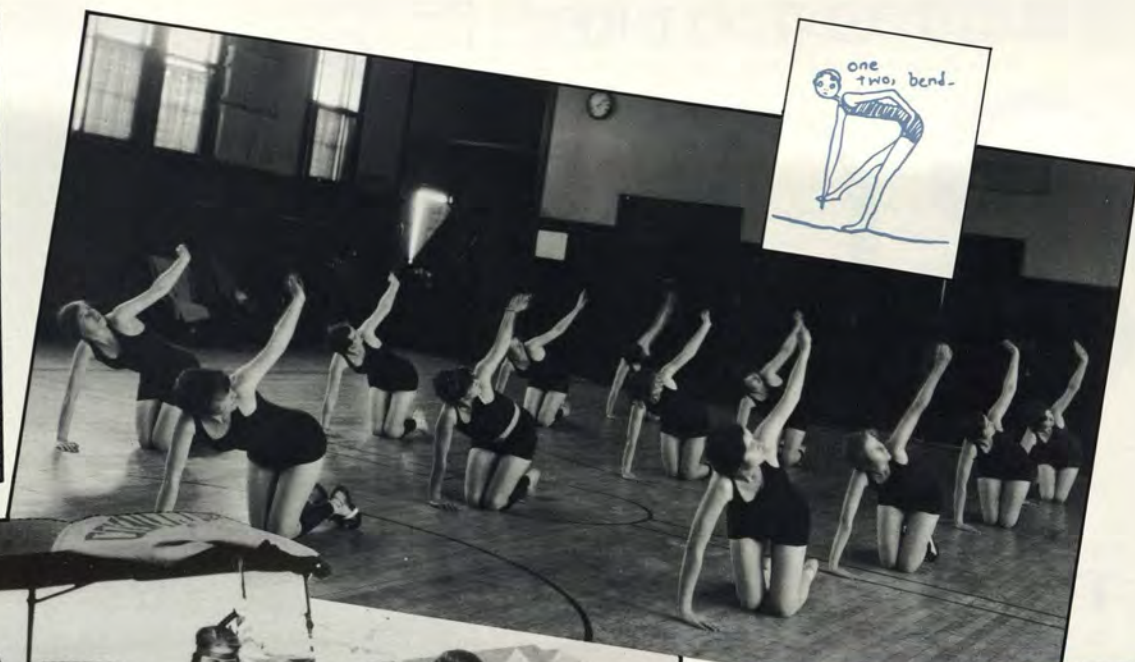
FRESHMAN YEAR: Walking from downtown every day to go to classes, waiting on tables and getting paid 25¢, eating my dinners at the Y.M.C.A., which cost 35¢, breakfasts of ice cold milk and graham crackers, always hungry and tired. Paid \$10 a week for room rent. Couldn't go to movies without upperclassman for chaperone. Everyone was bobbing her hair. I had small part in the musical *Poppy Trail* and the first performance was in Norwich.

SOPHOMORE YEAR: Lived in infirmary, which was an old house on the main street; had one line in *Of Mice and Men*. Soph Hop (big thrill to have a man on campus and to be dancing again). Sophs couldn't find mascot because it had been boarded up inside a wall, but sophs beat juniors in basketball (first time juniors had been beaten). We put May

baskets on all the seniors' doors. Movie company down at shipyards—Lila Lee and Tom Meighan were the stars. Miriam and I were the only ones who were asked to be in movie, and what fun it was!

JUNIOR YEAR: Lived at Vinal Cottage, where girls did all the work and shared expenses. I was assistant housekeeper and had to keep the upper floors clean and deal out clean towels and sheets. Took home economics, which was called "The Brides' Class." We learned how two could live on \$1,800 a year. Big thrill being a junior, as we could go to the movies without a chaperone.

Finally had to take history, having put it off for two years. Every day I do it. Can't go anywhere on account of it. One busy day: Up at 6:30, helped get breakfast, did dishes at 8:30, cleaned house from 8:30



Connecticut students aided the war effort as Farmerettes (far left). The Dramatic Club. The first basketball team. Danish gymnastics in Hillyer Hall (now the bookstore), 1929. Left, Margery Field Winch '25.

till 9:00, class 9:00 to 10:00, cooked luncheons 10:00 to 11:30, made a cake, ate in 15 minutes, Victorian poetry class 12:00 to 1:00, art 1:00 to 3:00, history 4:00 to 5:00, choir practice 5:00 to 6:00, dinner 6:00 to 7:00, dishes 7:00 to 8:00, studied history from 8:00 to 11:00, then—bed. Not *very* tired!

Funny rules: No smoking! When I smoked one Cubeb cigarette I had to report it to Student Government. It was supposed to cure my cold. No men were allowed in dorms after 10:00 p.m. My beau had to stand outdoors in the freezing cold because he had missed the trolley. I finally let him in the house and had to report my evil deed the next day.

Bobbed three girls' hair. Was elected class cheerleader; marched in Armistice Day parade. Heard a man say, "Why, not many are wearing horn-rimmed glasses!"

Borrowed two dresses to go to two proms; one was a "snaky" dress and the other was pure white to wear with my steady beau. Even juniors had to be in dorms by 10:00 p.m. I wrote, "Ran like mad to get in before ten o'clock!"

March. I was made head cook! No more dishes to

wash! Hooray! Gee, I nearly flopped. Me, that couldn't boil water.

Couldn't sleep all night on account of mice. Got up three times and chucked things at them, then put wastebasket in window hoping the mice would jump out!

June 5. All Vinal got up at 4:30 and walked to circus grounds—about four miles! Stayed there until 11:00 and then went back to see show in the afternoon.

June 10. Commencement! Sure got a funny feeling when I realized that next year I'd be graduating. Now I'm a full-fledged senior at college. Never dreamed I would be.

—Margery Field Winch '25

A HIGH ADVENTURE

THE 30s

The Secret in Room 901

Guarding the Mascot, 1932

When I heard Jay Levin '73, the mayor of New London, speak proudly last year about the restoration of New London, I was reminded of the chilly dawn of March 11, 1932, when Alice Kelly and I had breakfast at O'Leary's, a dingy all-night eatery on a dark side street of old New London. We were involved in an early version of Trivial Pursuit known as Mascot Hunt.

According to discreet references in my diary (*discreet* in case some sophomore looking for clues should sneak a look), selection of our class mascot was made by a secret committee during the summer before our junior year. Communicating by coded telegram, the committee purchased the best bronze andirons available at a Detroit foundry. In February, the massive firedogs were shipped to Mr. Walker, the manager of the Mohican Hotel. He was sworn to secrecy, and agreed to hide them until our class banquet in March. There was an unconfirmed rumor that the bellhop who accepted delivery at the hotel was offered a bribe by an eager sophomore to reveal the contents of the large crate. Although he resisted, he did try to blackmail the junior mascot committee by threatening to tell the sophomores. A double agent in the making?

So, as Al Kelly and I shivered in the cold early dawn of March 11 outside Blackstone waiting for a taxi to town, we were reasonably sure the sophomores weren't onto us—yet. After a quick check of the deserted Mohican lobby, we hurried down to O'Leary's for a quick bowl of cold cereal. Returning to the hotel, we were spotted by two skulking sophomores. Somehow, we had blown our cover. So while Al led them toward the railroad station, I escaped up the back stairs of the hotel to Room 901

where Mr. Walker had hidden our andirons in a locked closet.

According to my diary, Marge Seymour and I spent all that day and the next night locked in the room with the andirons. Of course, we covered the transom and pulled the shades lest some daring sophomore, creeping along the outside edge of the building, should see or hear anything that might give away our carefully guarded secret. In point of fact, all sophomores must have been off on some other lead, because I remember that day was disappointingly dull, and we had to create excitement during the afternoon by rushing a decoy to the rooftop banquet hall! Two days later, the hotel was severely damaged by fire, and I was glad that when the alarm sounded I was not locked in a ninth floor room guarding the andirons.

Where do you suppose those andirons are now? To my way of thinking, they should be preserved as historic reminders of the meaning of class spirit. To quote a 1931 issue of *C.C. News*, "after the years have gone by, it will not be the marks, the ambitions or the pleasures that will be remembered. It will be the immaterial things like mascots and mascot hunts."

—Ruth Ferree Wessels '33



New London's Mohican Hotel, where the junior class hid their mascot in 1932.



President Katharine Blunt

President Blunt Beckons *Entertaining Countess Tolstoy and Other Assignments*

President Katharine Blunt was an efficient woman who expected others to be efficient also. Her efficiency, however, did not preclude friendliness and generosity, and was always dictated by her devotion to the College. As the youngest member of the English department, I was often called upon to do odd jobs on short notice. My office was on the top floor of Fanning, and the usual telephone call was a crisp, "Miss Noyes, come down." Hastily dispatching my conferee, I would run down the stairs, wondering what the current emergency might be.

One day it was, "Countess Alexandra Tolstoy has come early for her Convocation lecture, and we have to entertain her for an hour. The Convocation chairman has a class and has just left her sitting in an office in the gym basement. Will you please go right over and talk with her until Convocation time?" I had taught *Anna Karenina* and read up on Tolstoy, but the prospect of entertaining his daughter was something of a challenge. I found her a sturdy figure, frank in manner and dressed like a peasant except for a magnificent pendant on a heavy gold chain. Fortunately *she* was a good talker, and the hour passed.

Another day when I was summoned, President Blunt's opening remark was a baffling one: "Miss

Noyes, do you admire the Gettysburg Address?" With as much fervor as I could muster, I replied, "Oh, yes, I do." "Well," she said, "I want you to write something like that for the inscription in the foyer of the auditorium to commemorate the Palmer gift for the College and the community. Governor Cross, who was supposed to write it, has an emergency; but he will check your piece. It will have to be short because of the gold lettering." Wilbur L. Cross, Dean Emeritus of the Yale Graduate School and a longtime member of our Board, was famous for his oratund Thanksgiving proclamations, so that I had two formidable models to live up to. Fortunately my attempt passed both presidential and gubernatorial inspections. When the building was dedicated, however, I was chagrined to find the gold letters so widely spaced that one had to read a word at a time like a first grader. The effect, I fear, falls far short of both the Governor and the President.

A less startling but quite frequent occurrence was a call at 10:30 or 11:00 to do an article on a visiting speaker or other event to reach *The Day* before its mid-day deadline. One typical assignment was, "We need an advance notice of Anna Hempstead Branch's reading of her poems tomorrow. Will you just write a summary of her career with perhaps a few critical remarks?" That assignment meant a frantic dash to the library for data and a scurrying through the poems to find a basis for charitable comments.

However desperately I had to scramble on such occasions and however shattered my own schedule, it was some slight consolation that the President down there in the big office had faith in my ability to pull the rabbit out of the hat.

—Gertrude E. Noyes '25
Dean Emeritus of the College



Students at work in the West Reading Room of Palmer Library, 1937.

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE
NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT

September 24, 1938.

TO THE PARENTS OF CONNECTICUT COLLEGE STUDENTS:

We have tried through the friendly radio and wire services of the Associated Press, Western Union, and the U. S. Coast Guard to send you parents messages of reassurance.

I am happy to say to all of you that with three minor exceptions, students, faculty and staff are unharmed. We have been in touch with the parents of the two students who were slightly hurt. The morale of the students both during and after the storm has been most heartening. We started classes at 8:00 A. M. on Thursday and have kept to our schedule. Students have been volunteer messengers at college and served in other useful capacities.

Great credit goes to the service men of the college who have worked through the nights erecting a temporary stack to replace our heating plant chimney which fell during the storm. By Friday noon the college buildings had heat, water, refrigeration and some lights. The off-campus houses have not been without water at any time. Arrangements were made for trucking food and milk so that there has been no food shortage. All drinking water is boiled.

Considering the destruction by fire, wind and water in the city and the surrounding district, we fared well. We lost parts of several roofs, many of our already too few lovely trees including some of the 250 year old hemlocks, the greenhouse and a part of the auditorium which is under construction.

Be assured that all is well with your daughter here.

Very sincerely yours,

Katharine Blunt

Katharine Blunt
President



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DISASTER=
MR AND MRS EMIL LEVY.

1938 SEP 24 PM 1 58

WESTERN UNION ALONE SERVES 99% OF THE PLACES HAVING TELEGRAPH OFFICES

The Hurricane of '38 struck without warning September 21, just as classes began. The storm devastated all of New England, hundreds lost their lives, and New London suffered additional damage from fires. Ships were tossed on the railroad tracks near Union Station (above) and this scene on Huntington Street was typical. President Blunt managed to send reassuring messages to students' parents, many of whom sent back their thanks (left).

Come Tumbling Down

The Hurricane of '38

I was a freshman in the fall of 1938, living in Humphrey House, one of the old off-campus dorms between Vinal Cottage and the Coast Guard Academy. On September 21 one of my classes was botany, which met in the greenhouse that day until the instructor decided to send us all home after the third or fourth window had blown in! By the time I reached Humphrey House, my Ohio raincoat was soaked clear through and my Ohio umbrella had been turned inside out. (A sou'wester and slicker were my next purchases when we finally were allowed downtown.)

When I reached the dorm, about six or eight brave souls were huddled together in the living room. What happened there was later related in Eleanor Clarage's "Main Street Meditations" in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* of Sept. 28, 1938:

A young lady of Cleveland, now a student at Connecticut College, writes home about the recent storm that unroofed buildings and blew out windows at school.

While the fury of the storm was at its height, one of the girls opened her Bible and began to read to the others to allay their fears.

And...she found that she had opened to the exact place in the Good Book where the walls of Jericho came tumbling down!

We kept a fire watch all night to be sure the fires we could see burning downtown didn't march right on up the hill to our dorm! Incidentally, our landlady, Mrs. Bosworth, put red street lanterns on all floors of the dorm so that we could see our way around the halls at night. We wrote an uproarious song about our red light house!

—Virginia Martin Pattison '38

On Hands and Knees

I arrived at Connecticut that fatal fall of '38 as a transfer from Bradford Junior College (as it was known in those days). A day or two after my arrival the Great Hurricane of '38 was raging full force. It was 3:00 p.m. and I was crawling on all fours across campus from the classroom to my dorm while slates from the roofs of the buildings flew past my head. Of course, I was wearing my yellow sou'wester bought at the Army-Navy store the day before. That night, with our rooms lit by candles, we watched New London burn and knew how Nero felt. Martial law ruled the town to prevent looting and President Blunt announced that anyone who left the campus that weekend was "a damn fool!" We all thought she was great!

—Breck Benbow Duncan '40



When Dancing Was Cheek to Cheek

In the fall of 1930 an entering freshman found herself one of 563 students. She had been admitted by "certificate" (College Boards were required if her record was questionable, and "looked at" if taken for another college.) Her room, board, and tuition cost \$1020, and she lived in an off-campus dormitory. (By 1940 she would be one of 748, would have passed the SAT's, her charges would still be \$1020, and she would live on campus.) She came with an Empress Eugenie hat, probably a raccoon coat, and surely a pair of white kid gloves. The first person she became acquainted with, after housemates, house junior, and junior sister, was Mr. Barry, the postman, who would somehow know, from that day forward, not only her name, but which postmarks on her mail caused her face to light up (or fall by their absence), and would enthuse or commiserate accordingly. She



Freshmen in Mosier House, 1937. Students were required to wear hats off campus.

THE THIRTIES

underwent initiation by the sophomores which lasted a week. (By 1939 it had been mercifully shortened to one evening.)

Here is a random sampling of rules of the times:

Smoking is not permitted (among other places) at the fence at foot of Deshon Street.

A student may not go to an unapproved place even with an approved chaperone.

A student must have a chaperone when showing her room to men guests other than her father.

Hats and stockings shall be worn on trolley cars and in town below Bullards Corners . . . Bloomers may be worn going to and from a class in physical education, but shall not be worn on any public highway, in New London Hall, in the Library, or in the dining room.

No one may knit in Vespers, Convocation, Musicals, or other activities open to the public.

Students going to the beach in autos may wear beach pajamas, shorts, and slacks, provided that they do not get out of their cars between campus and the beach.

The roads to New Haven, Middletown, and Hanover were well-traveled on house-party weekends, and Wesleyan boys in particular would invade New London by the carload for what amounted often to mass blind dates. (Any man who was lucky enough to have a car had it made.) Uniforms appeared more frequently at campus functions after 1932 when construction began on the U. S. Coast Guard Academy. The place to go on a date was usually "Izzy's" at Ocean Beach, and Coke was the drink (after Repeal, "3.2" beer in coffee cups—rash as it may seem!)

In those days dances were really dances. Everyone went, with or without dates. The sloppy clothes of the workaday week were left in heaps on the floor and out came the prettiest dresses; hair was shampooed and set. Those girls without dates went "stag" to the Service League dances. (Each class had an annual prom which was formal, and for these, programs were filled out.) The "stags" kept partners changing by cutting in on the men, and any girl who had brought a really good dancer (a "smoothie") could not hope for more than a few steps with him at the outset, and the last dance, with luck. It was considered a delight that for once girls could do the choosing. Dancing was cheek to cheek, with intricate steps led by the man and followed by the girl; "dipping" was in favor; and no evening was complete without the wild acceleration of "Tiger Rag." (Ho-old that tig-er!)

—Elinor Hine Kranz '34
CCAM, August 1969



Students working in the Arboretum with Dr. George Avery, 1932.
Opposite, Geraldine Hanning '45 on Palmer Radio.

A HIGH ADVENTURE

40s

THE



Something That Will Never Come Again

Connecticut College, 1942

College is routine; class after class, day after day, same professor, same people around you, same hard chair in the same second row. It is a sense of frustration, an uncertainty as to whether the gain is worth the struggle.

College is long, gray February days with the wind piercing through you. It is the leaden atmosphere of the stacks in the library, the unoriginal conversations during the hurried hands of bridge, the inevitable stream of sleepless nights to write the term paper, the constant female din in the halls of the dormitory.

Now, today, it is the gradual and hard transition from peace to war: the breaking down of traditions, the bewildering loss of commonplace customs—guests for dinner and crowded convertibles and the brightly lighted Christmas tree in the library. Suddenly, you must awfully express sympathy to those whose lives have been marked by loss and grief. You need to grow up before you expected to.

College is an omnipresent awareness of the clock, of “twenty after” and “ten of,” of eating dinner in too short a time. It is a realization of the problems the world holds, problems the professors say youth has to solve; a sense of failing to meet the intellectual expectations of the teachers; a desire to escape from the realm of authority and rules.

College is also a sense of belonging. It is an exuberant October day when autumn shakes out her pattern of colors in the Arboretum, when the river reflects the steadfast blue of the wide sky, when the wind is gentled, and the Sound shimmers in the distance. It is playing a childish game of hide-and-seek after dinner, raking leaves to help the war effort, watching the fiery sunset from the roof, exploring paths and ledges in the golden woods on a Sunday afternoon.



College is music: the measured tones of the chapel bell, the soft crescendo of song on a moonlit night, the rhythmic banter of voices calling from one end of campus to the other.

It is saying hello to someone you don't know and getting a friendly grin in return; a sudden realization that work is interesting, a surprising curiosity to know more; friendship, lightly congenial and deeply satisfying. It is holding close to you something that will never come again. This is college.

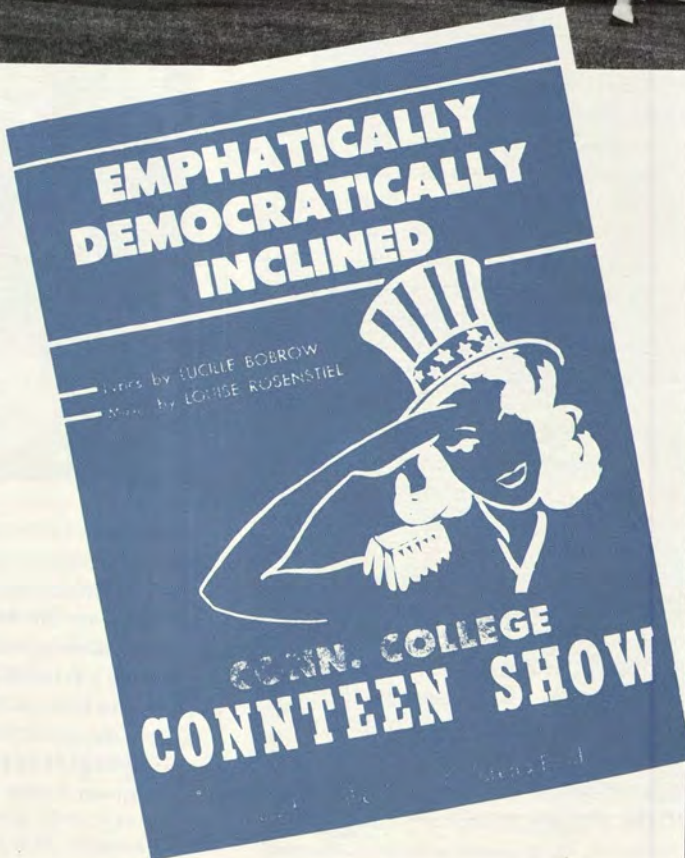
—Constance Barnes Mermann '45



DURING THE WAR YEARS Military Drill was a physical education choice during the spring and fall terms. The marching course was taught by an officer from the Coast Guard Academy (a Lt. Horton, I believe, who referred, on campus at least, to us as "my girls"). As I recall, we were expected to wear gray skirts, navy blue sweaters and white shirts in order to look as uniform as possible. As we advanced in our technique, Lt. Horton would occasionally turn a platoon over to one of us who was expected to maintain the "Hup, two, three" cadence and give the necessary commands.

When my turn came, I was so carried away by maintaining the rhythm and cadence, I forgot the command for turning or reversing. I marched the group down the front lawn of the campus onto Mohegan Avenue and on towards the Thames before he rescued us. We did manage to stop the traffic on Mohegan (it was not like an interstate then) for a short while, and the excursion was dubbed "Algie's Wide Blue Blunder." It was some time before I was asked to "handle" a platoon again.

—Alice (Algie) Adams Hilmer '44



THE C.C. NEWS was assembled and put to bed in the 1940's in the news room in the basement of one of the Quad dorms—Branford—if my memory serves me accurately. A very tired news staff was finishing up a late Tuesday night feature story on knitting for the Red Cross for the war effort (the students' contribution to this commitment). In what I considered a brilliant pun, I suggested the headline should read: PURL

HARBOR! Betty Shank Post '43, News editor, came up with one better: **PURL HARDER!** We sent the issue off to the printer, Jerry Anderson, a fabulously wonderful man from Stonington, Connecticut; and to our amazement, a few days later, discovered the Associated Press had picked up our headline and printed a brief story on our knitting efforts.

—Alice Adams Hilmer '44



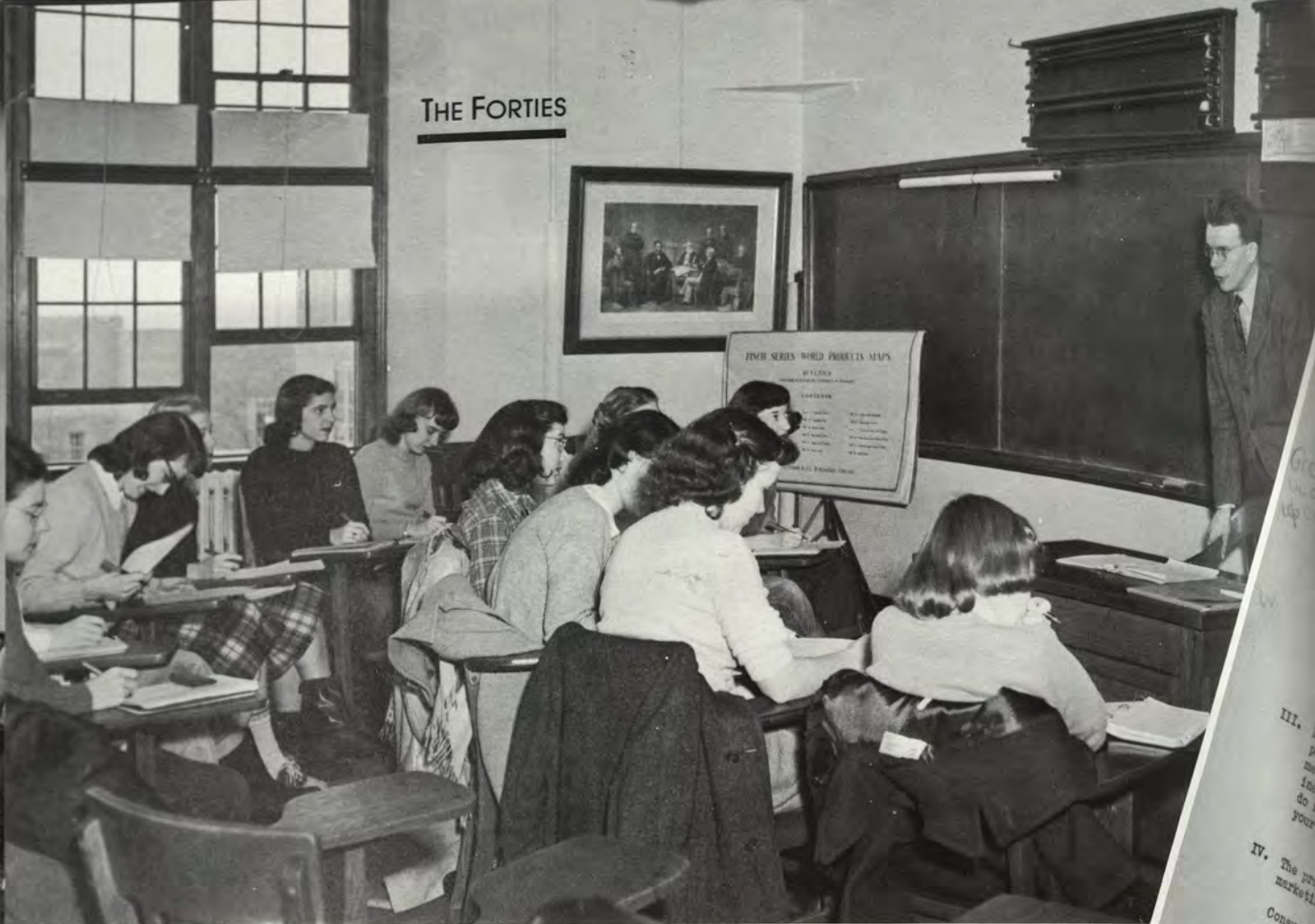
PRESIDENT BLUNT ON THE BRINK: The fascinating article on the renovation of Palmer Library/Blaustein Humanities Center and the picture of the 1941 era when the wings were being added to Palmer Library reminded me of one of my many nightly trips home from the library during the blackout war years. The foundation holes for the wings had been dug, and they were rather casually roped off so that

people would not fall into these areas. As I cruised by the west side "hole," I noticed a white haired lady, rather short of stature, who was obviously inspecting the progress (in the dark) of the building. She was about to step into the great cavity, and I recognized the voice and figure of President Blunt. I called out to her; she stopped, stepped back and thanked me for calling the situation to her attention.

—Alice Adams Hilmer '44



THE FORTIES



The Enduring Image

I remember Freshman Week and D.R. Royce, one of our house juniors—the persistence of those early images is astounding. I remember the dignified Knowlton dining room and congregating before dinner, waiting for our housefellow to arrive, the setting sun comfortably bathing the room in amber light. In this image, I stand, gripping the back of my Windsor chair, doing my little part to give life to “The Genteel Tradition,” which, at that moment, in 1943, was being given a swift and violent death elsewhere. Knowlton had a beautiful stairway. Is that image—a young woman in a long gown lingering near the banister chatting (flirting?) with a uniformed male below—from the yearbook?

In Dr. Brown’s English class I discovered Hemingway, from whom I learned about leftist causes and sleeping bags. I remember the excitement of sitting in a library carrel reading Plato for the first time for an esthetics course. I was eighteen. The magnolia outside Bill Hall was small but especially gorgeous that spring. Nothing can erase Dr. Morris’ History of Philosophy course for me. We are born like a bubble, he said, into one circle, and burst out to shed one bound-

dary after another as we go from self-centered childhood to maturing in our concern for ourselves, then for our community, and then the world. Some weeks I drove myself through a thousand pages of theories about how we got here, what we were doing here and where we were going. Now that I think of it, they were all written by men. I don’t remember anyone talking to us about vocations or careers.

I would weep listening to Miss Ernst read French poetry. I adored Wordsworth, Rembrandt, painting portraits, classical Greece, working for “good” causes, and playing bridge instead of going to zoology class (how was I to know Sybil Hausman was my future husband’s aunt?). The constellation of the Vietnam war, the civil rights movement, women’s liberation and problems in my own family life told me that the scenario for living I had received at Connecticut was, by 1968, becoming rather threadbare. Alas, college did not liberate me. It gave me a model—a men’s model—for being in the world. College did give me a respect for ideas, however, and it nurtured in me the value of human experience. Now, I still have to liberate myself.

—Priscilla Baird Hinckley '47

What "Reunion" Really Means

Reunion, according to Noah Webster, means "a meeting again of persons who have been separated," but that hardly covers it.

Maybe Noah never went back to Yale's annual blast, and men's reunions are different anyway.

What Reunion really means, as any Older Woman knows who's been to one, is a meeting to reassure, to re-instate, and to re-fortify the certainty that Old Jane lives, breathes, looks as well as anybody else (secretly, she thinks, better), has traveled almost as much, has superior children, and has survived (with pictures) to tell the tale.

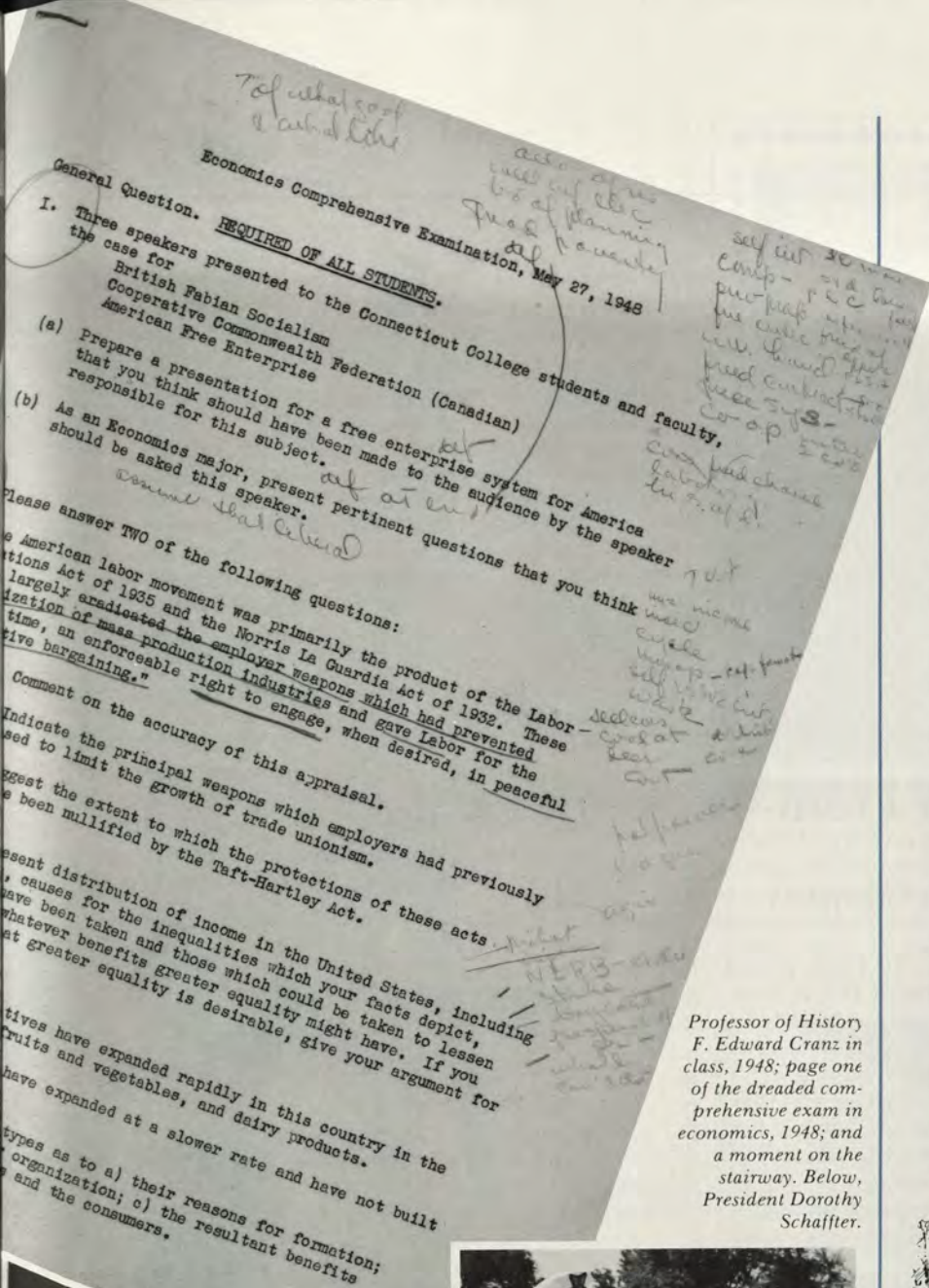
And even more important, perhaps, is the feeling expressed by an alumna Saturday night at Connecticut College. "For a day and a half I've been ME," she said with satisfaction, "Nobody's mother or wife or employee or volunteer, just me, JANE SMITH, class of '54."

In cinderblock cells, bereft of the posters and plants and pictures and bedspreads of the undergraduate, enlivened only by stark white draperies, a desk, chair and narrow cot, local alumnae relived their college days during the rainy weekend in New London.

"This room makes me feel as though I'm being prepped for major surgery," said Gloria Pierce, uneasily.

"No wonder they all sleep with somebody," said a matron with

Professor of History
F. Edward Cranz in
class, 1948; page one
of the dreaded com-
prehensive exam in
economics, 1948; and
a moment on the
stairway. Below,
President Dorothy
Schaffter.



Continued from page 21

1944 on her name tag. "I'd flag down the first man I saw in the hall if I were here for a semester!"

Reunion, for me, started at home with a handwritten note from the alumni office, cautiously stating that, since the Phi Beta Kappa Breakfast was limited to PBK scholars only and I had unwittingly (witlessly) signed up for the occasion, they were refunding my \$2. This was read aloud by my husband with great merriment to our son, who is passing seventh grade—as I have announced repeatedly—only as a result of my efforts with his homework.

Another bad moment came

when I approached the crone with the lavender rinse in the dorm lobby and asked for directions to the new art center.

"Killer," she cried, "don't you recognize your old pal, Bootsie?"

Bathrooms were a hazard in the now coeducational dormitory still populated by some of the senior students, and signs kept being switched from "Men" to "Women" and back again. Late at night, after more conversation than I've had in a year, when the sign read "Women," I found this message taped to the shower door:

STALL NO. 3: Stall three people are intrepid bravers of the

unknown. They will go anywhere, braving many dangers. Astronauts, sailors, and race car drivers are almost always stall three men. Stall three men include Captain Kirk, Dr. Ozone and The Shadow.

This is certainly more imaginative writing than the "Send gray suit to clnrs," "Dear Mom—am on my bike," "We need more Ajax," type of communique I'm accustomed to scanning. "This is Higher Education," said Bootsie.

—Marion Kane Witter '44
CCAM, Winter 1974-75, reprinted from the *West Hartford News*

Back From the South Pacific

Honeymooning on Campus

As a walking, wounded Army Air Corps man, I was able to enjoy the summer of 1945 at Connecticut College. I was on medical leave from Fort Devens General Hospital in Massachusetts when Mimi Steinberg '46 and I were married, in June of 1945. One of the conditions of our marriage was that Mimi attend summer school in order to complete her degree. Fortunately, my two-month medical leave allowed my war bride and me an extended honeymoon—and off we went to New London. We found a room in a house on Williams Street across from the College.

What a marvelous summer that was for a soldier back from the South Pacific! Sleeping late in the morning while Mimi was off to class, loitering around the school until she returned, and then tennis and the beach in the afternoons. There was hardly another man to be seen on campus and I enjoyed being somewhat of an oddity.

Mimi, an economics major, introduced me to Professor Colston Warne, who had come to Connecticut College from Amherst that summer as a visiting professor of economics. It seems I spent every morning in Dr. Warne's office, after his early class, my feet up on a desk, coffee mug in hand, righting all the ills of the world, and discussing the future that would follow the end of the war. Forty years later, I am able to recall that brilliant man better than many of my own college professors.

Forty years of Connecticut College associations have left me with many fond memories of the school,

*The Honeymooners:
Joe and Mimi Steinberg
Edlin '46 at Ocean
Beach.*



beginning with my introduction to the college in 1944 when I came from Yale to meet Mimi on a blind date. I have been back on campus many times to accompany Mimi on alumni missions, reunions, and for Martha Graham summers. I like to think of myself as an alumnus—adoptive.

—Joe Edlin

Bits and Pieces

New London fog and limp hair, going across campus in the dark to 8:00 a.m. classes (war-time DST), wonderful, ineffable days at Ocean Beach, Posy as the beautiful madonna, Dr. Laubenstein's deep "We Three Kings" at the Christmas candlelight sings, empty dining rooms on Friday night as the detestable aroma of cooking fish drove us to Martom's down the road, cottage pudding ad infinitum, wartime Sunday suppers of sandwiches and fruit, trying to find one's blind date on emerging from the cloakroom at the Coast Guard Academy, the V-12 ships coming into New London bringing friends of friends, the Whiffenpoofs at our Knowlton Salon formals, Mascot Hunt, May Day gifts to Junior Sisters and strawberries for breakfast, the agony of comps, Dean Burdick's incredible memory, Eddie Condon's group at Palmer Auditorium, *Life* coming to the campus and staging "College in Wartime," dressing for dinner, the buddy system to go into New London, Danny Shea's—especially on St. Patrick's Day, C.C.'s fee rising to \$1,500, campaigning in the district for Mrs. Chase Going Woodhouse. Our songs: 'Til Then, *Paper Moon*, *Sentimental Journey*; the wonderful *Casablanca* and *Laura*; when the boys came home! Eugene O'Neill, Jr.'s graduation speech.

—Marie Hickey Wallace '47

Where Were You

April 12, 1945?

River Day, April 12, 1945, dawned sunny, brushed by the first caress of spring. It was a long awaited holiday, promising a break from classes and deadlines and perhaps a respite from the gnawing anxieties about our friends serving overseas. Our gang headed out to our favorite haunt, Ocean Beach, to celebrate the first rites of spring. We spent the day bathed in iodine and baby oil anticipating a glorious early tan, tested the icy waves, and staged the first picnic of the season. It was a perfect day—one for the memories.

But how soon the memory was to tarnish, for when we returned to campus we learned that President Roosevelt had died. We were stunned at the news and painfully absorbed the enormity of the problems surrounding the death of our president in wartime. We gathered in small knots, many to share our personal sorrow, sought out our professors to allay our fears, and sadly accepted the death of the man who had been president for as long as most of us could remember. The next days passed in somber awe, the sweet sad music of the local radio station droning in the background as students reached out to grief-stricken faculty and the administration sought to comfort the community and honor the president. On Sunday an all-college memorial service was held, well



attended by townspeople as well as the college community, in Palmer Auditorium. It was a beautiful service with admirers and detractors joined as one at that moment to honor a great leader who had changed America forever.

—Marie Hickey Wallace '47





THE PRESIDENTS

Two Thoughts on 75

By Rosemary Park Anastos
President Emeritus of the College

WHEN AN INSTITUTION or person becomes 75 years of age, there is a lot to look back on. As I think about those years of College history, it occurs to me to wonder whether there are any recurrent questions or problems which may have changed in form over the years but which are still seeking a definitive answer today despite the College's other successes and achievements.

Two such themes present themselves. Both were undoubtedly discussed by the founders and have emerged with some regularity in decisions on College policy since then. Both are of fundamental importance today. They are the nature of women's education and the place of the humanities in higher education.

The proximity of the founding of Connecticut College to the final success of the woman's suffrage movement suggests that the education the new college was to offer women would strongly resemble that available to men. Both were expected to vote and should be prepared to participate in the shaping of public policy. It was clear, however, that, even with the vote, women would be involved in economic life at a lower level than men. Girls were therefore urged to learn typing and shorthand in order to enter the business world, though these skills were not required of men. Girls had to be instructed in home management, though men, who would also be involved in establishing the new family, were not expected to need such courses.

These differences in education hardly accounted, however, for the continued absence of women in the top ranks of government, industry, science, and the university. Eventually the explanation was thought to lie not in essential differences in abilities or education but rather in social discrimination. Society, which had so unwillingly conferred the vote on women, had as yet no confidence in their ability to discharge leadership responsibilities, and in the end legislation was necessary to open opportunity more fairly to women.

In addition to antidiscrimination legislation another development of the 60's was the discovery that women had a history, at times different from men's. This past is now being explored vigorously by historians, and a variety of courses and programs at both the undergraduate and graduate level has emerged. How they will affect modern education is not yet clear. Should all women be obliged to elect such a course, or, more importantly, should all men?

Today the coeducational scene changes some aspects of the questions on women's education. Of itself, however, I do not believe that coeducation supplies any definitive answers, any more perhaps than anti-discrimination legislation solved the problem of the social failure to support women's aspirations equally with men's. It is also true that the colleges and universities did not play a leading role in securing this legislation in the first place, and today some aspects of those measures are weakly enforced. All this leads me to believe that, despite coeducation



and some federal concern, women's education has not been given any secure or fixed form, and that questions will continue to arise over the coming 75 years about the adequacy and appropriateness of our present structures.

When I first came to Connecticut College 50 years ago, there was lively discussion of the place of the humanities in the curriculum. Actually the matter at issue was the inclusion of more vocationally oriented courses to which the liberal arts courses might have to give way. Today there is a similar discussion in the country and great pressure from both students and parents to provide more instruction leading directly to employment. More than ever the humanities are attacked as useless, effete decorations to life with no practical value. In the early days of the 19th century a certain social status still adhered to those who studied the humanities. Indeed one of the motivations for the land-grant college act of 1862 was the popular demand that such study be opened more widely and democratically to all levels of the population. Today what was then a sign of privilege is thought of as unnecessary and useless.

This negative judgment is confined primarily to the younger generation. Among the most mature students—retirees—the study of aspects of the humanities is the most popular field. To be sure, these subjects—philosophy, history, literature, and the arts—require a degree of maturity to be really savored. But they are not closed to any age group. Each one makes of them as much as experience and imagination will permit. For all ages they enlarge the personality by expanding and deepening convictions, sympathies, and sensitivities, all of which leads to greater self-confidence.

Though we live in an age of specialization, the rapidity of change makes confidence based on specialization subject to obsolescence. Therefore sources of personal security other than specialized technical competence may be needed. In the past we could count on our traditional institutions, but they too are subject to erosion and no longer constitute a certain bulwark for the individual. Only in the area of the humanities does higher education offer, it seems to me, any insights that can aid and strengthen man's capacity to live worthily in this time of shifting priorities and technologies. In the introductory phases the humanities need to be well taught, but later on they speak for themselves and can hardly be ineffective even in clumsy hands. It is nevertheless important for the College to make clear to students what reasons lie behind the inclusion of humanities in their course of study.

As I look at Connecticut College at this point on its way to a century of existence, I am confident that the two recurrent questions I selected for comment will continue to engage the best efforts of the institution. Both are topics that can easily be clouded with rhetoric, but both, with careful analysis, can be constructive components in educational plans for the future.

President Park with her father, the Rev. J. Edgar Park, after his baccalaureate sermon in 1951.



A HIGH ADVENTURE

THE 50s



There Was a Young Lady From Akron

During Freshman Week, people would laugh when I said I was from Akron, Ohio. I knew that Akron wasn't Boston, but still, I thought, it wasn't a cultural wasteland either. My mother was a founder of the Akron Symphony Orchestra, and my great aunt a charter member of the museum; on her patio I heard a number of operas each summer. We had public libraries, a country day school, and a string quartet that practiced at our house on Sunday afternoons. So why were people laughing?

It turned out that one of my predecessors didn't know what to do with the angel robe she was handed when posture pictures were taken of incoming freshmen. She walked out absolutely naked, and went straight up to the doctor who was busy recording the necessary data. He was, of course, astonished and asked, "Where did you come from, dear?" And she had answered, "Akron, Ohio."

—Rachel Ober Burrell '50



Mascot Hunt:

A Junior Class President Remembers

We are juniors now. Now it is *our* turn to leave the trail of clues for the sophomores, our turn to announce our gift to the College. Each side in this traditional contest has appointed its Mascot Hunt Committee of four, including the class president. This latter fact is important, because there have to be three meetings in the next two and a half days, and the best way to prevent (or discover) these meetings is to tail the class president. I know. I did it the previous year, even sleeping one night outside her dormitory room door like the faithful family dog.

Both classes, too, have hidden their class banners. Our committee had prepared for this a few months earlier. We fashioned a fake curb-end over the summer, a yard-long strip of concrete with a pipe embedded down its length. We placed it where the curb gave out on the Windham side of the Chapel, rolling our green and gray class banner into the pipe a few days before Mascot Hunt began. Later in the week I would orchestrate a conversation with the sophomore class president while resting my foot casually on our hiding place. Our committee has also hidden the second clue already, taping it into the incised "L" of the lettering over the Bill Hall doorway.

But now it is the Night When Mascot Hunt Begins. Both classes gather for cider and doughnuts at a big bonfire south of Palmer (where Cummings now stands). The two class presidents are there for the giving of the first clue. Our strategy is to try to have our first committee meeting tonight. Place: the heating tunnels under Blackstone. Time: as soon as we can all scatter and then regroup. I will be followed as the only identifiable committee member, and so, of course, we need decoys. Quite a few of us are in our basic trenchcoats, gumshoe-fashion. In a scrum after

the bonfire we will put paper bags over our heads and scatter like a flock of oversized Halloween munchkins. It must have worked, for I recall that first meeting behind the heating pipes. The rest of those two and a half days is a blur of near-misses, of jumping out a first floor dorm window to escape the tag, hiding the last two clues, and finally, the banquet at the end when each committee scribe read the Class Log and our class gift was announced. I suppose we went to classes and wrote English papers and even bathed during Mascot Hunt days, but I have no memory of anything except the intensity of the event.

I called Gertrude Noyes to learn how Mascot Hunt began, and she referred me to her history of the College. Apparently, in the spring of 1918, the junior class announced their mascot (a toy submarine), but the sophomores stole it before it could be presented to the College. Although the junior class president outwitted the sophomores (with a spare mascot), the episode launched a competitive tradition that would last nearly 45 years. The format, the season, and the involvement varied, but it did not peter out until the early 60's.

I look back on those days with an almost motherly smile, bemused by both my innocence and my total involvement. It would surely seem juvenile to my more worldly and cynical present-day students. But if traditions are maintained to support community and continuity, then our bonfire served its purpose well.

—Elizabeth Babbott Conant '51

Forever Twenty-One

What I remember best is that we were all women—girls, really—and that coming indoors at night meant going from cold, damp salt air into a hothouse scented with bath powder, cigarettes and, on Saturday nights, Arpege, or Chanel No. 5, or Prince Matchabelli's Wind Song.

I remember that class discussions could be very animated, but that they were apt to cease when the time was up. To get on the Dean's List or become a Winthrop Scholar was to be applauded, but to betray a consuming interest in a subject was to be deplored. Intensity was construed as bad taste, or oddness. We admired brains, I think, but not passion.

Above all I remember how young we all were. We remain young too. Few of us can see the changes in our own faces, and I no more than anyone else. And since the last time I saw most of my classmates was on our graduation day, their faces haven't changed either.

I saw a picture in the paper recently of the man one of my friends had married. (His name was odd, and therefore memorable.) He had a double chin, a paunch and was 56 years old. "A---, married to that old man! I can't believe it!" I said to myself. To me she is, like all of us, forever twenty-one.

—Mary Cantwell '53





Reunion: The Veneer is Gone

Shedding the Expectations of the 50's

When my good friend and I co-chaired 1955's 25th reunion, we set out to orchestrate the best, biggest and most beautiful 25th reunion Connecticut College, or any other college, ever had experienced! We spent several days in New London, not just checking out restaurants for our banquet, but investigating every state park, boat charter, museum and tourist attraction in the area, gleaned information to keep our classmates busy and entertained.

By the time reunion had rolled around, we had something available for everyone. We were ready! And then, those wonderful people, those individuals who had graduated from Connecticut College in 1955 started to arrive—singly, in groups, some with husbands and some long since divorced. What a collection we turned out to be!

The veneer of previous reunions was gone. We were no longer playing the role: the happy marriage to a successful husband, outstanding children, living-happily-ever-after routine. The expectations of the 50's were now the realities of the 80's.

Some of our classmates returned to reunion badly scarred, but they were there along with the rest of us because they chose to return to a place and to a group of people with whom they had shared four significant years. Many of the carefully planned activities were put aside as we started to interact. We shared a camaraderie that had not existed while we were students.

Women who had barely known each other on campus discovered they had mutual friends, experiences or areas of interest. There was a lot of openness in these discussions, some of which went on into the early hours of the next day. Personalities had crystallized and we were a much more interesting lot than those amorphous souls who departed from campus in June of 1955.

But then, we were the same. Molly's wonderful laugh hadn't changed and Jean still sparked the conversation with her dry wit. We found, too, that the campus was still recognizable. Though our gym had now become the bookstore and the stable area was now the Plex, Fanning, New London Hall and our grand old dorms were still where we left them. The view of the Sound from the steps of Palmer Library remained pretty much unchanged. We all came away strengthened by the friendships, the caring and real support of individuals we had known so many years ago.

What is it that draws us back, that undefined substance that creates a reunion? It's the place, certainly, that sheltered us as we learned and grew during those four short years of our lives. It's the people, too, with whom we shared those years. They have become exciting, honest individuals who are pursuing their goals, first dreamt about and then nurtured while attending Connecticut College.

—Frances Steane Baldwin '55

Mornin' Mr. Sun 1953

Lyrics: Fleugelman

Music: Becker



The Conn Chords entertain at a dance, 1952; a softball game on Fathers' Day, 1955; the 1956 Koiné dedication; opposite, members of the laurel chain place the laurel in the form of "58" while the graduating class sings on the steps of Palmer.



To Our Parents

for starting us on the path of life,
for washing our dirty, childhood faces,
for spanking us when we walked our independent paths too thoughtlessly,
for encouraging us when small problems seemed insurmountable,
for loving us when it seemed that no one else did,
for guiding us always toward the smoothest path,
and for being our parents

we, the members of the class of 1956, humbly dedicate this our yearbook.



Pieces of Eight

First Return to College Student

Suddenly aghast at my folly, I wondered what in the world I was doing here. Professor Betty Thomson had begun the Biology 101 introductory lecture, but scores of 18-year-old eyes were fastened on me, a strange fish in their pond. It was 1958, long before Connecticut College for Women initiated its Return to College program and before many grandmothers anywhere went to college, even for a short time as I planned to do in order to satisfy my curiosity.

Fun, it was not. I enjoyed the lectures, but lab was purgatory. When I peered into the microscope, the specimens never resembled the pictures in the textbook, and the drawings I turned in after class looked more like a bit of my imagination than anything else. No one wanted me for a lab partner, for if I didn't knock over test tubes and the like, I was bound to do something else equally disastrous. Furthermore, it was a rare exam that I didn't fail. Yet I passed—that it was with a *D* in no way diminished my joy or made it less of a miracle.

Made bold by my mastery of science, I decided to take two courses the following year, and as semesters slipped by I became more and more engrossed in what I was learning. Whether the subject was American history, expository writing or symbolic logic, I



Miss Margaret Hazlewood in her drama class, 1950. Below, student volunteers at Learned House. Opposite, paid ad in 1959 *Koine*.

relished them all. Then one day Dean Alice Johnson—to whom I am ever grateful—remarked on the number of credits I had accumulated and suggested I aim for a degree, an idea that had never entered my mind. So with her encouragement, I quickly settled on a major and began to work in earnest.

There were many hurdles along the way, both of an academic and a domestic nature. One year I had an appendectomy. Another time my daughter came down with mono, and the two grandsons came to stay with us. Sudden trips to the vet's with ailing animals and entertaining my husband's business friends coincided unfailingly with finals.

During the 1961-62 school year, the college went from a five-course plan to four courses, which left me (for reasons too complicated to describe here) with two dangling credits. In order to utilize them, Registrar Rita Barnard advised me to take the Munson Institute summer course in American maritime history at the Mystic Seaport. This work gave me six credits, which, added to those two, amounted to two semesters' work. I picked up another eight credits the following year by passing the advanced placement exam in European history. Physical education was compulsory in those days, but I skipped that requirement by asking my astonished family doctor for a note saying that I was physically unfit for active sports.

Thus eight years passed (I think of them with unabashed sentiment as "pieces of eight"), and in 1966 I received my degree. In the meantime my grandson, Peter, started school, and he would often compare notes with me, such as asking if I, too, took arithmetic. One day I saw him clutching a slithery worm in his little fist and overheard him say to his companion, "I'll ask my grandmother about it. She'll know. She goes to college." It made the struggle with Biology 101 seem worthwhile.

—Helen Haase Johnson '66

When *Newsweek* Proposed

Stumbling Into a Career by Accident

I never meant to have a career. Women didn't back in the 1950's—or at least none that I knew. Like most of my Connecticut classmates, I had been lovingly and expensively groomed to make a good match; a college education was the finishing grace for the years of lessons in ballroom dancing, tennis, piano, deportment, cooking, and hiding one's unseemly intelligence from the young men at Harvard and Yale whom my parents viewed as prime son-in-law fodder. It wasn't their fault—my parents' or the beaus'. There just weren't any other visible options in a system I was too unimaginative to buck. Or even question. As my father, the surgeon, likes to remind me: "A husband is a woman's best meal ticket."

BRILLIANT OPPORTUNITY FOR RECENT MALE COLLEGE GRADUATES

Authenticated statistics prove that young married men are more stable, reliable, assume more responsibilities, and get ahead faster in business.

KOINE offers with the graduating Class of 1959, well-trained and expensive young women who are ready to assume the role of important "helpmates" in improving your future debts to society!

Study the personnel of this book carefully and make your choice.

Write for details today!

KOINE Opportunity for Women

New London, Connecticut

(Contributed by a Mary Harkness father who has had enuff)

It was social pariahdom in those days not to be engaged by Easter of senior year, so I duly acquired a charming Yale '55 fiance. We broke up the summer after graduation. At loose ends, I made an abortive pass at a master's in drama (a passion fired at Connecticut and one which my family shudderingly declined to finance), ran out of money, shuffled to a New York employment agency, was asked if I'd like to be a copy girl at *Newsweek*, and unblushingly yawned, "What's *Newsweek*?" Twenty years later, I'm still there. There's a modest shelf of journalism awards to suggest the time wasn't wasted, and a sense of astonishment that this career, as it's called, happened at all. When I wandered aimlessly in the door back in 1958, it was to kill a couple of years while I shopped around for a husband who could offer me a less predictable future than the Short Hills Junior League.

The point is, there was no conscious choice involved. Neither in the unexpectedly serious productivity that working ignited (I had never been a serious student) nor in remaining single until the advanced age of 41, which is to say thirteen months ago. I had

no goals back in 1958, only an assumption of marriage that seemed to clash with a lust for adventure. The safe path—that broker-husband who'd take care of me—was something I kept putting off until tomorrow. Today was rising to challenge. Today was being nabbed by the cops for hiding under a desk in 1960 to eavesdrop on CAB inspectors analyzing the worst mid-air collision in history. Today was finding out how tugboat captains and tycoons worked and played—a kind of prying no lady could then get away with. Today was discovering that my flair for reporting had inspired a *Newsweek* editor to kick doors down and cajole for me a taboo-to-women writing tryout in 1961.

To everyone's surprise—most of all mine—the tryout succeeded. By 1964, I was in Paris as a correspondent. You're The First Woman *Newsweek* Ever Sent Abroad, the editor pointed out, when I inquired why my promotion included no raise. "What do you mean you want more money? You, a woman? Isn't the honor enough?"

I do not here, in these pages, wish to flog the theme of how closed most professions were to women before the 1970's. Men made the rules. I accepted them, and felt lucky to have squeaked into their club through the service door, half-pay and no-future or not. What did I need with a future? I was going to get married some day . . .

Four rollercoaster years in *Newsweek*'s Washington bureau included a stunning epiphany at the 1972 Democratic Convention, where I bumped into a college acquaintance. Now you must understand that for the preceding 15 years friends had been asking themselves—and sometimes me—"Whatever is wrong with Liz? She's not ugly, nice legs at least, so why isn't she married?" On that humid July day in Miami, it all turned loonily around. The Conn '57 alumna, clearly high on Women's Lib, hurled herself on me and cried, "How did you ever know? How did you know not to get married? I'm leaving Cecil to Realize Myself."

The answer is (A) she's a silly nit and (B) I didn't know anything at all. Along the way there had been lovers galore, a comfortable queue of suitable suitors and a couple of men I truly adored. I didn't bag either. Each married a less threatening woman. To say that the defection of Andre or Eric kept me haphazardly plugging away at my trade may sound ludicrous, but it's true. And among the many interesting questions the confession raises is why did this successful lady journalist feel she had to abandon her career in order to marry? Why not have both? Because a spouse who buckets around on campaign planes is so hard on marriages that the divorce rate among my male colleagues is legendary. If there is a worthwhile

man who would have put up with it from me, I never met him. If there is a lady correspondent in the news business who is well married, I haven't met her either. That was the pricetag for all those glorious adventures: camping with the Somali guerrillas in the Ogaden, conning a job as a movie extra to interview Taylor and Burton when reporters were barred from their presence, learning to dodge tear gas and bullets, traveling to Djibouti and the up-country of the Amazon, to Russia and Algeria and Haiti and the Arctic Circle.

In my last assignment as Paris bureau chief, I left the office most nights at 10:30, with a briefcase full of homework. So did my predecessor; the difference is that his wife had a pot of boeuf bourgignon warm on the back of the stove. For a woman, for this woman, it had to be a loner's life. The job was challenging and

important and I'm glad I did it, but there wasn't enough psychic energy to keep a houseplant alive. It's going to be a long time before we have a generation of men willing to accept, from women, the kind of neglect wives have been accepting for millennia.

Now I'm back in New York, married to an architect who'd like us to be sailboat bums for a while. My work—writing long feature stories—demands less travel . . . so far we're managing to muddle along, which is rich and yeasty and quite good enough.

—Elizabeth Peer '57
CCAM, Winter 1978-79

In addition to her many journalism awards, the late Elizabeth Peer received the College's highest honor, the Connecticut College Medal, in 1981.

A HIGH ADVENTURE

THE 60s



Some Day My Prince Will Come

Won't He?

In some ways, I am little changed from the young woman who slept in the narrow cot in Larrabee 20 years ago. I think the same thoughts and have the same concerns. When I wake up in the morning, I always want to go back to sleep—just as I did then. I'm always racing to my mental "to do" list and worrying if I can get it all done.

But in many other ways, the woman who wakes and heads off to an executive job, decked out in a pin striped suit and floppy bow bears small resemblance to that girl in Larrabee—the one who knew how the future was going to be—as soon as school was over, she lost 20 pounds, and her prince arrived. I, for one, really thought we were The Up and Coming Generation; that great things were going to be expected and demanded of us; that the world was, indeed, getting

better just in time for us to have our impact on it. I also knew that I was going to get married, and that I would work until I did, or maybe, if I *had* to, until the children came. I knew I'd do something glamorous, important, and what looked particularly important was a job in Washington.

Life seemed to be a series of warm-ups waiting for the real thing to begin. Our conversations were strewn with the phrase "as soon as"; we hardly ever said "if only." I remember myself and my classmates as being future and goal-oriented but not particularly materialistic. I was not alone in having firmly etched pictures of my future destiny. Not only did I know that the prince would ultimately arrive, but he would stay around forever, and be faithful, presentable (meaning that he wore blue blazers, liked to sail or



Walking to class in 1968 in regulation miniskirts, blue jeans, Dr. Scholl's sandals, and t-shirts. Opposite, President Rosemary Park and Dean Gertrude Noyes '25 greeting freshmen.

ski) and that he would talk about his feelings (but not in public). It was inconceivable that the next 20 years would see an on-going tension between work and marriage, between sorting out priorities and feeling badly when I put myself first.

In college, most of us didn't consider that the noble acts of life would be small ones—facing moments of despair, being compassionate, being a friend, being a parent. But at some level, we suspected it wasn't going to be all that easy. What sums it up is an indelible image from our Junior Show, *Red, White, and Who*. A slim girl in a white Jackie Kennedy dress and short curled hair is spotlighted against a frieze of a Washington cocktail party and a theatrical skyline.

Her hands tremble but her voice is very clear:

*On my own and out in the world,
No one around to guide me.
Where am I now, and what will I see;
Where am I going, what will I be.
When I was young I was pampered and cared for,
Never alone and helpless.
On my own and out in the world,
No one will tell me who should I be.*

What we wrote for Junior Show that year was more prophetic than we knew. President Kennedy was assassinated less than a year later and with him died some of the bright certainty that was part of my self-

THE SIXTIES

definition then. The rest died during Vietnam or the morning I knew my marriage was over and it was time to grow up and go to work—not to achieve great and glorious things but just to eat and pay the rent. By that point it was clear that “no one was going to tell me who I should be,” and that what I knew was going to be inadequate as a well-spring of answers for life’s incredible surprises. In this, I don’t think we are vastly different from earlier college classes.

Plus ça change! My husband is not the prince, but he is nice. My job is neither pedestrian nor earth-shaking; I make some sort of difference every day, but don’t look for me on the cover of *Time*. Back in 1964, what we knew about people who were 43 is that they were *old*; in fact, they were old enough to be our mothers! Now that my classmates and I have stopped being up and coming and have simply arrived wherever we are, life is immediate, urgent and incapable of being manipulated for very long. Dress rehearsal is over for certain.

—Ellen Greenspan Cardwell '64

The Other Sixties

Although I attended Connecticut College from 1960 to 1964, I’ve always felt that I missed out on “The 60’s,” popularly characterized as a time of student power and hippie hedonism. We were the students of the *other* 60’s, a time much closer to the self-contained and conservative era of Eisenhower. I also believe that while I may have gone to Connecticut when it was still a college for women, my classmates and I missed a precious opportunity to explore what it meant to be educated for our future as women.

Remembering our attitudes and experiences, I am abashed to realize that many of our personal concerns were selfish, trivial and shortsighted. To tell the truth I don’t think we made a memorable college generation. Romance and food were often uppermost in our minds. Burning questions of the day were most apt to be “Where are you going this weekend?” and upon one’s return from Hanover, Hartford, Boston, New Haven or Middletown, “Are you snowed?” which meant something shy of in love. True, there were debates on ways to end the nuclear arms race, but since those discussions took place on Saturday mornings they were sparsely attended.

There was great suspense the day we all crowded into Palmer Auditorium to be introduced to our new president when President Rosemary Park left for Barnard. Charles Shain brought distinction to his tenure as president, but I wonder if he knows the real reason for our roar of delight as he strode across the stage: he was handsome. We were immediately won



William Meredith, Henry B. Plant Professor of English and Connecticut’s poet in residence.

over not by his vision of our future as an educational institution but by his tweedy style. Hollywood casting had sent us the perfect leader. I told you we had our shallow side.

I’ve been interested to follow the growth of competitive sports at Connecticut in recent years. I had been a passionate competitor in high school where I loved playing hockey, basketball, softball and lacrosse. However, I soon lost all interest in team sports at Connecticut because we never played *against* another school. Instead, my energies were channeled into indoor badminton and synchronized swimming. On grey winter afternoons I loved to watch snow fall on the hemlocks outside the pool as I tried to float backward and pat daisy petal patterns in the water. Don’t get me wrong: it’s not easy to do either (water gets up your nose), but couldn’t we have been encouraged to

To the College!

direct that same dedication to setting records at swim meets? It may seem quibbling, but I do believe that as young women we would have benefited from the strength and self-esteem that competition fosters.

In tension with such silliness was the fact we were fine students. I am still proud of my teachers and of the work we did together. Our faculty set standards of academic excellence, and in seeking to please them many of us learned how to think. Unfortunately, few members of our faculty helped us to make the connection between what we were capable of as students and what we might be capable of as adult women.

One college friend was recently distressed by what should have been a compliment. Her roommate had met one of my friend's professors who reminisced about this student's "brilliant and original mind." Instead of being flattered, my friend was crushed. She asked, "Why didn't he ever tell me that? It would have made a difference to know he thought I could do something special."

Rosemary Park posed a similar dilemma in a speech to students in December 1960. In discussing the future of Connecticut College she said: "We're not interested in (educating) ladies of leisure even though those ladies may use their leisure wisely. We are now at a point in the history of this country when an institution of this sort has a responsibility to produce women who can make a genuine contribution to the economic, political and intellectual life of their country."

I have always been proud that I went to college while Rosemary Park was president for she was an outspoken educational leader. I think she was also on the mark when she defined the limits of our ambition. "The main problem seems to be a psychological problem: very few young women seem able to take a long or realistic view of life ahead." She was exactly right in describing our myopia. Looking back I wish we had been urged to put our gift of a fine liberal arts education to work in untangling this knot. Nor are the reasons for this wish purely academic. We learned in the surprising years to come that this challenge to achieve was central to both our personal and professional lives. Role models and mentors may be standard equipment for the ambitious young woman graduate of recent years, but in 1964 no one thought they might be necessary for us as we made our various preparations to leave college and enter the "real world."

Grateful as I am for my education, I profoundly regret our missed opportunity. While we were still part of a woman's college community, I wish that we all—students, faculty, administrators—had argued and searched to find answers to hard questions about our strengths and weaknesses as young adult women. If we had, I suspect our history as alumnae might read differently.

—Carol McNeary '64

My contribution to our collective memory centers around a crystalline moment of *déjà vu* I experienced in June 1984 upon arriving for my 15th reunion. I had just flown up from Washington, D.C., and had felt a surge of remembered triumph at the airport when I was able to hail a New London taxi to take me "to the College."

There was chatter all the way from Groton as the driver, learning that I hadn't been in the area for 15 years, discussed all the changes in roads, highway interchanges and buildings. I was excited as we crossed the river into New London.

However, I was not at all prepared for what I would feel as we turned left from Mohegan Avenue up the steep front driveway into the College. Suddenly it was as if yesterday that another taxi, this time from the bus station, had taken me up the driveway for the first time. It was September, 1965 in my mind's eye, and I remembered the mix of feelings vividly. My father had recently had a heart attack, so my leaving for college had been accomplished with little fanfare and certainly no family trip up from Pittsburgh. Instead, my mother had driven me to the Greyhound station along with half a dozen pieces of luggage and had seen me off, advising that I try to sit beside elderly ladies on the bus trip.



Now I was here! I remember sitting in that taxi, among suitcases, a typewriter, a hairdrier, and who knows what else. Armed with relatively little knowledge of the school, I knew its fine reputation and my own good fortune in having received a full scholarship. I was literally awestruck by the sight of that simple and beautiful entry, with the green hillside, the grey stone buildings with their simple straightforwardness, and the succinct message on the sign: Connecticut College, Chartered 1911.

We lumbered up that driveway and my nervousness was soon allayed by upperclassmen at Lazrus House waiting to greet and help me. I knew that day that I had stepped into a new and exciting world, full of promise and opportunity—and that is exactly the way it turned out.

All of this is why, upon visiting the campus for Reunion in 1984 and thoroughly enjoying all the new additions, especially the library, I was glad that my special first view of Connecticut College hadn't changed.

—Ellen Steinberg Mann '69



Aboard the Connecticut-Wesleyan limousine, 1968, just before the advent of coeducation.

Bits and Pieces

Who could forget the mixers at Cro? A classmate handled one just right. She wore a brown paper bag over her head with "POT LUCK" written on it. And, yes, she danced every number.

Early morning anthropology classes with Miss Macklin. What eye openers. With her vibrance, June Macklin could make the class your favorite part of the day. I'll never forget a dormmate's great speed in getting out of bed and to that class. There was a catch, though; she'd be seated next to me in a raincoat with nightgown underneath.

Sociology class at Mr. Mason Record's home. About 10 of us would sit around him in the living room engaged in a free, stimulating discussion while Mrs. Record offered us doughnuts and coffee.

President Shain's student assemblies. As Dean Alice Johnson recalled, students not only showed up, they dressed for the occasion.

—Mary Seaverns Saner '72



Men made the roadtrip to Connecticut for mixers like this one in Crozier-Williams, 1963.



Senator Robert F. Kennedy visiting Peace Corps volunteer Katie Garcia '65 in Tanzania, 1966.

The Day the President Was Shot

November 22, 1963. All of my contemporaries know exactly what they were doing that day—it's as riveted in our minds as V.E. Day or the day F.D.R. died was in our parents' minds.

I'd just left an English class, not even taking time to go back to the dorm because that was the day I was supposed to start selling ads for *Koine* and I was nervous. I'd decided that the best way to wipe out the annual loss on the yearbook would be to raise the ad prices to New London businesses and on the parents' page—but would this tactic meet resistance? I got on the bus at the stop behind Thames Hall, happily leaving all thoughts of Spencer and his *Faerie Queene* behind. I was rehearsing my pitch when a classmate got on at the bus stop at the foot of the driveway in front of Fanning.

"Have you heard?" she said. "The President's been shot!"

"Who would shoot President Shain?" I asked incredulously. She explained the news from Dallas, and we both continued on the bus downtown, talking I suppose, though all I recall was the sinking feeling in my stomach that the world was coming to an end. The world was coming to an end and I was going to New London to sell yearbook ads.

So I made a decision. First stop would be *The New London Day*. I got the latest news, which was nothing new: President Kennedy had been shot and no one knew yet how serious it was but it was a head wound and didn't sound good. The sinking feeling sank further but he wasn't dead, so that was hopeful and I asked to see the advertising manager of *The Day*. Whoever he was, he couldn't have been nicer. I started my pitch and then began to cry. How could I go out there to sell ads on a day like this? My heart wasn't in it. I wanted to go back to the dorm and be glued to the T.V. (as we all would be until the end of the funeral).

The advertising manager was warm and sympathetic. The newspaper is full of horrors every day—though, granted, not on this scale—and business goes on, he explained. You go out there and sell, he said. If the stores are open, they're open for business. And he was right. Not only did he take an ad without flinching at the new rate, but I continued to sell that whole afternoon. Shopkeepers had their radios on and the President's condition was the only topic of conversation between clerks and customers, their own negotiations becoming quite perfunctory that afternoon.

It was also Harvard-Yale weekend. I couldn't believe it, but the powers that be decided the game was to be played. "Jack would have wanted the game to go on," they said. My friend Larry was in from Harvard and I suppose we went. But I can't remember who won. (By the way, *Koine* had a profit of over \$300 that year.)

—Marilyn Ellman Frankel '64

What a Luxury it Was

Reading Poetry, Drawing Amoebas, and Bellowing the Beatles

On a clear, unseasonably cool September morning, I swung my new-used Volkswagen onto a ten-mile ribbon of Connecticut Turnpike that linked my home town with New London. For the difference it made in my life, the trip could have been a trans-Atlantic voyage. My mother had laid out \$1,100 for a car stylish enough so as not to be mistaken for a commuting student's family sedan but so spartan in its appointments that it had no radio, forcing me to bellow Beatles' songs at the top of my lungs to entertain myself en route. I had a generous scholarship and two new shetland sweaters from Gorra's. I thought I had died and gone to Heaven.

The year was 1963, before the Vietnam troop buildup, affirmative action, student riots and the women's movement, but during the presidency of John F. Kennedy, whose charisma and vision stirred our social consciousness. Kennedy's death, announced to stunned classes on a Friday afternoon, was an enormous blow.

Our summer reading list had included Michael Harrington's haunting book about poverty in America, yet the group that assembled for the first day of classes was totally female, mostly white, and predominantly middle class. There were tweeds from boarding school, turned out in tasseled Bass Weejuns, monogrammed oxford cloth button-down shirts, A-line skirts, and cable knit sweaters. There were prosperous city kids, preppy as well but given to more daring variations on the theme. There was a sprinkling of foreign students, and numerous others who resisted the kind of sartorial stereotyping that teenagers do so well.

The atmosphere was genteel and protective. Skirts were required attire for dinner, which was served by student waitresses. Men were allowed in dormitory rooms only on Sunday afternoons, parietal hours were strictly enforced, and a panel of student judges (bless their hearts!) meted out sentences for transgressions usually associated with signing in late. If you lived on campus, you couldn't keep a car until your senior year. You couldn't stay in a hotel within a certain radius of the school (presumably to protect the College's good name), and you couldn't drink booze on campus. Diet pills were used by some to stay awake to study or write papers, and in my last year I heard a rumor, never confirmed, that a student who threw up after smoking pot had stupidly gone to the infirmary and gotten herself expelled, but recreational drugs were not a part of college life.

The academic focus then was very different from that of the present-day colleges that advertise prepa-

ration for specific careers. The objective was a liberal arts education, achieved through numerous required courses and electives in major subject areas. Regardless of our plans for the future, we had to draw amoebas from slides or learn the constellations. Mathematical imbeciles like myself plodded miserably through a course made only slightly more palatable by kind, patient Julia Bower.

Keeping one's head above water scholastically was no mean task. The most perfunctory treatment of a course required an awful lot of reading and writing. Analytical skills were honed. Ideas were aired and dissected. Clear oral expression was expected and literate written work was the norm; the content separated the B's and A's from the C's. "You don't feel!" Marjorie Dilley would boom at cowering government students. "You think!" Few A's were awarded. A couple per section was the average.

There was a wonderful integrity about all of this. I can't recall a single faculty member who asked to be addressed as "Dr. or "Professor." They appeared to be teaching for the love of their subject matter, even though they would never get rich doing so. Discussions were aimed at understanding and insight, not at making immediate decisions on a course of action. Intelligence and diligence were recognized and rewarded. Did we realize that business would never be like this? Reflecting on it now, I think of what a luxury it was to live on this beautiful campus as a junior and senior, reading plays and poetry and not caring whether a degree in French literature would pay my bills after graduation. Yet I suspect that most of us gave very little thought to how lucky we were.

It was clear from the very beginning that those who had come to college to have a good time were going to have to work as well, and that those who had come to study would be pressured to have a good time. It seemed as though everyone had two lives, the one she led on campus from Monday to Friday, and the other her social life, conducted for the most part away from school.

Because Connecticut was not coeducational, no feminist movement was needed to give women positions of power. It was inevitable that females would be the class presidents, the heads of the student government, and the editors of the student newspaper. There was no need to worry that prospective boyfriends would consider them amazons for taking the jobs away from male peers. The atmosphere was refreshingly noncompetitive in scholastic and extracurricular matters. Few people were concerned with embellishing a resume for graduate school admission. Wonderful and lasting friendships were made.



Mimicking the Beatles in the 1964 Faculty Show: Professor of French and Spanish Malcolm Jones, Professor Emeritus of Religion Paul Laubenstein, Business Manager Corbin Lyman, and (then) Assistant Professor of History Richard Birdsall.

At the same time, the fact that most dating occurred off-campus brought campus life to a virtual standstill on weekends and forced students to establish a social life away from the College. The specter of grim weekends on campus boosted attendance at freshman mixers. Buses were chartered for trips to men's schools; anyone with \$1.50 and plenty of nerve could ride to a raucous beer party at the other end. The Coast Guard Academy was undervalued as a source of male companionship, probably because the cadets could not invite their dates away for the weekend. The students who remained on weekends heard their footsteps echo in empty hallways and ate steak on Saturday night as a consolation prize. Yet Sunday nights would always come, bringing light and the happy din of reunion to the empty rooms.

By my senior year, I and many of my classmates became restless for a change. The college routine, so

benign and comforting at the beginning, weighed like fetters as graduation approached. Freedom seemed to be worth the risk of growing up.

I remember as a sophomore seeing a well-to-do alumna driving through the campus as I slogged along in my corduroy jeans and loafers with fallen-down backs. With stupid arrogance, I felt sorry for her, so old and gussied up and out of it. The thought of being an outsider looking in seemed depressing and threatening.

Now members of my class are turning 40. We cheerfully accept the fact that Connecticut is different from the way it was when we were there, and send money so that it can keep on doing what it did for us. We're also happy to have spent the last 18 years doing some very interesting things.

We don't feel out of it at all.

—Rae Downes Koshetz '67

It's No Fire Drill!

February 5, 1968

One o'clock in the afternoon, and I was gathering books in my second-floor room in Freeman for my afternoon classes when someone down the hall exclaimed, "Hey, J.A.'s having a fire drill." Someone else said, "That's funny, why aren't we having one?" Several of us went to the hall window to watch, when a third awed voice came: "It's no fire drill!" At that, we looked up to see thick charcoal-grey smoke billowing from Jane Addams' fourth-floor windows. I wondered why our alarm bell hadn't rung, but, strangely calm, went back to my room to collect things I'd need: my coat, money, a few books—should I take my stereo?—but then the bell rang. I grabbed my things, thinking no way am I going to save a Troy towel, and left, closing the door to my room.

All of those midnight fire drills had us well trained; although most Freeman and J.A. residents were at classes, those few of us still there gathered as always

under the tree on the north side and went through the roll. We were midway through the list when a strange crackling noise erupted, as J.A.'s roof began to open up and peel off. So much for the roll—we screamed and fled up the hill to safer ground near Harkness and continued to watch, shaking.

After hours of wandering around campus, feeling semi-conscious (who could think of classes?), I joined other Freeman and J.A. residents in a meeting at which we were advised of the damage and temporarily assigned to other dorms. Freeman people were allowed to go "home" and collect clothes and other items we would need for a week or so. J.A. people had to wait a few days, as I recall, due to smoke and water damage, and would not return permanently to their dorm until Fall. We were relieved to hear that no one had been hurt, but saddened to learn that those on the fourth floor and part of the third floor of J.A. had lost everything, including some entire honors projects and Gail Shulman's gerbils (in spite of a valiant effort by Mr. Shackford to try to save them). The acrid smoke smell remained in the two dorms for about a year afterwards; I have never quite forgotten it.

—Karen Blickwede Knowlton '70





Students outside Blackstone House, the College's minority cultural center in the early 70's. Unity House (formerly Vinal) now serves as the minority cultural center.

Anachronisms at Age 19

Connecticut, 1968-1969

For some of us, college would not be the rite of passage that we had expected. We were naive, unaware of the significance of the changes that were occurring around us. We were looking forward to the life described in *Where the Boys Are* when we came to Connecticut that fall in 1968. We were looking forward to four years of easing into adulthood.

We were matriculated into a women's college, a college that still held the role of absentee parent, imposing curfews and limited overnights, and allowing no men above the first floor. The following September, there were no such rules, and, more significantly, some of us painfully discovered that we were anachronisms at the age of 19.

Heated arguments over United States policy in Vietnam had replaced discussions on which Yale college would be associated with our dorm. Burning draft cards had replaced toga parties at neighboring fraternities. Buses left Friday afternoon, destined not for a mixer at Wesleyan but for the March on Washington, D.C. Dating a "Coastie" meant that you were automatically a part of the military-industrial

establishment. There was intense pressure to condemn frivolity and become socially responsible, committed and involved.

Connecticut was struggling with these changes and with peer pressure as much as we, and, with less strong and independent professors, we could have slipped easily into the radical tyranny that characterized many campuses. We were encouraged to have dialogues, to exchange views, and to accept, however grudgingly, the rights of those who did not agree with us to have their opinions. Those who embraced the ideologies of the times taught us that we could indeed change the world around us. Those who had doubts taught us about the strength needed to voice those doubts.

Seventeen years later, I still mourn a little for the unfulfilled expectations of that 18-year-old clad in a mini-skirt and matching tights. I look with some envy at the freedom Connecticut students have today to be a little less involved and a little more frivolous. But for each loss there is also some gain: Connecticut and Connecticut's response to those times gave a good many of us the courage to think independently and the strength to voice our opinions—something we did not have that fall in 1968.

—Susan Donaldson '72

Activism and Civility

I must confess to a certain reluctance about reviewing the late 1960's at Connecticut College. We lived those years in many different ways. For some, Vietnam, racial turbulence and the New Left challenge to American hegemony shaped a highly politicized approach to college. For others, the profound questioning of conventional morality, the uncertainty of sexual mores, and experimentation with hallucinogens and other "new" tools of insight (from derivatives of Eastern religion to variations on communal living) produced an intense involvement with the counterculture. For some, the impact of reading John Locke or Max Weber or Jean Paul Sartre and the discovery of mentors like Gertrude Noyes, or Melvin and Susan Woody, or William Meredith (to name a few of the many fine teachers who populate my memory) generated a concentration on the processes of intellectual growth. And for still others, the four years at Connecticut will be remembered as a series of mixers, bridge games and social activities on suitcase weekends at Yale, Wesleyan and Trinity, interrupted by classes and the disruptions of small groups of political activists, hippies and intellectuals.

Moreover, it is difficult to give a dispassionate and objective chronicle of that period. Compared to places like Columbia, Wisconsin, Harvard and even Wesleyan, Connecticut College was a tranquil and tem-

perate place in the late Sixties. But we did sit in against army recruiters at Crozier-Williams . . . And several years later, a number of black students sat in at Fanning Hall, demanding certain concessions from the College. Indeed, my own four years at Connecticut stand out as a period of consistent political activity, from the picketing against the CIA in 1966 to the campus-wide strike against the American bombing of Cambodia in 1970. In this sense, we were like nearly every other American campus. However, what was remarkable about Connecticut is that every event was marked by a certain civility and personal interaction that moderated even our more extreme actions. . . .

Even beyond civility, I would say that there was a sense on the part of the faculty and the administration of confidence in the ultimate good judgment of Connecticut students that permitted us a certain latitude in exploring our own political, social and cultural values. I know that it was not easy for the College to relinquish its paternalistic control over the dormitories, when in 1969 we sought to develop "community control" on the parietals issue. And it was equally stressful to accept the strident demands for increased student participation in academic planning. But these social and intellectual demands were dealt with in a spirit of comity and mutual responsibility. Ultimately, then, they reinforced the sense that we were a community of learners, and that the process of learning (in any sphere) requires certain risks. The biggest risk for the teacher (whether administrator or faculty member) is to allow his or her students to learn on their own. As Heidegger claims, "Teaching is more difficult than learning because what teaching calls for is this: to let learn . . . The teacher is ahead of his apprentices in this alone, that he has still far more to learn than they—he had to learn to let them learn." For me, this was the strength of the experience of the late 60's at Connecticut. The faculty and administration gradually learned to permit us to learn in our own cumbersome fashion. Over time, I think we shared a recognition that this was the optimal arena for education, one in which the student assumes the fundamental responsibility for his or her own learning. I say "over time" quite intentionally, because we wrestled and deliberated over every issue raised, from the meaning of Hegel's conception of absolute knowledge to the question of whether or not Bob Dylan was a poet, from the arrangement of dormitory assignments to the inclusion of students on the Board of Trustees, from the eradication of campus-wide imposition of parietal hours to the incorporation of men into our scholastic community, and from the inclusion of free theater at Conn-Quest to the Cambodia strike. No decision was painless. None occurred without temporary rancor. None were made without serious misgivings. It was in this long process of wrestling and deliberation, however, that my own education occurred. And I would bet that this was the case for most of us, on either side of the academic and administrative desks.

—Katie O'Sullivan See '70
CCAM, Winter 1978



The Silent March, 1968: Katie O'Sullivan See '70, Student Government president; activist Dick Gregory; Jane Silver '68, Civil Rights Group chairman; Lorilyn Simkins '68, Afro-Am Society president.



THE PRESIDENTS

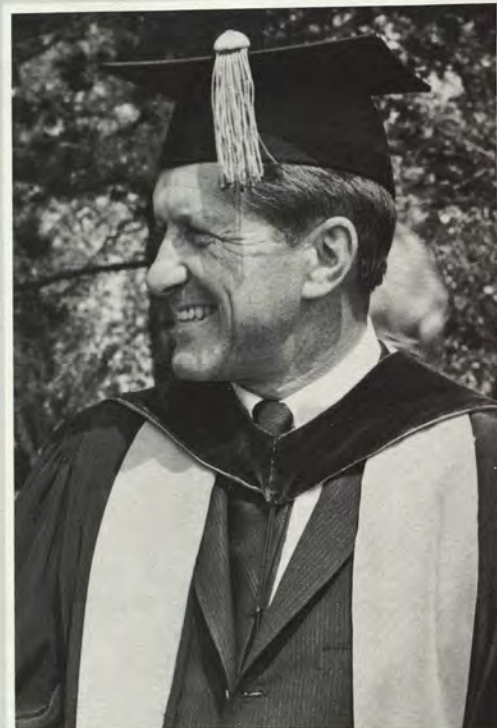
Once Again . . . the Liberal Arts

By Charles E. Shain
President Emeritus of the College

IN THE HEYDAY of a liberal arts education in America the college president had a special role to play. In those orderly days when there was still common agreement on what a "man of learning," never, alas, a "woman of learning," should know, the president taught a course required for all seniors. It was usually called Moral Philosophy, and it may be still faintly echoed once a year in that five-minute address that a modern president makes at the end of commencement ceremonies called the Charge to Seniors. That earlier president, in his capstone course, pulled together the substance of all the required fields of learning, history, literature, science, philosophy, religion and the arts and indicated when and how to use this moral education in the real world. With, I presume, a fine sense of a task well done, he sent the graduates forth with a hearty "Godspeed" instead of the modern "Good Luck."

Several generations before Connecticut College was founded this confident organization of the four college years began to be transformed. It is a story often told: how the common learning disintegrated before the pressures of the research university. The effects of graduate study, specialization, autonomous departments drifted back to our kind of college and left the curriculum in the state of pseudo-orthodoxy we now enjoy. What we now have a friend of mine calls the all-purpose college. He says that instead of a training in moral philosophy, we college graduates now have a membership in a rather pale religion called the liberal arts. I am more hopeful, but I would accept his analogy with religion. If democracy is a kind of religion with Americans, then a liberal education is our common educational faith. We vaguely hope it identifies us, though most of us would be hard pressed to recite its creeds or recognize its stigmata in ourselves.

In the early pages of Gertrude Noyes' College history she makes us aware of certain hard choices available to our founders. The impression I get in my search for the College's original place in the liberal arts tradition—which it fervently embraced—is that of this faith moving as an educational ideal behind new patterns for women's education. Our college began, most impressively to me, as a college with strong feminist ambitions, at a favorably feminist moment in American history. But behind this emphasis on opportunities being opened in business, government, the professions and scientific homemaking was the capitalized word Vocation, the liberal arts challenge to a student to choose a sense of mission as well as a career. The founding president's most famous speech was "The Social Basis of the New Education for Woman." His farewell speech was entitled "The Choice of a Vocation." The student government president, who responded to it, praised President Sykes



President Charles E. Shain at his inauguration, 1962.

for leading a great adventure in the field of liberal education for women. Miss Noyes points out that another ambitious attempt to embrace both the liberal arts and the "new woman," as she was sometimes called, was made by the second president, President Marshall, who began an inter-departmental course called The Art of Living (Home Economics 21-22). Its purpose was to "correlate the knowledge from different fields of study with the practical and spiritual life of the individual considered from the point of view of an efficient, cultured woman in the home." The Art of Living lasted three years and was abandoned partly because the "testing and the grading were too difficult."

There is evidence in Gertrude Noyes' history of the College that these lofty ambitions spoke in some tougher language outside the college catalogue. In March 1917, the Student Debate Club took up three resolutions:

- That women should have equal access to all occupations open to men.
- That women should receive equal wages with men in the same positions.
- That women should receive remuneration for their peculiar work of motherhood.

If our early faculty couldn't be counted on to grade students on The Art of Living, we shouldn't be surprised. Graduate schools do not prepare teachers to teach the liberal arts, or even, I sometimes have observed, to speak about them. If pressed, a wily teacher might say, one must become liberally educated unconsciously, the way Moliere's M. Jourdain learned to speak prose. I would agree. It is, I think a very personal kind of self-education. I once had an encounter with teaching the liberal arts that ended in disaster.

I was reading John Stuart Mill's essay "On Liberty" with a freshman English class. The course was called Rhetoric I to dignify the elementary task of learning to read a good paragraph and to write one. "On Liberty" it is generally agreed, is a liberal arts classic, practically a freshman manual for understanding why the skeptic's stance, that is, putting a "truth" to the test in the marketplace of ideas, gives a student the significance of the adjective "liberal" in the phrase, a liberal education. A young woman, whose name I've forgotten but whom I have thought of ever since as Elizabeth Ardent, drank more deeply of Mill's argument than anyone else in the class. Page after page he persuaded her, his logic seemed to her incontrovertible, his illustrations from human history immensely moving. She wrote themes in his praise that were hymns; in class she almost rose when she spoke. Then abruptly she was absent for a week's classes. I assumed she was ill. But she wasn't. She was in New York, having left college, withdrawn her personal savings and taken a bus from Minneapolis. Her letter to me explained that it was Chapter III that did it, "Of Individuality, as One of the Elements of Well-Being." Her college life had become a threatening prison of uniformity, her mind "bowed to the yoke," Mill's phrase. She must find a world where she could develop all of her faculties, because only in the cultivation of her individuality . . . But, alas, in New York, she was afraid to live anywhere but in a woman's hotel, where the residential rules were the same as the dormitory's she had just fled. She got a job in a travel agency, but found it dull. I followed her history long enough to learn that she came back to Minnesota in the spring and finished her education at the state university.

After Elizabeth Ardent left us, the rest of us went on with our liberal education, and, on reflection, I could find no reason to blame either John



President Shain and Student Government officers picnic at the Castle.



Charles Shain, college president and Viking, in the Faculty Show.

Stuart Mill or me for what had happened. She had read Mill the way she had to. For the remainder of my classroom life she became my reminder that the only firm basis for a teacher's reality is the person before him and what is going on in that person's head. When William James was released from teaching after 35 years, he felt blessed at being no longer required to practice the "pretension and the duty, namely, of meeting the mental needs and difficulties of other persons, needs that I couldn't possibly imagine and difficulties that I couldn't possibly understand."

The Victorian high seriousness of James' valedictory to college teaching brings me now to propose this brainiest member of a distinguished American family as a man to turn to on this anniversary of our liberal arts college. James watched the overshadowing of Harvard College by Harvard University and by what he called the "Ph.D. Octopus." But he continued to make important claims for the American liberal arts college. He put it this way: compared to professional, technical and business schools, which teach skills, the best claim a college education can make is "that it should help you to know a good man when you see one." This is not just my joke or another vague abstraction, he went on. He meant the acquirement of an educated skill, a combination of mental discrimination and moral intuition which will enable an educated person to distinguish between sound work, finished work and slack work and feeble work. "Our college should have lit up in us a lasting relish for the better kind of man, a loss of appetite for mediocrities and a disgust for cheap jacks."

James also described the failed education: "But to have spent one's youth at college, in contact with the choice and rare and precious, and yet still be a blind prig or vulgarian, unable to scent out human excellence or to divine it among its accidents, to know it only when ticketed and labeled and forced on us by others, this indeed should be the very calamity and shipwreck of a higher education."

About the subjects to be studied in a liberal arts curriculum, he said only this, "You can give humanistic value to almost anything by teaching it historically, . . . the quest of perfection on the part of men; and when we see how diverse the types of excellence may be, how various the tests, how flexible the adaptations, we gain a richer sense of what the terms 'better' and 'worse' may signify in general. Our critical sensibilities grow more acute and less fanatical."

William James died the year before Connecticut College was founded. Our founders, his contemporaries, used his confident moral tone on public occasions and they still wrote course descriptions like President Marshall's "Art of Living." We modern educators may be able to command that tone on ceremonial occasions, but our accompanying course descriptions lack vividness. What we do recognize is that colleges like ours are under increasing pressure to emphasize pragmatic results, career-oriented skills, technological training. There has even been pressure in these directions from the top. Mr. William J. Bennett, our national Secretary of Education, recently proposed for colleges like Connecticut a national "competency" test as a graduation requirement, to validate, presumably, the federal money that comes down in various ways to colleges and their students. It would have to be, I suppose, multiple choice for machine grading.

I would like to think that our college's appropriate answer to this suggestion has already been made. It is the dedication of our handsomest building, the intellectual center of our campus, as the Blaustein Humanities Center in Palmer Library. And in one of its classrooms my erstwhile student Elizabeth Ardent will still be there taking the late John Stuart Mill very personally.



Professor Charles Chu embraces Charles Shain at the dedication of the Shain Library, 1985.

A HIGH ADVENTURE

THE 70s

We Are America

Class President's Address, Commencement 1970

The graduates here today cannot be characterized simply as the class of 1970. We are a diversified and fragmented group. We are individuals, not a homogeneous body. I speak today as a member of this class and do not attempt to convey the feelings of the class as a whole.

We were born in a year of peace but grew into an age of violence and war. We remember vaguely Korea. We remember the Berlin Wall which we did not understand. We remember Cuba which made us afraid. We remember the Supreme Court decision of 1954 calling for desegregation in the schools. We were eleven or twelve years old in 1960 and have seen in this decade John Kennedy, Martin Luther King, and Robert Kennedy murdered. We began in the 1960's to understand. We know the horror of Watts and the brutality of Chicago. We know in 1970 the tragedy of Vietnam. We know and still see racial oppression. We have seen students shot at Kent State and Jackson State. We have seen again and again in our lifetimes murder, violence, and fear.

We have worked and will continue to work for a peaceful humanity. A human being need not be a target for a bullet. Man need not be educated to kill. We believe in freedom and we believe in our right to protest. This college community, one month ago, joined in a protest against war and oppression. In spite of the diversity of our individual members we came together in a legitimate creative effort to eliminate war and hatred. The effect of this effort upon us cuts two ways. On the one hand we are hopeful because of the spirit and energy seen on this campus, but on the other hand we are frustrated and disillusioned,

for our purpose is to go beyond the college walls. We must be heard and understood.

As we leave Connecticut College today we are leaving in some senses our haven and our security. Because of this we see much more vividly the injustices and violence of the society we enter. Our effort to eliminate war and oppression will not stop as we leave this college. We are part of America; we wish not to leave it but to change it. Walt Whitman, at the time of the Civil War, wrote:

O I see flashing that this America is only you and me,

*Its power, weapons, testimony, are you and me,
Its crimes, lies, thefts, defections, are you and me,
Its Congress is you and me, the officers, capitols,
armies, ships, are you and me, . . .*

*I dare not shirk any part of myself,
Not any part of America good or bad, . . .
I will not be outfaced by irrational things,
I will penetrate what it is in them that is sarcastic
upon me, . . .*

*This is what I have learnt from America
—it is the amount, and it I teach again.*

We are America. We see the country in a state of crisis. We cannot run from the problems we see; we must instead continue creatively and effectively our effort for peace.

—Mary Kathleen Doar '70
June 7, 1970



Coeducation Arrives:

The Odds Were Overwhelming

My parents and sisters and brother were with me that September day as I navigated our station wagon up the hill to the campus, to be greeted by two corsaged young women who directed us, singsong, to Larrabee House. Larrabee House, a four-story slab of glass, cinder block and linoleum, was to become the lone male outpost in the vast, feminine world of Connecticut College. Even within our own dormitory we males were in the minority: there were 24 of us, I believe, all on the ground floor of the basement room, beneath three stories of women, who outnumbered us at least three to one . . .

All in all, we were a reasonably normal cross-section of mostly white, mostly middle-class American youth. Normal for 1969, at least, running the gamut from smoky-room-with-towel-under-the-door-type hippies to vacuum-every-other-day-preppies. Our sexual preferences were also normal. Late blooming and anxiety-provoking in many cases, perhaps, but normal nonetheless. I wouldn't bother to mention this if it weren't for a widely held suspicion among outsiders that men like us who deliberately placed

themselves among women were sexually suspect.

Those who didn't think us gay suspected that we chose Connecticut in order to capitalize on the odds. The odds *were* overwhelming—some 1,400 women to 24 resident men—especially to the pitiable, sequestered Coasties across Mohegan Avenue. (Those poor cadets. One rare, cloudless afternoon I was sprawled on the lawn outside of Larrabee trying to study when a Coastie walked up to me and said, "I hear that the girls around here actually wear skirts when they ride bicycles.")

But, alas, the odds were just *too* great. Our numbers were so small that we made only the barest of dents in the social habits of what was still very much a women's school. Many a Friday night we sat forlornly by as a parade of taxis and buses bore the vast majority of Connecticut's women off to the men and mixers of Brown, Wesleyan and Yale. After all, what reasonable young woman would forsake the abundant fruits of those nearby male cornucopias for the slim pickings at home? We were statistically insignificant: objects of amusement and curiosity, perhaps, like apes in a zoo, but genuine prospects, no.

Dorm life was, first and foremost, noisy. The cinder block walls of Larrabee were no match for the megawattage of my fellow students' stereo systems, and all my memories of dormitory living are punctuated with the cacophonous throbs and thumps of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, of Mick Jagger and Bela Bartok,



The class of '73, first coed class to enter as freshmen, in fine form at Class Day, May 1973.

THE SEVENTIES

Joni Mitchell and Grace Slick, all conspiring, day and night, to interrupt slumber and disrupt studies.

The College had, after much soul-searching, agreed to let each dormitory decide whether to impose visiting hours or to go ahead with "open parietals," a euphemism for institutionally sanctioned anarchy. So, early in the year each dorm held a serious meeting, at which social issues were soberly discussed. Without fail, a lengthy discussion would end with approval of open parietals by margins of, say, 75 to three, or 98 to two.

All in all, dorm life worked well. Sexual integra-

tion made for a far more relaxed and natural social environment than the destructive macho craziness of all-male housing or the catty bitchiness of women's dorms. Sister-brother relationships were common, especially that first year when most men were freshmen and many of Larrabee's women were juniors and seniors. One of the faults of coed dorm life was the difficulty many of us had in drawing and crossing the line between just-friends and *more-than-just-friends*. But it sure beat panty raids.

—Allen T. Carroll '73
CCAM, Fall 1979

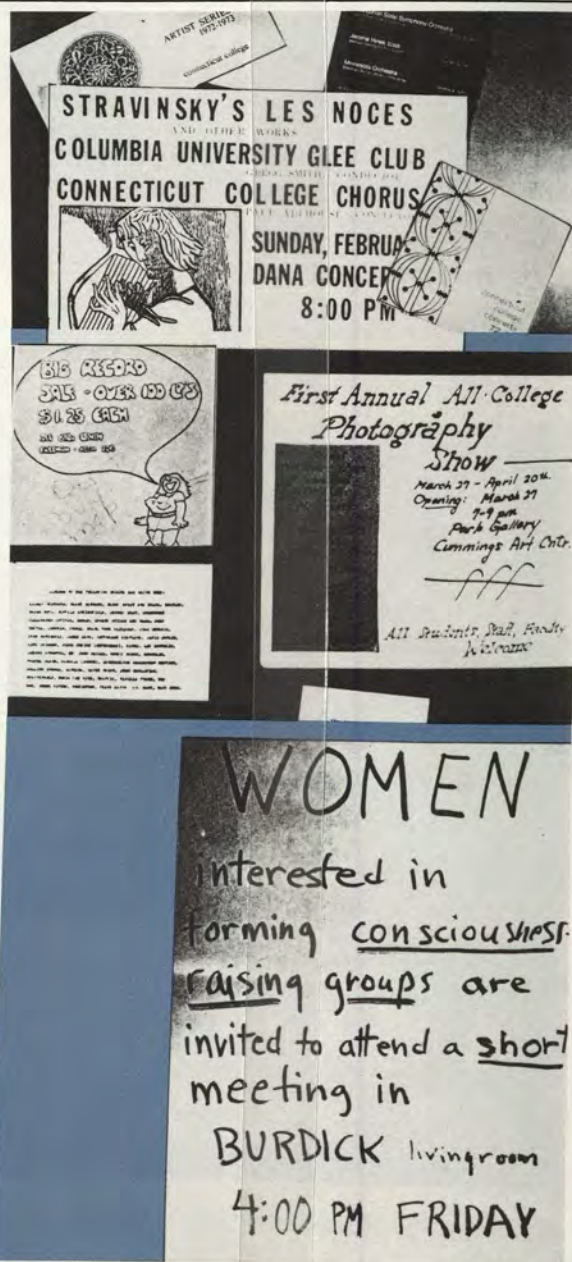
The First Freshman Men: *Pioneer in Plaid and Ascot*

I remember my first contact with my fellow "pioneers" on the *one* floor of the *one* dorm—Larrabee House—that contained all the male members of the Class of '73. Needless to say, I was perfectly prepared to make a good first impression. Picture, if you will, a 5 foot 8 inch short, curly-haired fellow wearing plaid pants, Weejuns, a blazer replete with prep school emblem, a white oxford shirt and—so help me—an ascot, bursting uninvited into your room on the first day of school with hand extended, saying, "Hi, I'm H.P. Goldfield." My presence here today is testimony to the patience and good humor of my classmates.

Had I been at Harvard, Brandeis, Michigan or any number of other institutions in the fall of 1969, such an introduction would have cast a permanent shadow over my entire collegiate career—and may have cost me my life.

I remember as well some of the challenges of being an early Connecticut College coed—not all of which involved campus activities. The *Hartford Courant*, for example, decided to do a piece on coeducation at Conn and other New England colleges and universities, and included a rather large photograph of me sitting on a bed with four or five female friends engaged in what was quite innocent and intellectual conversation—well, innocent anyway. Right after the article was published, I received a frantic call from my mother, who expressed no interest whatever in whether I was enjoying my first few days at Conn or my education; she was simply aghast that I had been pictured on a bed with four women, and didn't have my shoes on. I can't remember whether I was wearing my ascot.

—H. P. Goldfield '73
CCAM, Summer 1983





Lessons of The Strike

It was the First of May, 1970. Although in the back of my mind I could hear the dire refrain from the Doors' song predicting that there would be "blood in the streets of the town of New Haven," there I was, piloting my '62 Ford Falcon with three other Conn students (Phil Ahern, Molly Cheek and Anne Ginsberg, I believe) through the streets of New Haven, which were lined with National Guard troops with tear gas masks and fixed bayonets. It struck us as a scene which was both frightening and preposterous in the America we were used to.

It seemed just as preposterous when, a few hours later, in a chapel on the Yale campus, we heard calls for a nationwide strike at colleges and universities throughout the nation to protest a war and an administration which still did not recognize the savage futility of our national efforts in Vietnam.

Yet only 72 hours later, Connecticut College, by overwhelming student, faculty and administration vote, joined the hundreds of institutions across the country that turned their attention from the traditional curriculum to adopt a six- to eight-week agenda that focused, as it happened, not only on the war, but on our entire national direction.

"The Strike" convinced me of my life's direction. It convinced me absolutely that the *only* way to insure that governments served for the best interests of all of our citizens was through consistent political involvement and not the faint hope that one single event, no matter how spectacular, would effect progressive change and positive growth.

I was convinced further to begin my efforts right on



The Rev. J. Barrie Shepherd, Linda Patchell '70, Julie Sgarzi '71 and President Shain departing for Washington to present petitions against the war in Vietnam; above, all-college meeting during the Strike, May 1970.

the local level. The attorney for the College, the late Francis McGuire, while reviewing the copy I wrote for a newspaper advertisement protesting the war—an ad which he and other New London professionals, businessmen and clergy paid for and signed—admonished me not to be another "four-year wonder," but to begin in New London, and begin by working for a better city.

"And Lord knows, there's plenty to do and you'll feel better with every bit that *you* do!"

I took Francis McGuire's advice, and he was right.

—Jay B. Levin '73



On May 31, 1971, Matthew Griswold, Andrew Ketterer, John Walters and George Gager became the first men to graduate from Connecticut.

Filling Out the SSS150

Let the Draft Board Figure it Out

On a bright blustery Friday afternoon in the Fall of 1970 I was sitting on the grassy hillside between Wright House and the paddle tennis courts, filling out my SSS150 forms. For those of you from the Madonna generation or those who danced with Coasties to Benny Goodman and don't know what those forms are, they are the ones a man had to fill out to declare that he was and is a conscientious objector to war and does not want to become a combatant. Given the mess the country was in because of the war in Southeast Asia, these forms were pretty popular pieces of paper at the time. Yet I suspect I was the first Connecticut College student to fill them out.

The form is lengthy. It asks many questions about family background, personal beliefs and ethics, religious convictions, future plans. I knew I didn't want

to fight in this or any other war, but to write a convincing, coherent set of essays that would persuade my draft board to classify me 1-0 instead of 1-A was not proving an easy task. For one thing there were many papers to write for my professors, the newspaper and the radio station to work on, my freshmen advisees to look out for, that pretty girl from south campus to cultivate. But more than that, there were my own convictions and experiences to sort through.

I reflected back to that unforgettable Monday in the previous May when we had heard of the shootings at Kent State. Some 50 or 60 of us gathered in front of the television set in Larrabee that evening and heard the father of one of the victims ask why dissent had become a crime punishable by death in this country. I remembered the cold anger inside, and the lump in my throat that indicated I was about to cry. I looked around the living room, saw many of my dormmates weeping openly, and let my own tears come.

I reflected more generally that my first three semesters at Connecticut had taught me a good deal about equality between the sexes, and those lessons went a

long way towards shaping my feelings about the equality of peoples all over the world. Connecticut was teaching me to respect the dignity of every human being, to realize that wars were not worth fighting to prove we were better than another people. One might be a pioneer at coeducation, a member of a minority, but one also belonged to the human race.

My reflections were interrupted as I noticed some figures approaching from the corner of the tennis court. They turned out to be Charles and Jo Shain, walking their dog. As they passed by we exchanged greetings, and then a sudden gust of wind blew my papers across the hill. The dog, the papers, and the sophomore boy were all hopelessly entangled for a few moments.

At the bottom of the last page of form SSS150 is a place for the registrant to sign, and opposite that is a place for the signatures of those who have helped to prepare it. This is not unlike the tax forms, except that on this form the co-signers are often clergy or lawyers. As I was putting the papers back together on my desk in my room later that day I found that the Shains' dog had neatly put its paw print on the space reserved for co-signers.

It seemed to me symbolic of some of the notions that had been in my head earlier. I felt it important that we each learn to share the earth with all the rest of creation: human, animal, vegetable, mineral. The dog's print showed that it had a stake in what was going on in the world just as I did. I left the print on the forms for the draft board to figure out.

—David C. Clark '73

Anita DeFrantz '74, Connecticut's first Olympic medalist, won a bronze medal in rowing at the 1976 Games in Montreal.



The First



If anyone on campus knows how to give a party, it's Tim Scull. Floralia, his day-long performing arts extravaganza, delighted the large crowd in attendance on Sunday on the library green.

Improvisation was integral to the festival, though it has been in the works since last fall. Strains of jazz by the Berklee Percussion Ensemble floated across campus from the fiber glass band shell constructed on top of a tiered stage.

The Ensemble was accompanied at one point by the Dance Improvisation Laboratory, which gave a brilliant performance showing the true essence of improv. A child with a balloon wandered up on stage and the dancers took the opportunity to work around him, encircling him and tapping his balloon.

Later in the afternoon the Ensemble was again accompanied by dancers. Members of the audience, encouraged by the student clowns, danced freely on the stage in a bacchanalian celebration reminiscent of "Hair" and the days of "Peace, Love, Granola!"

Professional puppeteers and magicians were hired for the event and they were almost as interesting to watch as the children who were truly enthralled by their performance.

Tim Scull, producer of the May Day festival named in honor of the Roman goddess Flora, is a sophomore theater major. Floralia was an independent study project based on his theory that a new style of contemporary theater has become a necessity.

According to Scull, "putting together a production in this manner, somewhat akin to the old vaudeville shows might be the contemporary way to produce theater." The project gave him experience in drawing up and bargaining on contracts with professional performers. Social Board picked up the approximately \$2,000 tab.

Diplomacy played a large part in Scull's preparations. The idea had to be "sold" to the theater studies and dance department chairmen and the deans. Scull notes, "What has been so amazing about this whole project is that people have been so willing to let me use facilities and to accept and present a program like this." The fiber glass band shell belongs to the music department, and part of the stage which he used was none other than the sacred graduation platform.

—Donna Handville '79
Pundit, May 5, 1977

How the Camels Got Their Name

The men who arrived on campus in 1969 asked the College for help in organizing a basketball team. Mike Shinault, head of the College's print shop and mail room, was the sole volunteer for the job of coach.

Southern drawlin' Shinault, an ex-Navy man who had coached several service basketball teams, threw himself into the project with his customary energy and sardonic humor. Searching for an appropriate mascot for his team, he remembered seeing a Pakistani team with an unusual appellation while he was in the Navy. And so into a sports world overpopulated by Wolves, Bears and Eagles came the Camels. The name was different. And so were they.

"We had a lot of fans in those days," said Shinault of the early years. "We were so funny that people'd come just to see what we were gonna do."

—Peggie Ford '73
CCAM, Fall 1979



Smith-Morrisson

Super Bowl weekend dawned clear and bright, a welcome change from the dreary rain and mud of the playoff contest. Anticipation rose both in the Plex and in tiny Smith as the hour grew closer, and the air was filled with excitement as the climax of the season approached. Fans on both sides argued

Remember When the Program Was

Camels' Basketball Worth \$500?



The basketball team at Connecticut College is preparing for the school's 17th season in a new gym dedicated only a year ago.

Which brings to mind that 16 years ago this fall the Camels launched the men's basketball program in a gym designed for intramurals.

Mike Shinault was the school's first coach when it went coed. Just out of retirement from the service, Shinault issued a call for "all men who could walk or breathe."

Sixteen candidates showed up for the first meeting, Shinault recalled recently. The program was far from being financially sound; a \$500 budget was approved for the whole ball of wax.

"That included everything—suits, equipment, travel and officials," Shinault said. "We'd play anybody who would take us on, and since our funds were limited for travel we'd try for some home games. For those I'd get some officials from the Sub Base who would work the games for free."

The Camels' first game was played December 3, 1969, at the Coast Guard Academy's Roland Fieldhouse versus the cadet freshmen. The final score was 90-29, Coast Guard.

The Camels went nine minutes before getting their first two points in history, scored by Peter Vickery of Kents Hill, Maine.

Brian Puglisi, who played his schoolboy basketball at Amity Regional in Woodbridge, got the second basket and wound up his team's high scorer with 17 points.

Three nights later the Camels again went against an area opponent, bowing to Southeastern Connecticut, 89-40. This time the top scorer for the New London collegians was Phil Ahern, who had 11 points. Former Waterford schoolboy standout Lee Cone tallied 33 to pace the opposition.

"We played 28 games that season," Shinault said, "and we finally won one in our last game of the season."

That historic occasion occurred in February 1970, when the Camels beat Vassar College, 56-52.

Shinault coached for three years before turning the job over to Bill Lessig for one season.

Lessig is now the women's basketball and women's soccer coach at Conn.

The following season, the school hired Charlie Luce as both basketball coach and director of athletics. Luce, a former head coach at Boston University, upgraded the program considerably. He introduced,

along with Coast Guard Academy's Pete Broaca, the Whaling City Invitational, which enters its ninth season next month. For five years the Camels had to watch other teams win the tourney title, but the Camels have since bagged three championships.

When the duties of director of athletics made it impossible for him to devote the proper amount of time to coaching, Luce hired Dennis Wolff, a former player at the University of Connecticut who not only had great success on the court, but did an excellent job of recruiting talent within the framework of the school's academic program.

Wolff was responsible for bringing in several of the players who helped build the program to respectability, and more. Some included Pete Dorfman, John Bartolomei, Tom Fleming, Jeff Wiener and Wolff's brother, Rich, all of whom have since graduated.

Two years ago Wolff resigned to take a job as assistant at Niagara and Marty Schoepfer was named to replace him. Under Schoepfer the Camels have put together seasons of 21-6 and 16-9 as well as two appearances in the Eastern College Athletic Conference tournament.

Shinault said when he started the program he figured it would take 10 years for the Camels to become respectable.

"Actually, it took 11," he said, "but right now we're more than respectable. We're feared."

How far has the program come in 16 years since opening with the Coast Guard freshmen? A year ago the Camels opened against Division I Dartmouth and lost by five points.

This year they'll open against the same school, hopefully with different results.

—Jack Cruise
The Day, November 3, 1985
Reprinted by permission

Captures Super Bowl 42-21



with gusto the merits of their teams, and empty boasts were backed by hard cash as dorm pride was hotly challenged.

As 2:00 arrived and the warriors from Smith-Morrisson and Park-Wright lined up on Harkness field it became clear that this was not just another

football game. Both teams were chomping at the bit in an atmosphere charged with grim determination. From the first play it was apparent that this game was to be a brutal, brawling battle of giants. Even the normally obstreperous fans stilled their raucous clamor as the action commenced.

THE SEVENTIES



The Connecticut College Flag Football League's Super Bowl, Fall 1977.

The first quarter was dominated by Smith-Morrisson. The game began as an even contest but Smith-Morrisson's hardhitting, aggressive play quickly established control. Outstanding on offense were Smith-Morrisson's Q.B. Rick Shrier and Jerry Azar, both of whom scored in the first quarter. Park-Wright stayed in the game with a determined scoring drive capped by Bill Barrack that made the score 14-7 as the quarter ended.

In the second quarter Smith-Morrisson racked up more points as Park-Wright went into a cold spell. . . After halftime, it was clear that Park-Wright was fiercely determined not to concede the title to Smith-Morrisson . . . Their determination, however, proved unavailing against the smooth coordination, effortless confidence, and efficient menace of that awesome machine, Smith-Morrisson.

Once again the Super Bowl has come and gone. The CCFFL bids a sad adieu to veterans Rick Shrier, Chris Colbert of Smith-Morrisson, and Tim Dempsey, Jim Barron of Park-Wright, and all other seniors who contributed their expertise and sense of tradition to those on their way up through the ranks. They will be sorely missed. Yet the future of the league looks bright. Many talented young players are aspiring to the heights of their predecessors. Flag football at Conn has a glorious and action-packed history, and it looks like that tradition will continue in the years to come.

—Ann C. Allan, '81
The College Voice, Nov. 29, 1979

The Noodle Factory

*Kurt Vonnegut
Dedicates the Library*

This noble stone and steel bookmobile is no bland noodle factory to us, of course, to this band of readers—we few, we happy few . . . Because we love books so much, this has to be one of the most buxom, hilarious days of our lives.

Are we so foolish to be so elated by books in an age of movies and television? **NOT IN THE LEAST.** For our ability to read, when combined with libraries like this one, makes us the freest of women and men—and children . . .

Anyway—because we are readers, we don't have to wait for some communications executive to decide what we should think about next—and how we should think about it. We can fill our heads with anything from aardvarks to zucchinis—at any time of night or day.

Even more magically, perhaps, we readers and writers can communicate with each other across space and time so *cheaply*. Ink and paper are as cheap as



sand and water, almost. No board of directors has to convene in order to decide whether we can afford to write down this or that. I myself once staged the end of the world on two pieces of paper—at a cost of less than a penny, including wear and tear on my typewriter ribbon and the seat of my pants.

Think of that.

Compare that with the budgets of Cecil B. De Mille.

CCAM, Fall 1976



THE PRESIDENTS

Our Purposes and Strengths

By Oakes Ames

President of the College

WHAT IS ONE SURE SIGN that a college is good? I suggest it is the excited involvement of students in their academic work and in campus life. Many examples come to mind. A student told me that although he was enthusiastic about his major, every time he took a course outside that field he wished he could major in the new subject too. I recall the sparkle in the eyes of a student in a New London Hall laboratory where she was collaborating with a professor on a research project. Often in Fanning Hall I see students coming to and from their classes. The animated discussion between them as they come down the stairs from a class tells me that something very exciting was happening just a few moments before.

Gertrude Noyes, in *A History of Connecticut College*, tells of the first academic procession—on opening day, October 9, 1915. She writes of the faculty: "As they took their places in caps, gowns, and hoods for that first academic procession, it was obvious that many leading universities in this country and abroad had prepared them for superior teaching." That commitment to superior teaching remains at the heart of the College's philosophy today.

The enthusiasm that great teachers have for their subjects is contagious, and it will be caught by their students all the more if the two can exchange ideas outside of the classroom. A member of the College's faculty writes: "It is clear to me that the teacher-student relationship at Connecticut is very special, perhaps our most precious asset . . . The pride that faculty members take in helping their students, and in their growth and accomplishments, is very great. Almost any department meeting I have attended here turns sooner than later to a discussion of some extraordinary student accomplishment."

A good college is concerned with all aspects of the development of its students: intellectual, ethical, emotional, social, and physical. All are important if their learning is to enable them to be contributing citizens. Students must not only discover new ideas, but subject these to critical scrutiny, and decide where they stand themselves. Here they are finding out about their own strengths, interests, and convictions, all of which will determine the commitments they will make, while at college and later. They are learning about other people, and are growing in the ability to learn from them and to be tolerant of other views. They are developing qualities of leadership. All of this requires a special kind of community, one that is at once stimulating, varied, challenging, supportive, and that does not pressure anyone to conform to some stereotype of how to think or act. I think it is one of the College's special strengths that creativity and imagination are so highly valued, and that individualism is so respected.



Throughout the College's first 75 years, teachers, deans, staff, trustees, and students have worked to shape our community to these ideals. The honor system and student government make it a community of trust and participation.

Providing for a full intellectual life outside the classroom is one of our most important responsibilities. Faculty and visiting experts speaking on current issues give everyone much to think about and discuss. Now three new programs—the Social Awareness Program, the Public Issues Forums, and the dormitory Fireside Forums—are providing further opportunities for students to learn informally.

Our academically strong programs in the arts, together with performances and exhibitions, delight, surprise, uplift, and educate; they make the College's cultural life unusually rich. The development of the athletic facilities and programs over the past decade means that all students can stay fit and learn from competition, from team play, or from trying to master a lifelong sport. In these, among many other ways, students have multiple opportunities for learning and growth.

Visitors to the campus often comment on the friendliness and openness of the people they meet. On further acquaintance with the College, they are impressed by the interest people take in the welfare of others. I think this is a long-standing tradition, and that the process of passing it along to new students begins the day they arrive as freshmen and are greeted, helped, and advised by upperclass students who return a week early to prepare for this moment.

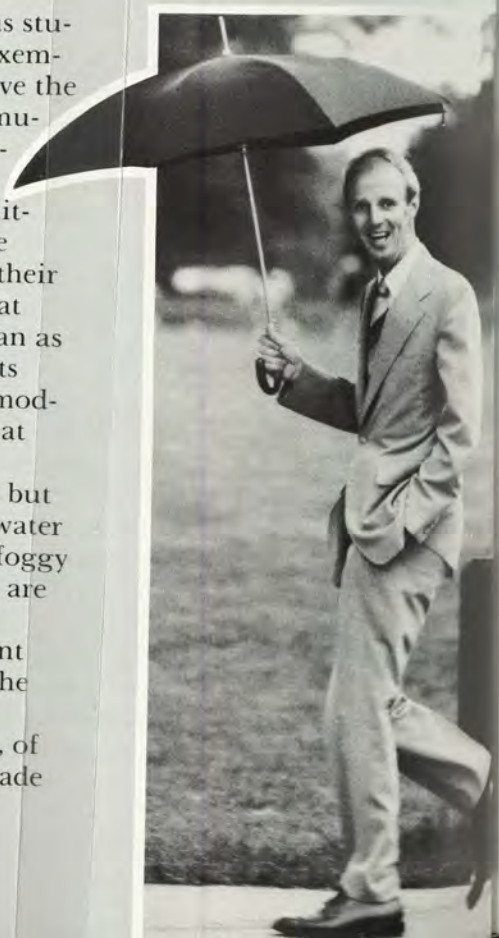
Interest in the welfare of others extends beyond the campus just as it did when the College was new. In May of 1917 the Service League was formed. It was committed "to the advancement of college interests, to the welfare of the community, and to national and international affairs which are destined to benefit humanity." Today over 200 students each year serve as volunteers in various community agencies. The College's Office of Volunteers for Community Service coordinates the program and places the students with the agencies.

The newly formed Connecticut College chapter of a multi-campus student group called Society Organized Against Racism (SOAR) also exemplifies this spirit of involvement. Its members are working to improve the quality of life on campus for minority students. That we are a community in which people make such commitments is a tribute to the students. It also reflects the values of those who teach and work here.

New faculty and staff at Connecticut soon develop a strong commitment to the College and take great pride in their work. They become involved in this community to a degree that goes well beyond what their job descriptions call for. I don't think it is an exaggeration to say that most people at the College think of their work as a calling rather than as a job. It is this very quality of commitment that we hope our students will develop as an outcome of their liberal education. To have role models in their teachers, advisers, and all those with whom they interact at the College will inspire them to set similar goals for themselves.

The ambiance of the College is determined not only by its people, but also by the extraordinary beauty of the campus and of the land and water that surround it. To walk the campus on a spring day, or even on a foggy autumn evening, is to have one's spirits lifted. Learning and growth are nourished in this atmosphere.

The beauty of the buildings and the grounds also tells an important story. It says that for 75 years many people have cared deeply about the College, its future, and about future students. Walk into the Shain Library and you think of the vision, generosity, and work of trustees, of alumni, of members of the faculty and the staff whose efforts have made



the Library what it is. Such messages are powerful ones; they are an important part of the education our students receive.

On May 11, 1923, when Palmer Library was dedicated, the students and faculty recited aloud the following words:

"We, Students, Faculty and Officers of Connecticut College, reiterate . . . our appreciation to the donors for the gift of this Library, noble in design, complete in equipment, delightful to work in, and stimulating to the intelligence and spiritual life of each of us.

"We accept the gift for ourselves and for our successors and pledge ourselves to enjoy its privileges . . . in the spirit of consideration for others; in reverence for the knowledge and art of the ages of which it is a repository; and with such a love of learning, of culture, of friendship with great souls of enduring influence in all lands that this building may become the shrine of the highest traditions and truest and noblest spirit of the College."

About six weeks from the time I am writing this, Palmer will be reopened as the Blaustein Humanities Center in Palmer Library. We rejoice that soon again it will "be stimulating to the intelligence and spiritual life of each of us."



An exuberant President Oakes Ames and Dean of the Faculty R. Francis Johnson prepare to dedicate the Blaustein Humanities Center in Palmer Library, 1986.

I think the most memorable moment of my life at Connecticut College, so far, occurred on February 22, 1985. It was late in the afternoon in the fading winter light when the trustees and a small group of faculty, staff, and students gathered around the front steps of a dark and empty Palmer Library. We were about to celebrate the beginning of the renovation work to create the new humanities center. We even called it a "ground breaking." Wearing a hardhat, I stood at a lectern at the top of the steps, and said a few words. Then, by pre-arranged signal, a construction worker inside the building turned on its lights. Suddenly, the building seemed to come to life again, and the glow of its lights lit up the north end of the green. Perhaps some people in downtown New London saw those lights come on. I thought of Mr. Palmer's wish "that the lights of the library could be seen from town."

With the new humanities center and the other accomplishments of the Campaign for Connecticut College, students have more opportunities for learning and growth than ever before. Our hope, like that of all those who have been at the College before us, is that they will grow to have and keep a breadth of interest, an appetite for intellectual adventure, and an eagerness to take on new problems and challenges. We hope our students, like those of earlier classes, will become deeply involved in the wider world beyond self-interest, that in various ways their college experience will inspire them to choose lives of commitment and service, of work for the common good as informed, thoughtful, and active citizens. I believe that the College's strengths and special qualities enable it to excel at providing this kind of education. Surely this was what President Sykes had in mind when he said to the first students: "Remember that the only good that counts is good in action. Whatever you do, do it beautifully."

A HIGH ADVENTURE

80s

The Real Connecticut

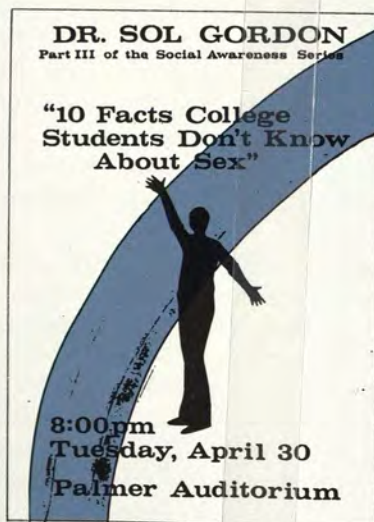
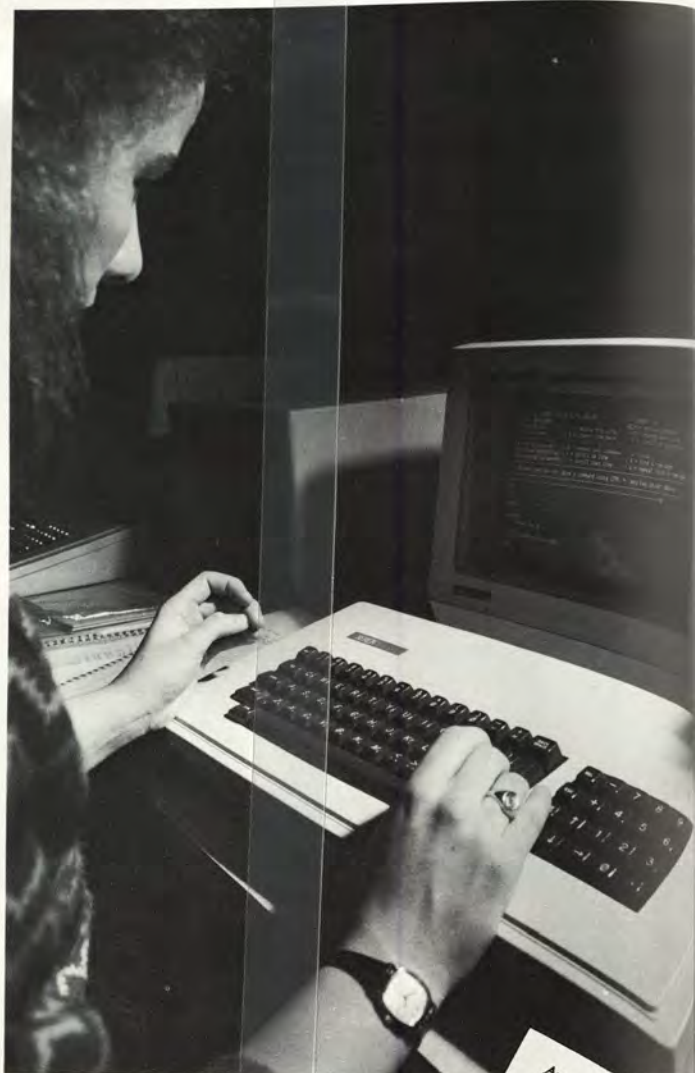
As near as I can tell, the experts don't know what they're talking about. Today's college students are, according to several authoritative reports, poorly educated, one-dimensional, uncreative, non-intellectual, apathetic, limited, and boring. This widespread condition exists because, so the experts say, from the moment students arrive on campus, they are haunted (if not paralyzed) by the terrifying prospect of unemployment after graduation. This notion comes from authorities on education—experts in the field.

Strangely, I don't remember this haunted feeling at all. As I recall, on my first day at Connecticut, I felt excited about my new surroundings, nervous about meeting my roommate and disappointed about the food. In that order. I find it unlikely that, as I picked at an alleged piece of chicken that first evening, there were students anywhere in the dining room discussing the saturation of lawyers in America and its adverse effect on career opportunities.

Now, it is possible that certain Connecticut products of the 80's view their education solely as a \$40,000 insurance policy on prosperity. There probably are those who perceive their college simply as a breeding ground for white collarism. And I know for a fact that there are recent graduates who spend their days *doing lunches, taking meetings and networking* their way to the top. But that's not the whole story.

Take for example my friend Nick, class of '82. Nowadays Nick is a lawyer for a snotty firm in Boston. He works 60 hours a week, wears his hair short and his shirts ironed. Yet when I think of Nick, I rarely picture him cleanshaven in a three-piece suit. In college, Nick was a throwback—long, unkempt hair, bare feet, the Grateful Dead—and that's the way I remember him: on J. A. balcony in hideous Bermuda shorts, kicking back in a lounge chair. In my mind, Nick is the King of Leisure, not a Yuppie Prince.

The experts, you see, speak of general tendencies, national trends and major developments. My college experience consisted of specifics. The experts tell a generalized version of every story. My memory is full of the random details. For instance: The grand opening



According to *The College Voice* of Feb. 8, 1983, one student walked into Bill 106 for Introduction to Computers and saw "almost every person I know at Conn College." Above, posters for social awareness series events on racism and health issues.





of Connecticut's new athletic center, the experts accurately report, was a milestone in the College's history. I found the event a fairly dull ceremony, memorable only for the conversation I had with a classmate who sported spiked blue hair and the latest in avant garde motorcycle fashion.

Don't get me wrong. I am pleased by the progress Connecticut has made. I'm happy about improved science and computer departments, a new humanities center and excellent career guidance. I am glad that this year's freshman class consists of an equal number of men and women. But that's not what strikes me as remarkable about the class of 1989. As a student admissions interviewer, I was able to meet some of them. I still remember a few, four or five, who surprised me with their honesty, or their humor, or their sincere friendliness.

The experts say there was apathy and I must confess that my professors seemed more activist than many of their students. Without a doubt, some students would rather watch Luke get married on General Hospital than attend a forum on South Africa. But the experts never mention the others—the ones who hounded me to sign their weekly petitions in the post office. Sometimes they questioned the build-up of nuclear arms, sometimes merely the supremacy of student government, the threatened closing of Emily Abbey or the quality of our daily meals.

For the pundits to say that college students are uninspired pragmatists is a gross oversimplification. Sure, there were students at Connecticut so narrow, they didn't dare risk four credits for a course on music or art, religion or philosophy. Others so unadventurous, they never quite found out where Abbey was located. Yes, there were swarms of predictable, prudish types in their Benetton sweaters, cruising campus in their BMW's. But for some reason, I just can't recall the faces behind the Vuarnets.

When it comes to Connecticut College, I have a selective memory. I have retained only certain images, few of them earth-shattering and none of them upholding the experts' dreary portrayal of contemporary college life. What I choose to remember are the many late nights sitting in a room in Morrisson, listening to friends play guitar. And the early morning chats with the short old man who swept the floor of Windham. There was the creative writing class when everyone raved about my story. And the class when

they absolutely hated another one. I recall wanting to quit college after failing the first exam I ever took my freshman year. And I remember the incredible feeling when I received my first A.

I'll never forget the late night crossing of the Thames by raft. We set out on our secret voyage, laughing like nervous 12-year-olds. Nor will I forget the afternoon in Dana Hall during student leadership orientation. We sat listening to two very soft-spoken students. One was a man, the other a woman; both were gay. Perched on the edge of the stage, they tried to explain to an auditorium filled with silent, staring men and women what life was like as a homosexual at Connecticut.

I remember the night right before Christmas when 15 guys, strung out from exams, roamed the deserted campus singing Christmas carols and pushing a keg of beer in a shopping cart. As we serenaded two security officers, an older man walked out of Fanning. Someone offered him a coffee mug full of beer and he joined us for an off-key song before climbing into his car and heading home.

A couple of nights before graduation, we viewed the annual screening of *The Graduate*. I recall this scene:

Ben's Father: You mean she doesn't know you're coming up to Berkeley.

Ben: No, actually she doesn't know about us getting married yet.

Ben's Mother: Well, when did you two talk this over?

Ben: We haven't.

Mother: You haven't?

Father: Ben, this whole idea sounds pretty half baked.

Ben: No it's not. It's completely baked.

We all laughed at that, at Ben's college mentality. We appreciated his impulsive defiance of the adult

Associate Professor of Art Barkley Hendricks with a student.



THE EIGHTIES

world, perhaps not realizing how soon we too would be pressured to relinquish the what-me-worry attitude that pervaded our life at Connecticut.

As we celebrate the College's 75th birthday, I feel a need to acknowledge something more than the improving wealth, reputation and facilities of an institution. My four years at Connecticut involved people who can't be stereotyped and times that can't be classified as trends of the '80's in *Newsweek*. Stripped bare, Connecticut is the impact of a couple hundred unspectacular, but unforgettable days or nights and 40 or maybe 50 students and faculty who somehow worked their way into my life. No matter what the experts say, I refuse to see it any other way.

—Thomas Nusbaum '85

One More Saturday Night

On Friday afternoons an amazing transformation takes place in the vocabulary of the Connecticut College student. Instead of hearing "Hey, what's up?" and then that incredibly creative reply, "Not much," there is a switch to "Goin' to the party tonight?" and then the inevitable reply, "Yeah, maybe." Almost everybody has gone to at least one party here at Conn. (For 9,000 bucks you deserve the same feeling that your parents get after writing their first check—a severe hangover.)

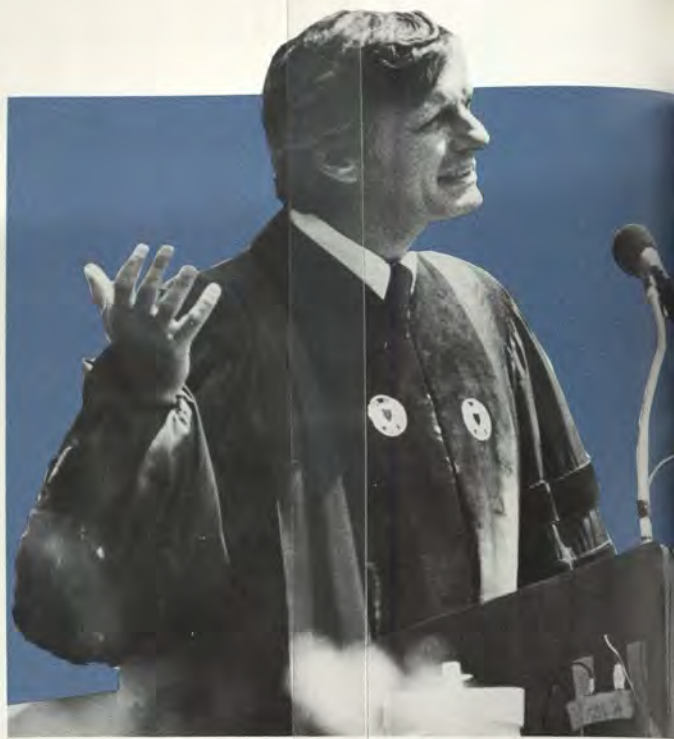
This year's dorms have made an effort to keep you, the student, happy by providing inexpensive parties here on campus. Well, now there's something new to worry about. Start sweatin', cause this is a bone breakin', earth quakin', reputation shakin' PARTY RE-VIEW!

So now you're mumbling, "Who died and appointed you the galloping guzzler?" The fact is that I have been to one or two parties here on campus (yes, even a wine, cheese, and snakebite, get-acquainted bash for the young Americans for nuclear proliferation back in '78).

LIBRARY PARTY: The first official bash of the year, and this year, as in the past, it went off well. The nicest thing about this affair is that it's one of the few times you don't mind the crowds. Another strong point is that it's over fairly early which leaves lots of time for post-party parties, which are almost always better than the all-campus bashes.

SCULPTURE COURT: Always a good time. The only thing marring this year's event were the lines for beer and the number of Coasties. Its strong points include being outside while it's still nice, and music that you can talk over and dance to at the same time.

K.B.: The drink lines, when the bars were open, were designed for a thirsty linebacker; I got a free lei at the door.



PARK (in Cro): Basic Beer Bash, very little creativity and extremely poor organization. The party was based on the music of the Rolling Stones and some Reggae. Having music as the main theme of a party demands a good stereo, and the 15-watt, factory-installed car model they had at the beginning just didn't cut it. After this problem was taken care of everything went as planned.

ABBEY (in Cro): Surprising but boring—Stones and Reggae without the Stones or the Reggae. It was nice to see Abbey throwing a party because it's very risky for such a small dorm to throw an all-campus party and not take a bath. The band was very professional sounding, but a little too mellow.

J.A.-FREEMAN HOMECOMING: Double fisted bash. J. A.-Freeman got noise complaints from my sister in Portland, Oregon. The band was good but the crowds were a little thick and there was talk of a great deal of trouble getting drinks. Over all the whole affair was a success. It was nice having a choice between drinks and beer, and good music to boot (no pun intended).

Harkness Speakeasy the night before also gave you a choice between light and dark beer, and inside and outside. It rained at one point, which slowed things down, but it picked up again and showed that speak-easies can often be more fun than a Saturday night party because of the crowds they attract.

I'm sure that I've missed something, but after talking to some people I feel that this has been a fair overview of the planned social events up to the time of printing. Parties here at Conn still need something besides beer and low prices. If I ever find out what that is I'm going to leave here and open up my own college . . . first drink's on me.

—Paul Coyne '82
The College Voice, Oct. 14, 1980



MASH star Alan Alda told the class of 1980 to "dig into the world and push it into better shape." Rita Younger Walker '73 and Brenda Lindsey '74 organized the first campus gathering of Connecticut's minority alumni in June 1984, attracting 135 participants. Above, a member of the 1985 laurel chain. Left, students at a cabaret during Roaring Twenties weekend, 1983.

1970 Yearbook to be Reprinted

The editors of *Koine*, the Connecticut College Yearbook, have decided to reprint the 1970 edition of the book. Says the editor:

"This year the kids have the same concerns as the kids did in 1970. There were movements to resist the draft, uncertainty about our country's involvement in foreign wars, and lots of wild, loud music. So, we said, why bother going through the motions to create

a whole new book when the 1970 edition is perfectly acceptable? I mean, D.J. looks the same as she did and the faculty never reads it anyway. We'll just change the Senior pictures section and no one will know the difference. Pretty keen idea, huh?"

—The College Voice
April Fool's Edition, 1980

Koine

THE EIGHTIES



Hockey vs. Assumption College, 1985, in the Dayton Arena; Top, the new Athletic Center; the 1984-85 women's basketball team exultant after becoming Connecticut's first team to win a regional championship (the women's gymnastics team followed suit a week later); crew team members hoist insulation into Knowlton's attic.

Yale 32, Connecticut 1 *Working for a Winning Season*

When writing home from Connecticut my freshman year I didn't include much about athletics. Even though I played both field hockey and lacrosse, as the saying goes, there sure wasn't much to write home about. What can you say about an athletic program with a camel for a mascot?

Coming from a state win in field hockey my senior year of high school, I expected a lot from college. Winning seasons, newspaper clippings, and college prominence were the very least I anticipated. Was I in for a surprise. Women's athletics at Connecticut seemed to be on the intramural, rather than college, level. We lost, attitudes were not always good and participation was low. I was desolate.

I quit field hockey my sophomore year and played lacrosse. We lost in lacrosse, too, but the players were new and young, and so was the coach. Very quickly, we learned about losing, and losing badly (my first game as a freshman was against Yale; we lost 32-1), but we also learned what sports meant at Connecticut.

We were at school to study, first, and then to play sports. There was no recruiting system for good athletes and no money was pouring in to support those in residence. Not an easy position for the athletic department to deal with, I thought. The director, Charlie Luce, however, was never apparently down about this dilemma. I talked with him many times over my four years about frustrations I had with the



women's teams and he always offered good advice and a proper perspective. Essentially, he said if we really wanted to do well and have a winning season, we were the ones who had to work as hard as we could. The athletic department could only do so much. He wasn't telling me he couldn't help; he was telling me, kindly, to grow up and work for what I wanted.

Through his guidance, I did work, and I urged my teammates to work. Yes, we lost a lot, but we came back to practice every day and tried harder. Luce came to watch us—not only in games, but in practice. He could see we wanted to be something, to win.

My senior year, as co-captain with my good friend Alice Elsbree, we worked even harder and we had a winning season. Not by a great margin, but for the first time at Connecticut, we had a winning season.

Looking back, perhaps this doesn't sound like such a big deal. I think Connecticut has had a lot of winning seasons since that spring. Yet it meant more than winning the states in high school. It wasn't easy and the distance we had come was amazing, which made lacrosse my senior year so precious. Women's athletics at Connecticut was no longer something to snicker at, I thought, and perhaps it never was.

My point, I suppose, is not to sell my alma mater as a great sports institution, but more as a place to learn. I don't know of any other school where a battle to improve women's athletics would have been so patiently tolerated; where the athletic director would have given so much of his time to a young woman speaking from the viewpoint of a losing athlete, or where students would have tried their absolute hardest to change from being losers to winners. Some used to say that Connecticut College didn't have any spirit, and I say they never played sports there.

—Susan Baldwin Kietzman '82

The Disastrous Interview

Dean Noyes' Glasses Case and Miss Park's Parable

Full of optimism and hope in October 1961, I typed 50 letters of application to colleges and universities where I wanted to teach when I completed my graduate work. On November 6 I received a request for my dossier from H.M. Smyser, chairman of the Department of English at Connecticut College. I responded promptly but heard nothing from him for six months. Finally, on May 19, 1962, long after interviews at the Modern Language Association in Chicago were completed and job offers made and accepted, I received a hand-written letter from Ham, as I later learned to call him.

By mid-May, as the academic year was drawing to a close, I was delighted with even the glimmer of a possibility of teaching at Connecticut College. Quickly, that letter became a talisman for me. I reread it frequently, brooded over it, speculated on why it was handwritten, and even now can recite the last sentence, particularly the last phrase: "... the kind of English teaching we have might interest you for a year or longer."

Within days Ham and I communicated by telephone, and made arrangements for me to visit the

campus on Memorial Day, when the real world would be sleeping late and celebrating patriotically and I would be sleeping briefly. I learned my first appointment was at 11:00 A.M., a reasonable hour except for the holiday train schedule, which required me to take the milk train from Philadelphia, where I was living, at 5:30 A.M. to New York where I would connect with the train for New London and Boston at 8:00. On holiday time, however, the train was slow and arrived in New York too late for me to make my connection.

I was alarmed: should I call Ham immediately, suggesting I take a bus but run the risk of waking him and thereby reducing my chances for a good interview; or should I wait till the more reasonable hour of 9:00, which meant that the only means of transportation was a taxi, an expense I resolved was justifiable, or a train arriving in New London two hours late for the first obligation? I chose the latter alternative, and although Ham initially approved the taxi plan he agreed to the later train after a muffled conversation with someone nearby whom I subsequently identified as Jane, his wife and fellow mem-



Dubbed *The Noodle Factory* by author Kurt Vonnegut at its opening in 1976, the library was named in honor of President Emeritus Charles E. Shain on June 1, 1985. Above Mr. Shain, President Ames, Librarian Brian Rogers, and Britta Schein McNemar '67, chairman of the Board of Trustees.



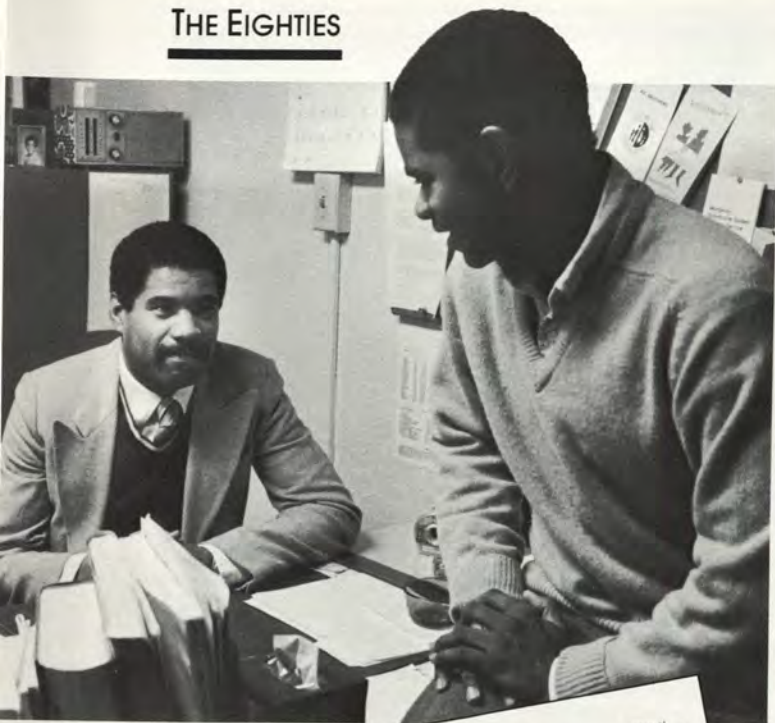
A blue-ribbon committee about to open the Blaustein Humanities Center in Palmer Library: Chairman of the Board of Trustees Britta Schein McNemar '67; Dean of the Faculty R. Francis Johnson; President Oakes Ames; Trustee Barbara Blaustein Hirschhorn '50; Elizabeth Blaustein Roswell '52; Architect Graham Gund; and Student Government President John Shea '86. Above, a lecture in the Anthony Francis Nelson '78, Audio-Visual Classroom, and a third-floor foyer.

ber of the department.

Ham met me at the station, and we drove up the hill in his shining gray Mercedes Benz with gleaming white-wall tires. My memory of lunch is blurred. Outwardly, I was doing my best to respond brilliantly to the cheerful but probing questions of Dorothy Bethurum, Jim Baird, Mackie Jarrell, and the Smysers; inwardly I was trying to determine why I didn't recognize anything on the campus even though I had been there often on forays from my college nearby. Suddenly it came to me: I had only visited the College at night and spent as little time there as possible, preferring with my date to escape bell ladies and mixers for the sophisticated excitement of New London.

Ham's occasional allusion to the Committee, as he simply called the Advisory Committee, had an ominous tone to it from the moment he first told me about my meeting with it, and on reflection my response was appropriate, now that I am familiar with its prestige and advisory capacity. Ironically, I can't remember anything of the substance of that occasion either, except that Ed Cranz asked kindly and understated questions; but I do recall that we met in the office of the Dean, Gertrude Noyes, who silently stared at the floor and turned her glasses case end on end while the others in the circle, including Kay Finney and Chris Christianson, listened intently, jury that they were.

THE EIGHTIES



The climax of that long ordeal (I was up at 4:00 A.M.) was my appointment with the President, as Ham referred to Rosemary Park. I remember little of that conversation as well, except for some fleeting references to salary and that while Miss Park concentrated on making a design of crisp straight lines with a freshly sharpened pencil, she told me about a young man she knew who had been turned down for a position in the State Department because he had wanted it too much and in his anxiety had failed the interview.



Rick McLellan '78, director of Unity House until 1985, chats with Alumni Association board member Maarten Terry '83; Britta Schein McNemar '67, first woman to chair the Board of Trustees; unlike the Hurricane of '38, Gloria arrived with plenty of warning, giving everyone time to unplug their computers.



CONNECTICUT COLLEGE
NEW LONDON

New London
Connecticut 06320
203-447-1911

Office of
the Dean of
the College

September 26, 1985

TO ALL RESIDENT STUDENTS, STAFF, AND FACULTY:

As of the time of this writing (9 a.m.) Hurricane Gloria continues to proceed towards the Atlantic coastline in the area of the Carolinas. Should this hurricane soon turn northward and make landfall at or near the New London area, the College will be faced with an emergency situation. Winds of the velocity which is projected, together with flooding in some areas, would likely damage our facilities and disrupt those utilities and other services on which our daily life depends.

The various offices concerned have begun making preparations for this eventuality and we shall be monitoring the progress of the hurricane in the next several hours. Should the possibility of a near landfall turn to probability, we shall alert the campus through the campus radio station, Housefellows, Campus Safety, etc. and shall request the cooperation of everyone in adhering to certain emergency procedures, which will include the following:

STAY OFF THE PHONES
DRAW CLEAN TAP WATER IN SINKS AND TUBS
FILL CONTAINERS FOR DRINKING
STAY IN YOUR ROOMS
DON'T DRIVE
NO OPEN FLAMES
CLOSE WINDOWS, REMOVE ALL ITEMS FROM BALCONIES
MOVE BIKES INSIDE
UNPLUG PERSONAL COMPUTERS AND ALL ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

In the event classes and other activities have to be cancelled, students will be asked to return to their dormitories, remain inside, and await further instructions.

Again, at the present time we are anticipating only a possibility. We should know by this evening whether or not we shall have to batten down the hatches.

Yours sincerely,

Herbert M. Atherton
Herbert M. Atherton
Dean of the College

HMA/bk

Shortly thereafter, as the train glided toward New Haven and Philadelphia beyond, the disaster of the day fell in on me, like the walls of a demolished building, crumbling into its cellar. From New London to New Haven I was simply stunned and unable to think; from New Haven on I compiled the extent of the debacle. The late date of Ham's handwritten letter indicated his last-minute desperation as he tried to find someone at the bottom of the candidate file still unemployed at the end of the semester. My late arrival demonstrated my unreliability, my concentration on my private life at lunch revealed dullness of mind, while Gertrude's restlessness measured the boredom my remarks produced for the Advisory Committee. The clincher, of course, was Miss Park's parable, appropriately placed at the end of the day: I had simply failed the whole interview from the beginning to the end. By the time I reached Philadelphia I had dismissed Connecticut College from my mind forever.

The appointment letter from Miss Park came a few days later. Now, 25 years later, with that letter and Ham's before me, I wonder if I was then beset with paranoia or innocence. Of one thing I am sure, however. As the "year or longer" Ham initially suggested grows into decades, my good fortune grows apace, and I live each Memorial Day memorially in my own way, still treasuring the talismanic letter from Ham.

—George Willauer
Professor of English

Class Notes

20 Mildred Howard, our class president and a professor emeritus of physical education, has made a fine recovery after a heart attack last spring. Miff was in the hospital for only a short time, and after a much needed rest moved back into her apartment at Pennswood Village, Newtown, PA. Miff wrote, "My doctor told me that I'll probably live 80 more years but he won't be here to see it." Three cheers for Miff!

Olive Doherty attended our 65th reunion in June, looked for Miff and Dora but couldn't find them, so went home after a picnic lunch with a friend who came with her. Miff and Dora would have liked her support and are sorry to have missed seeing her. Olive's two sisters were Rose (CC '20) and Kathleen (CC '24). Olive is the only member of her family still living.

Loretta Higgins writes from Norwich, "I have an official bit of news for our column. There was much publicity over the 50th anniversary of the Social Security Administration in 1985, but I have first-hand information to prove it was started in 1919. At that time I was a reporter for *The Hartford Courant* during my summer vacation and I was appointed to cover a meeting at Mt. Holyoke College at which time a group of social-minded men and women recommended a social security program to the federal government."

Alice Horrax Schell and Fred are pleased with their new apartment in Lake Pointe Woods retirement community in Sarasota, FL. "We are located on 53 acres, with a lake, beautiful big pine trees and colorful landscaping. We have our dinners in the main dining room and get our lunches and breakfasts in our own apartment. We have a living room, bedroom, kitchen, dining area, and a balcony overlooking the lake. There are 210 apartments in all and we have a large swimming pool, exercise room, beauty and barber shops, a library, woodworking and craft shops and even a country store. I am not yet able to use the swimming pool as I broke my leg last March—a multiple break, and I have been in bed or in a wheelchair for seven months. I am now starting to walk again haltingly, with a walker and Fred or a therapist at my side. It's slow going but wonderful to be on my feet on the way back. I hated to miss our 65th reunion and so did Fred! He has been a tower of strength in helping me all this long period. We both send greetings to you all!"

Maud Carpenter Dustin writes, "My husband and I live in Randolph, VT, and with the help of our two daughters who live nearby, we manage to stay in our home. I walk with a cane, and also do exercises prescribed by a therapist. I manage to put meals on the table and can care for myself."

Mary Virginia Morgan Goodman was asked to be the speaker at a State Convocation of Women Bowlers at Ocean Beach, New London last June and so was unable to attend our 65th reunion. "They needed a speaker, not a bowler," she wryly commented.

We report with sadness the death of **Helen Hope Sturges** on 7/17/85. Helen had a remarkable career with the Episcopal Church in CT and NYC, and as a missionary on the Navajo reservation in UT and AZ. She traveled the 1500 sq. miles of the mission area, learning the desert trails by horseback and jeep, bringing help and comfort wherever she went. She taught Navajos from 3 years to 63 years of age in the Mission School, and only thought of retiring at the age of 86, when she decided to go to Sun City, AZ to live. Our sympathy to her niece Nancy de Hemricourt of Roxbury, CT and to **Alice Gardner Crawford** of Long Neck, LI, NY, a relative by marriage.

We report with regret the death in 9/85 of Philip Luce, husband of our classmate **Jessie Menzies Luce** (dec.). He was a loyal supporter of 1920. His daughter is a CC graduate and his granddaughter just made veterinary history by installing a pacemaker in a horse. This feat was reported in German and British newspapers as well as in the USA.

Correspondent: **Kathryn Hulbert Hall**, North Hill, Apt. 1-307, 865 Central Ave., Needham MA 02192.



In Memoriam

Roberta Newton Balch
Margaret Vaughan Hutchinson
Harriet Gillette Reynolds
Lillian Ottenheimer Spencer
Muriel Whitehead Jarvis
Charlotte Nixon Prigge
Harriet Smith Harris
Esther Tyler
Libbie Blumenthal Jacob
Kay Brace Cummings
Jane Wineman Foreman
Catherine Partridge Post
Mellicent Clarke Bell
Elaine Mitchell House
Elinor Mitchell Wilde
Mary Daoust Glendinning
Sally Van Horn Finney
Priscilla Crim Leidholt
Louise Gold Levitt
Wilhelmina Brugger
Jane Wilson Shackford
Patricia Marr Pindar
Nancy A. Cepparulo
Carol Jo Hunter Moore
William C. Yates
William L. Wilcox
Mark Jeffrey Kearney

22 Mary Damerel and Marjorie Smith were delayed in attending the memorial service for **Constance Hill Hathaway** by an open drawbridge allowing several tall-masted ships to pass through. That gave them more time to chat.

Mollie Kenig Silversmith's great-grandson Scott now has a sister Stacie to keep him company. Mollie writes that she is "perking along," trying her best to keep well.

Lucy McDannel and Augusta O'Sullivan are able to keep in touch with class and college affairs by telephone since they live in adjoining towns.

Helen Merritt and brother Irving made another of their frequent and favorite trips to Bermuda last spring. Helen is still working on her travel guide book.

Elizabeth Merrill Blake spent two weeks with her grandson and his wife in their new home in Raymond, NH last July. October first she made an unexpected trip to the hospital, returning home two weeks later without her gall bladder. Recovery has been most satisfactory.

Olive Tuthill Reid and husband Kirk were in touch with **Marjorie Smith** during the tennis matches nearby. Their daughter plays with her champion father whenever possible. She lives in Falmouth, MA. Four of the Reids' grandchildren live in MA and they have a total of six great-grandchildren.

Marjorie Smith, apparently our most traveled classmate, toured CA's coast from Big Sur to San Diego last summer, also visiting a friend of kindergarten days in San Clemente.

Our class mourns the passing of three loyal members: **Minneola Miller** in 9/84, **Constance Hill Hathaway** and **Mary Thompson Shepard** in '85. They will be missed. Our sympathy is extended to their families.

Correspondent: **Elizabeth Merrill Blake** (Mrs. Raymond F.), 25 Warren Ave., Amesbury, MA 01913

24 Margaret Dunham Cornwell writes that she had a happy summer with family and friends. She visited the Cape where her two-year-old grandson's family live and was planning to spend Thanksgiving there.

Elinor Hunken Torpey, after five years in a two-family house, had to move to an apartment in a big building. In October she drove to New London with her daughter to pick up her grandson, a CC sophomore, and reported that the fall coloring on campus was beautiful.

A year ago **Dorothy Brockett Terry** moved to an "ideal residence for senior citizens" where she has a "just right" apartment in Houston. Eight of her nine great-grandchildren live in the area and they and their families visit her.

Marion Vibert Clark has little news except her interest centered in her far-flung family.

Madeleine Foster Conklin says her traveling days are over, but then she has been most everywhere except AK. She is still in the home where she has lived since '54, but "progress" is encroaching.

In the summer **Gladys Westerman Greene** decided to sell the farm and has moved into a retirement home in PA. The move was quite an undertaking because of the accumulation of belongings over the years. She misses the farm and friends and would love to see old CC friends.

Aura Kepler has been able to attend recent exhibits in Boston, and a meeting of her Yale Nursing alumni group. "My, how nursing has changed!" she wrote.

Marie Jester Kyle moved in June '84 to a lifetime care community center in CT where there are a few CC alumni but none from '24. She would recommend the center to any classmates looking for a carefree happy life in retirement.

Margaret Vaughan Hutchinson writes briefly, "I am a widow and unable to live by myself because of health reasons."

Hazel Converse Laun says life continues about the

same—many active volunteer jobs for the library, deliveries and transportation for shut-ins—and bridge.

Elizabeth Holmes Baldwin managed five weeks at the Island in ME during the summer and continues in her Medfield home. She was planning to fly to IA to spend Christmas with a niece and her family.

Lucile Moore was in an automobile accident in 2/85 which totalled the car, but she recovered well and is back at the home for elderly people in Hartford, a wonderful place, but she misses the car.

Sarah Gordon Hahn's husband died in June '85. We send our sympathy to her and to her family.

Correspondent: Elizabeth Holmes Baldwin (Mrs. Thomas T.), 57 Millbrook Rd., Medfield, MA 02052

26 The following items resulted from a questionnaire sent to jog classmates into revealing news of grandchildren, bone depletion, endeavors, travels, etc.

Kay King Karslake leads the pack with 13 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Part of the year she visits them and then they visit her in Chataqua and Orlando where she keeps the family home and has a lovely pied-a-terre where my sister and I saw her this spring.

Kay Dauchy Bronson enjoys seeing her six grands, aged 7 to 22 and is well on the way to recovery from a broken hip.

Kay Bailey Mann takes the prize in the broken bones department. She still operates her pre-school but has less contact with the children.

Dorothy Bidwell Clark has also had hip problems. She recently visited her new great-grandchild. She works for the Red Cross and other charities.

Ruth Knup Weiderhold enjoys serving Meals on Wheels, and spends Christmas with her daughter and extended family.

Adeline (Att) Muirhead Archibald has a raft of children (many ready made) as does **Ellie Whittier Plummer**. They see one another often in FL. Ellie sent me a snap of our Knowlton football team—remember?

Lorena Taylor Perry does a lot of trike riding when in FL. She takes turns visiting her son and daughter at Christmas.

I also saw **Peg Smith Hall** in FL. She looks much the same—not a gray hair on her head. She and Arthur plan to move from their historic CT home to be with their son Ricky and family.

Betty Phillips Nalle writes that Washington is slowly recovering from the visit of Princess Di and Charles. I saw her and husband, J.B. in their elegant new apartment.

Teddy Hewlett Stickney plays piano for her own enjoyment and that of her friends. Her great yen is to hear the "Ring" in Bayreuth.

Both **Charlotte Maclear** and **Marg Williams** live in retirement villages and do charity work. Marg joins me in having had a recent cataract operation.

Betty Damerl Gongaware reports that her main travels are to see her children and that she is enjoying life.

Dorothy Brooks Cobb writes of going to the Holy Land and Afghanistan.

Tish Burt Barker has a permanent home in FL and enjoys trips to Bermuda.

Betty Boyd Mallick on a recent cruise to Bermuda encountered Hurricane Gloria. For three and a half days the ship foundered in waves sometimes 16 feet high and walking on deck was a wild but fun experience.

Edna Smith Thistle, our hard working president, is busy with church, charities and garden club activities, besides having time for CC and '26. A recent Danube River cruise turned into a bus trip as the river was too low for traffic, but they all had a great time.

After making annual trips to the Far East for more than 30 years developing and running my import business, your correspondent has decided to act her age and retire. I find myself very busy bowing out.

We are sorry to report the death of **Harriet Gillette Reynolds**, 11/10/85.

Don't forget our upcoming reunion! Mark the date on your calendar: May 30—June 1.

Correspondent: Madelyn (Maddy) Smith Gibson, 23 West 10th St., New York, NY 10011

28 **Elmo Ashton Decherd** reports, "No glamorous foreign trips but one short happy one last May to see my oldest grandchild, Susan Thornton, graduate from Bowdoin. Brother Stephen is a sophomore there, while another grandson is at U of GA. Hurricane Gloria treated our condo gently."

Edna Kelley reports studying a list of New England's highest mountains with tremendous interest. "I sat contentedly just looking at some of them from my front deck." There are so many ways to enjoy!

Margretta (Peggy) Briggs Noble reported succinctly that they cruised among the Virgin Islands, attended oldest grandson's graduation from U of CA, followed by family visits up and down the state, enjoyed their annual ME safari, climaxed in CT by Gloria—"six and a half days with no power, a very humbling experience."

Summer found **Karla Heurich Harrison** at daughter's and son-in-law's VA farm, near Washington where she glimpsed **Deborah (Debbie) Lippincott Currier**, readying for an Italian visit to her daughters and grandsons. Karla also saw Betty Phillips Nalle '26 and Juliet Phillips '30. She was preparing a talk for the Sarasota chapter of Ikebana and wondering why she said she would do it.

Grace Bigelow Churchill reported, "The big event in our lives this year was the lovely wedding of Scott Churchill, the first of our five grandchildren to be married." The traveling Churchills spent spring at AL's Azalea Festival, then a NM visit with daughter and family, climaxed by four days at the Grand Canyon. Late summer, north to Montreal and west to Victoria, BC with its fabulous Butchart Gardens. "Ed was

The Gift, Unmeasured

They were well-chosen—
Those who came to teach at the new college
Set upon a hill, above the river Thames.
From their more venerable schools, they joined
Young, eager minds; helping us plant the seeds
Of our own traditions; watching them take hold
And grow, like the young tendrils that spread
Across the yet un-Ivied walls.

Some are more especially recalled—
I remember:

Dr. Wells, whose bearded dignity
Held us in awe as he led us to the
Feasts of Shakespeare's words, or
Probed the message in the poems of
Tennyson or Browning.

Dr. Jensen, who, in his muted mellow
Baritone, read to us from contemporary
Works; who reviewed our creations with
Wit, wisdom, and often some compassion.

Dr. Morris, who explored with us the
Doctrines of Plato, Hegel, Descartes;
An intellectual pursuit, tempered by
His warmth and understanding.

They shared the dream—

From all whose tenure spanned the early years,
Connecticut has built her heritage of excellence.
To us, who learned from them, they gave unwittingly
A priceless, joyous gift—*discovery*—which has been
Ours to hold, and sometimes share.

—Margretta Briggs Noble '28

thrilled as he has made a specialty of garden photography."

Elizabeth (Betty) Gordon Staelin reports on an Ottawa visit with daughter Cynthia and family. The elder grandson is in London and has discovered what a great place it is! Granddaughter Lucy is a sophomore at U of Ottawa and before her complete loss of hearing, she learned to speak and to lip read. The government gave her funding including living quarters and food plus her tuition. Debbie, the younger grandchild is a freshman at McGill and represents the third generation of her family at that university. Betty's summer was spent at home, plenty of golf and a beautiful beach, and now she's looking forward to the three winter months in Sarasota—more golf and more friends.

Estelle (List) Harmon Pardee spent April in FL, seeing old friends topped by a visit with Karla. Grandson, Princeton '82, is in Albuquerque teaching at a private academy with his Princeton '83 wife. Granddaughter and husband (both Northwestern) completed their second year of teaching at Phillips Andover and have gone to CA to teach in a private academy. They are thrilled with their assignment which they consider a challenge. "I manage to keep very busy since Ward passed away in January. **Abbie Kelsey Baker** writes often and when she comes to Wilmington, we plan a get-together."

Adelaide (Kinky) King Quebman calls from downtown Hanover when in town for football or John's mini-reunion. "Hurricane Gloria," she writes, "gave us a thrilling day in Falmouth; it could have been much worse."

Margaret (Peg) Merriam Zellers called to announce that she had made up her mind that she could and would tackle a trip via wheelchair to St. Barts and Jack made instant arrangements. Already she feels comfortable about it as it is almost a second home. Grandson John Wallace was married early September in Newport and Peg went. "The bride is a darling and a sailor!" Younger brother Jeffrey Wallace CC '86 is spending the fall semester with the Syracuse program in Strasbourg, working very hard with studies, seeing and doing. His aunt Margie CC '56 has been on a Swiss hiking trip! Another book? Proud of Peg's spirit, she is indomitable!

Eleanor (Woodie) Wood Frazer delightedly writes that she knows that each year she is progressing slowly but surely. She and Ed are selling their big summer home at the shore. "It has served us, children and grandchildren well for 25 years. Our Phila. CC Alumni Club is very active. There are 400 people in the area—very different from the days of long ago when there was a mere handful of people." Called Sally Pithouse Becker '27 recently, to congratulate her for receiving CC's highest honor—the reward for excellence. Woodie is another '28er with an indomitable spirit!

Roberta Bitgood Wiersma realized a life-long dream in August when she took an organ study tour in Europe, visiting four countries including East Germany—Bach Country. "We, a group of 45, listened to many organs and 23 of us took turns playing here and there. Yes, it was strenuous—those European organ lofts were often at the top of a winding staircase. But I'm ready to go again!"

Henrietta (Honey Lou) Owens Rogers has joined the new hip group, a prestigious organization with a growing membership. Conversationally, it never lets you down. But most important to Honey Lou is grandson Michael, who is looking with interest at CC—"It gives me great joy."

Edith (Bugs) Cloyes McIlwaine and Cordelia (Cordie) Kilbourne Johnson have done what they have wanted for a long time. Thirteen glorious days in Hawaii, covering all five islands "with a helicopter ride thrown in for good measure." They enjoyed every minute. In late summer, Bugs reunited with some childhood friends, a very nostalgic experience.

Dorothy (Dot) Davenport Voorhees writes that Ralph is up and down, but Dot is fortunate to have a nurse and finds that every day he is showing marked improvement. They are enjoying their new home in Pittsford—one floor—fenced in flower garden which was gorgeous and now all weeds. "Only a month at the 1000 islands—taking a course in Song Bird Carving! They look quite real." Do they sing?

Edna Somers wrote a long time ago that she will write

From the Magazine's Archives

Picky, Picky, Picky!

In answer to many inquiries we beg to state that the January 1st issue of the "Alumnae News" was the first this year. It was published as Volume I, No. 3, for no other reason than that we had no idea when a volume ran out and another began, and so figuring this as the third alumnae publication, we numbered it as read. There are to be but three issues this year, therefore, it is not a Quarterly. Four times to us seems a complete impossibility, we hope the next editor won't take her duties too seriously.

—C.C. Alumnae News, April 1926

me one day when I "sense" another deadline!! This must be worked on!

Your correspondent, **Sarah Emily (Say-Say) Brown Schoenhut** reports stirring times in her quarter with the preparation and grand opening of Dartmouth's Hood Museum of Fine Arts. It is almost completely staffed by women, a fascinating contrast to the very male Dartmouth that George and I first knew in 1942.

With sadness, the Class extends its love and sympathy to **Estelle Harmon Pardee** on the loss of her husband Ward, 1/85, and to **Prudence Drake** on the loss of her sister, Laura '26 in 8/85.

Correspondent: **Sarah Emily Brown Schoenhut**, (Mrs. George W.), Five Corners on Potato Hill, Ely, VT 05044

30 Fanny Young Sawyer has stepped down after five years as our faithful correspondent. A new correspondent is needed. Any volunteers?

32 Marion Nichols Arnold writes, "In October, my brother and I attended Elderhostel in Boston. The focus was the history of Boston neighborhoods, a fascinating study with walk-about in five different areas after interesting lectures. Last spring, I was appointed to the Alumni Association Board as coordinator for the Sykes Society. When the VP of the association resigned, I was appointed to fill out the term—to June '87—continuing my Sykes duties."

Cecelia Standish Richardson and husband visited **Kay Tierney Cronin** in Troy, NY last summer. **Edith Mitchell Hunt** joined them. Both girls left CC after sophomore year, Kay to Yale School of Nursing and Edith to Cornell. **Ruth Raymond Gay** and Bill could not make the this mini-reunion.

Jane MacKenzie writes, "I'm still recovering from my Feb. operation for an artificial knee, which I still can't bend back like the other one, but I work on it. My friend is in a nursing home so I am alone. Thank God for Jill, my golden retriever."

Janet Hamilton Middleton drove to Epcot last winter and back through New Orleans. She had just returned from the British Isles in October. Janet has lived in the West for five years and enjoys her life there.

Dorothy Friend Miller writes, "Life here goes along as a struggle to keep up when I am trying to learn to play duplicate bridge. Last summer's trips included Ireland and New England. Aloha."

Louisa Rhodes Brown moved from Cape Cod to Farmington, CT last May. Husband Bob was having health problems and died in Hartford Hospital on

11/17/85. Daughter Nancy (CC '55) lives in Haddam Neck, and three grandchildren, all grown, live in the area. All have been most helpful and supportive.

Priscilla Moore Brown and Al are starting their fifth winter with Al's mother, aged 95. Pris had a rough summer with her third major abdominal operation in two years, and hopes all is okay now. In July, younger son Duncan and wife Connie produced Priscilla's 9th grandchild. They range in age from four months to 24 years.

Elizabeth Gabriel Haas writes, "I took a three-week trip to China this summer—very rugged but fascinating. I climbed up and down millions of century old stone steps and enjoyed very much the boat trip down the Yangtze River. The progress China has made in the past few years is unbelievable."

Hortense Alderman Cooke reports moving from #173 to #105 and is pleased with the new location. She is feeling very well and feels so fortunate after her scare in early '84. She keeps busy as manager of a gift shop and as v.p. of their retirement association. Travel last summer included the weddings of two great-nieces, one in La Jolla in June, the other in South Hadley in Aug., after which they went to ME. She saw **Drucilla Fielding Stemper** briefly—interrupted her lawn mowing!

Susan Comfort had no big cruises or trips this year, but lots of weekend and day bus trips, all for fun and interesting. She went to DC in Nov. to see the British treasures. She is now our class v.p., at Marion's request when **Alice Russell Raeske** resigned.

Mabel Barnes Knauff reports a very interesting and enjoyable tour of CA in Sept., starting in S.F. and ending in San Diego. Because of Hurricane Gloria, my flight home had to be cancelled, but arriving home a day later, I was happy to find no major damage.

The class extends sincere sympathy to **Elizabeth Root Johnson**, **Marian Kendrick Dagget**, and **Louisa Rhodes Brown** whose husbands died in 1985.

Correspondent: **Mabel Barnes Knauff** (Mrs. Robert S.), 39 Laurel Hill Drive, Niantic, CT 06357

34 Helen Andrews Keough and Nick witnessed the "never-to-be-forgotten" sight of over 460 balloons at the Albuquerque Balloon Festival—Nick crews for a friend from VA. In spring '85 they "did" Vancouver Is., British Columbia and in Sept. went salmon fishing in CA.

Elizabeth Archer Patterson wrote proudly that her oldest grandchild was class valedictorian, making a fantastic speech that livened up an otherwise boring

program. Accepted at many colleges, she chose Amherst. Betty had strenuous trip to Israel when April '85 flowers were blooming.

Lucile Austin Cutler hoped to tour the campus when she visited sister Janette Austin Steane '38 in Unionville, but sister hurt her back. One of Lucy's grandsons, married, is in grad school at Northwestern. Lucy enjoyed a "nice week's vacation" in hospital after surgery to repair "the ravages of time and gravity."

Margaret Austin Rodgers flew to England on the Concorde in May '85, motored through southern England with daughter and family, then boarded a *Royal Viking* for rough weather cruise to Dublin, Shetland Is. and Norway.

Catherine Baker Sandberg visited son and family in Old Saybrook in July '85, toured campus twice. Five-year-old grandchild had mucky fall into Arboretum pond! Saw a "fantastic performance" of *The Music Man* in Palmer. In March '85 Kay cruised to Jamaica and Grand Cayman. In December she took son and daughter and families cruising on the *Caribe*. In the summer she takes time out for her condos and "beloved beach bumming."

Jane Baldauf Berger says she feels much older being a double great-grandma—great-grandson David had an October brother, Phillip. Jane tripped over telephone wire in Aug., breaking right wrist and left elbow.

Minna Barnet Nathan and Gene were quite surprised when friends and family planned gala 50th wedding anniversary party.

Florence Baylis Skelton's new thing is physical fitness—she feels wonderful, firm and limber. She plans to keep up the exercises when she and Bob house-sit on Maui Dec. through Mar. Daughter Susan will visit from Berlin, also two grandsons.

Emily Benedict Halverson spent early June '85 in England. In Aug. went to Elderhostel in Adirondacks to learn all about computers, earthquakes and railroads! Currently "brushing up in drawing class."

Jean Berger Whitelaw pens a wonderfully philosophical letter, but finds it hard to keep up with all the grandchildren's doings. Son Bruce spent summer in So. Seas—consultant on dock yards on *Tarana*. He and partner have business designing, building or remodeling boats of all sizes. Son John was married for second time, wife supervisor of nurses. Son Bill full professor in Calgary. About husband Mac—"the Basement Boys have started up again, machine humming, sawdust drifting up." Mac is a carpentry buff. Jean still working in Botanical Garden Library—seed project "gung-ho and self-sufficient."

Marjorie Bishop keeps in touch with her African friends—the library she started is functioning well, and she is involved trying to get textbooks and children's books for the new school. Marge and **Cary Bauer Bresnan** had three Elderhostel weeks in London and Scotland, then joined Cary's husband and his brother in Ireland. Next, Marge cavorted to China with another friend, traveling *almost* independently. Hear this, Keoughs! Marge also watched the Balloon Festival on return to CT.

Marion Bogart Holtzman and George are great-grandparents (son born to elder CG Lt jg granddaughter.) Comments Budge, "I don't mind being a great-grandma, but I sure hate being mother of a grandfather!"

Rose Braxl has been visiting friends in FL and IN; via bus toured Ottawa at tulip time, Williamsburg, Las Vegas and the Mackinac Is. Had great time at nursing class 50th reunion.

Winifred Burroughs Southwick reports that her Bill has lost 75 pounds since we saw them at reunion—feels much better.

Edith Canestrari Jacques says she'd rather sightsee than sunbake in the winter. She and Bob are off to Spain and Portugal in Feb.

Emily Daggy Vogel and Hank entertained daughter of French friend in July and Aug. who had just completed first year at Sorbonne, majoring in Slavic languages. Emily said she was delightfully interested in all things American, especially cable TV. In Oct., Emily visited sister in Cape Coral and had brief visit with **Kay Baker Sandberg**.

Elizabeth Flanders McNellis scribbled a hasty post card in early Nov.—"When you get this I'll be in either



Students dining under the watchful gaze of Mary Harkness in the 1930's.

Thailand or Burma with Council of Foreign Relations."

Alice Galante Greco chatted with **Ruth Wheeler Cobb** at their 50th h.s. reunion. As pres. of Meriden-Wallingford Hosp. Aux., Galley keeps busy and interested in happenings outside home—does a lot of entertaining. One recent guest was Jim Breen, husband of the late Margaret Mills Breen '33.

Betty Hershey Lutz and husband are spending their 11th season at Naples, (FL) Beach Hotel for golf and more golf. Son and daughter-in-law in Toronto have an adopted daughter and now a son of their own. Betty keeps in touch with **Jane Alexander Van Nostrand's** daughter, Pamela Van Nostrand Newton '60, who has just published a book on organic gardening.

Louise Hill Corliss says she has no news except for arrival of another grandchild—daughter Barbara's third, Becky.

Eleanor Hine Kranz and Red looked happy as ever when I saw them during fun weekend on campus. Wish you *all* could visit CC—know you'd be very proud of your alma mater.

Emma Howe Waddington and Les cruised the Inside Passage and visited relatives in Anchorage. Saw Mt. McKinley in all its glory. In Sept. Elderhosteled at Nat'l Cathedral in DC.

Jeanne Hunter Ingham was one of the lucky ones during Hurricane Gloria's antics—no power outage at all. Remember at reunion we were discussing meaning of *Koine*? Jean found it while doing a crossword puzzle.

Harriet Isherwood Power and Burt had visit with **Emma Howe Waddington** when she was in DC. Daughter Ditzie's CG husband is now stationed at CG Hq., so Harriet will miss the FL visits.

Alison Jacobs McBride and Vince celebrated 50th wedding anniversary with gusto, result of "yeoman's job by three children and six granddaughters"—party for 125, school bus ride for fun, frolic and food. **Budge Bogart Holtzman** and George went to Lebanon from Old Saybrook for refuge from Gloria. A 60-foot ash tree mashed into the 1838 garage and ice house where 1930 Ford and Mercedes were parked. Budge's car was dented. Back for winter in FL. Alison was preparing for big art auction.

Phyllis Johnson Doolittle has a good bit of advice to us oldsters—after dancing at several family weddings where bands such as *Yellow Brick Road* supplied the music—she recommends "a light stuffing of Kleenex in both ears at these events."

Ruth Jones Wentworth and Norris recently had first chance to hear doctor son Sam lecture on recent care and practices in diabetes. Eli Lilly has been sending him countrywide to speak; 21 lectures in six weeks. He is truly involved and loves working with diabetic children, taking them hiking, camping and biking. Granddaughter Christie is spending soph. year in college in Scotland. A grandson is junior at U of KY.

Helen Laviotes Krosnick and Gerry went to Nova Scotia for medical meeting, visiting Bar Harbor and Acadia Nat'l Park; returned home just in time to meet Hurricane Gloria head-on. After lapse of 13 years, Helen had chance to renew friendship with Marcella Resnikoff Pickus '36.

Cait Lewis Witt is currently constructing paper sculpture of the Statue of Liberty. She recently had exhibition of her gourds at the library where she works.

Ruth Lister Davis and John celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary with all family in attendance.

Mary McNulty McNair has retired from bd. of directors of Garden Club of America but continues her interest in plants and the environment. She says, "It's been so warm this fall that crocuses are blooming, sternbergias and Pascal hellebores are sticking their heads up—all mixed in with chrysanthemums."

Dorothy Merrill Dorman and Dan visited two families (six grandchildren) in CA, then went up the OR coast to see Dan's sister.

Alice Miller Tooker basked in week of perfect weather in Bermuda. She and Violet Stewart Ross see each other occasionally.

Grace Nichols Rhodes wrote her newsy note in Atlanta and mailed it in S.F. She and Arnold have been flying hither and yon with their Eastern Airlines sr. citizens passport—five trips to CA to visit oldest son and family; four trips to Minneapolis; birding forays—striped back tanager from Mexico, flock of rosy crowned finch high in the Rockies. Latest grandson, Zachary, cried to them over phone a few minutes after he arrived—the night he was born Dr. Dad had delivered 14 babies!

Jane Petrequin Hackenburg had emergency surgery for a "red hot pepper of a gall bladder," recuperated nicely at daughter's in St. Paul. She keeps very busy with church, college club, Shaker Hist. Museum, and monitoring children at concerts.

Martha Prendergast reports she is "almost out of dogs," since her last pet is ten and very privileged. Martha devotes most of her time to painting, entering art shows almost as faithfully as she used to enter dog shows. She is involved in all aspects of church management and busy in the Chevy Chase Woman's Club—keeps her joints limber in exercise class.

Edith Richman Stolzenberg "went clear across the USSR, including Siberia and the far East." She did a bit of root searching in Kiev, finding residence of a relative (now a hotel). Attended professional meetings in Atlanta and CO; she is still a school social worker in Hartford. Does some private practice and is on the Ct. Civil Liberties bd. Son Rafe has new job as v.p. in charge of research for Nat'l Mgmt Admission Council.

Frances Rooke Robinson "hulad" to HI, has AK next on agenda. This summer she zipped about on a catamaran—"never realized how fast and tippy they are" and did some spelunking in Adirondack caves with son Rick. Latter sport "a bit too drippy."

Alison Rush Roberts' foot neuroma has played havoc with her golf but doesn't much bother bridge or work at the Lighthouse Museum. Had a great cruise up the coast to Sidney, NS and up the St. Lawrence to Quebec and Montreal.

Ethel Russ Gans is so busy in HI that she scribbled a message, "too busy to write" on a program about "A Feast for 5 Senses" for the Month of Power, a celebration to be held at the home of GG (grandma) Gans. The Feast, in the Baha'i faith, has three parts—prayer and meditation, consultation about community affairs, and social fellowship.

Gladys Russell Munroe went to England in July with the Episcopal choir (St. Luke's, Orlando) singing ten times in two weeks at Westminster Abbey, and cathedrals of St. Paul, Norwich and Lichfield, and in the Oxford Chapel. During trip to grandson's h.s. graduation in GA she had a visit with Mary Seabury Ray in St. Petersburg Beach.

Dorothy Sisson Tuten had an astonishing technological story—she gets satellite "pie-in-the-sky" programs from a dish antenna across the street—no wire connection, no cable connection—neighbor has a cordless TV transmitter which beams the programs to Dot. The shuttle launches at Kennedy Space Center are visible on her street. If sky is clear she can see separation of the boosters which fall into the sea and are retrieved for next flight.

Jean Stanley Dise says that all ten of her family vacationed together at the Canadian cottage.

Violet Stewart Ross does volunteer duty at the hospital several days a week, plays bridge, tends her garden and bird watches.

Edith Stockman Ruettinger phoned me with enthusiastic description of cruise in *Royal Viking*—highlights famous opera house in Sidney, the koala bears, and especially the "fairy penguins" in New Zealand.

Jane Trace Spragg and Shirley had fun at Keuka Lake cabin in July, joined by son Roger and wife Carol from San Diego and Jocelyn from Boston. Grandsons were at Camp Pemigewasset in NH where Roger went as youngster. Weather cooperated and Roger had chance to improve his wind surfing. In Aug. they joined McBrides for that 50th gala; Jane had been Alison's maid of honor. In Oct. to Boston to see foliage and Renoir exhibit.

Elizabeth Turner Gilfillan and Bob took two 14-year-old granddaughters to Ontario, renting cottage on Georgian Bay. Luckily next door were two teenage boys! Betsey and Bob spending three months on Kiawok Is., SC after hosting family Christmas dinner. Betsey will be happy to relinquish her job as woman's club president in May.

Millicent Waghorn Cass had busy fall full of usual activities—hospital work, choir, golf—"much to be thankful for."

Olga Wester Russell attended Modern Language Ass'n in Dec. where daughter Loren read a paper—her first at national MLA.

Ruth Wheeler Cobb's family summer cottage (quote from July '85 *Connecticut Magazine*) "sits high on its rocky mooring as a fitting frontispiece to the Thimble Islands." Maybe some of you saw the cover photo and fascinating history of the cottage, purchased by Ruth's grandfather in 1885 and summer retreat for six generations.

Miriam Young Bowman had super summer visiting family and old friends. Saw all three children together for only second time since they "flew the nest twenty years ago." Saw Jean Stanley Dise in DC; Lillian Bacon Hearne and Jack in NH after 48 years; and during week's cruise around Cape Cod spent a day with Madlyn Hughes Wasley '35 on Nantucket.

Your correspondent feels like a *Reader's Digest* editor, trying to accordion pleat all your wonderfully newsy notes into acceptable capsules for the column.

The class extends deepest sympathy to family of **Libbie Blumenthal Jacob** who died in December.

Correspondent: Ann C. Wheeler (Mrs. Arthur J.), Box 181, Westport Point, MA 20791

36 Reunion fifty is close at hand. Our first planning meeting was held on 11/21/85 with **Alletta (Cappy) Deming Crane**, reunion chairman, **Lois Ryman Areson**, class president, **Gladys Jeffers Zahn**, class agent chairman, and **Ruth Chittim Eufemia**, class correspondent attending. Discussion centered on speakers, program, class costume, remembrances for attendees, etc. It was very fruitful.

Response to the cards was over 50% which makes it much easier for me to report a more informative column. Thank you to all who responded.

Louise (Dickie) Brastow Peck will soon change her address to Farmington Woods, Avon, CT, a beautiful area with many condos. Weeding out after 24 years in the same house is time-consuming but she hopes to make it to reunion.

Janet Hoffman Echols and **Emmett** spend part of the year in AZ and summers in the mountains of MD. She became a grandmother for the eighth time recently. The oldest grandchild will be married in Jan. '85. Christmas is spent in the East, then the month of Feb. in HI. They enjoyed Emmett's reunion in New Haven last May.

Evelyn Kelly Head was visited by **Joyce Cotter Kern** and **Betty Davis Pierson** in Oct., at which time they chatted by phone with **Mabel Somers Kane** and **Patty Hall Staton**.

Patricia Burton Burton has seven children, all mar-

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION COMPARISON OF ESTIMATED AND ACTUAL EXPENDITURES For The Fiscal Year Ended June 30, 1985

	Expended and Encumbered	Refunds	1984- 1985 Budget	Expenditures (Over) or Under Budget
Salaries & Wages (Including Payroll Taxes and Employee Benefits	\$138,845	\$	\$169,520	\$30,675
Executive Board	8,830		12,675	3,845
Programs & Projects	134,951	41,080	89,075	(4,796)
Committee Business	870		2,590	1,720
Off-Campus Conferences	1,290	25	600	(665)
Alumni Office:				
Operating Costs	28,067	4,684	33,620	10,237
Furniture & Equipment	17,759	391	15,649	(1,719)
Accounting & Legal Fees	4,109		3,858	(251)
Totals	\$334,721	\$46,180	\$327,587	\$39,046

Unexpended balance of \$39,046 to be returned to Connecticut College.

SUMMARY OF SAVINGS FUNDS

General Savings Fund—(Capital Account)	\$111,569
Special Savings Fund—(Equipment Fund)	9,299
Total	\$120,868

The above figures are part of the financial statements for the year ended June 30, 1985. Copies of the complete statements, and the audit report thereon, are available at the Association Office in the Sykes Alumni Center (Connecticut College, New London, CT 06320).

Doherty, Beals & Banks, P.C.
Certified Public Accountants

ried, eight grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. Both she and Kemper have part-time jobs—she as director of a career counseling service. Tennis and paddle tennis are recreation, and they manage one good trip each year. They plan to attend reunion.

Sally Jumper has a paucity of help in her office so could write little except to say she hopes to see us in '86.

Marion Bliley Meacham recently returned from Portugal. Husband Emil retired ten years ago and they divide their time between Rochester, NY, Relesbath Beach, DE, and Anna Maria, FL. With so much traveling between places there is no time to ready their house in Rochester to put it on the market. Daughter Elizabeth has been married 13 years to the KDKA broadcaster for the Pittsburgh Pirates and her children are 10 and 3. Son David is head of the horsemanship dept. at VA Intermont College in Bristol, VA. Reunion is in their plans.

Alys Griswold Haman is active with the "freeze," sees **Alice (Bunny) Dorman Webster**, **Betty Pierson**, **Joyce Kern** and annually **Gertrude Weyhe Dennis** and **Sethas** as well as **Sheila Caffrey Braucher** and **Warren**. Her daughter, husband, two children, one Irish setter and two cats moved into her home on Labor Day. Along with Hurricane Gloria it made for quite a time.

Joyce Cotter Kern traveled to Holland, Belgium, the Loire Valley last spring. She spent Thanksgiving with **Betty Davis Pierson** and plans to be at reunion.

Dorothy (Dutch) Boden West is recovering from valvular heart surgery. She now has six great-grandchildren and two new granddaughters-in-law. Seventeen of her various offspring were at a wedding she attended in Grand Junction, CO.

Sheila Caffrey Braucher and **Warren** retired in 1981. They live in West Hartford about one-half the year and in Ipswich, MA during the summer. They keep in close touch with five children, seven grandchildren. Four of her children live close by. **Cappy Deming Crane** reported she had lunch with **Shi**, **Betty Davis Pierson** and **Priscilla Spalding Scott** at Shi's home in Nov.

Jeannette Brewer Goodrich plans to be another reunionite. She toured the Caribbean in Jan. '85, visiting her sister in FL after the trip. Lunched with **Jane Wycoff Bishop** and **Bud**. Another adventure with son took place Aug. '85 when she enjoyed a twelve-day cruise to AK. Their day in Glacier Bay was spectacular, even though they enjoyed seven ports on the way.

Jan Clarke Lay finds that "retirement means being busier than ever." She and George are active in restoring an old 1844 chapel, plus starting a workable museum in Boothe Memorial Park. They loved a two-week trip to Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia in their camper this past summer.

Mary Beattie Harmon writes from TX that she doubts she can make reunion but hopes to read great things about it. She spends Jan. and Feb. in HI.

Peg Burgess Hoy regrets that she'll not be able to attend reunion since they have already made other plans.

Bette Blindloss Johnson shuttles from their home in Arlington, VA to northern WI. Being collectors of spoons featuring Indians, they attended the spoon convention in Knoxville, TN in Aug. As part of their trip, they went via NC to see the house and gardens at "Biltmore" in Asheville. A boat trip to Trinidad and Tobago in the spring was fabulous. With a husband who is an excellent photographer, they have wonderful reminders and souvenirs of the trip. Since Ray's 50th is in NE in late May, it is questionable whether Bette can be at reunion.

Janet Alexander McGeorge and **Gene** are planning on being at reunion. They enjoy their three-month-old grandson and his two-year-old brother. Gene represented McGeorge College of Law, U of the Pacific in Budapest for a week of commercial law seminars in Aug. and Janet also went. It was the 350th year celebration of Etyos Lorand University.

Gertrude Allen Dinsmore spends six months in NJ and six months in FL, where she'll be in Palm Beach this year.

Patricia Hall Staton cruised Vineyard Sound in early June and went barging on the Ouse in England in late Sept. The rest of the time is spent on their small boat sailing Boston Harbor, volunteering and "losing at bridge."

Miriam (Mim) Everett Macurda talked with **Josephine (Jody) Bygate Rolfe** this summer but they were unable to get together. Husband Bill sold his company this past year so they are busy in retirement, playing golf in the summer, cross-country skiing in the winter and every year there is a trip. This year it was a cruise to AK and a bus trip to British Columbia parks. Last year they cruised the Nile with Dartmouth friends. Some time each year is spent in St. Simon Is., GA. There are five grandchildren between the ages of 5 and 15.

Mary Griffin Conklin reports four children, two of each, thirteen grandkids and one great-grand. They are scattered: one in TN; one in Fort Wayne, IN; one in Durham, NH; but best of all one in Shelton with children to enjoy all the time. They hope to make reunion. They attended Henry's in '84 at U of ME.

Arline Goettler Stoughton and **Bob** spent the summer traveling. Three weeks were with a group of educators in S. Africa in July, "a most interesting experience, nothing untoward occurred even though they were in the hot spots." In Aug. they attended two Elderhostels, one at U of NE, Biddeford, ME; the other at Gaelic College, Baddeck, Nova Scotia, where they met **Apphia Hack Hensley '40**. Over Labor Day, camping outing with 30 relatives at a MA State Forest campground kept them busy. Third Elderhostel in Sept. at Conference Center, Center Harbor, Lake Winnepesaukee, NH. Any time left is spent between Cromwell and Bloomfield. Since they thoroughly enjoyed Bob's reunion at Harvard last year, they are looking forward to ours.

Virginia Bowen Wilcox gets involved in politics and enjoys it. They spent their usual three months in NH and plan this year to come early for reunion and then spend time with friends until their home in NH is vacated.

Cappy Deming Crane and **General**, instead of becoming grandparents of only three adopted children, are now up to five with their son **Chip** and his wife adopting two Korean children.

It is with sadness that I report that **Marjorie (Midge) Maas Haber** died in 8/85. **Kay Bruce Cummings** also in 8/85 and that **Bobbie Cairns McCutcheon** lost her husband in 8/85. Notes of sympathy have been sent from our class.

Correspondent: **Ruth Chittim Eufemia**, 7 **Noah's Lane**, Norwalk, CT 06851

38 Anne Oppenheim Freed and Frances Walker Chase exchanged apartments during Sept. through Dec. While in London, Anne and Roy gave a party for CC alumni living abroad and for this year's transfer students. Fran didn't fare as well as she was taken ill shortly after arriving in Brookline. She had major surgery and was hospitalized for four weeks, then went to her son's home in Acton, MA to recuperate. Before leaving for London, Anne finished a "big chore" as chairperson of "Continuing Education for State Board of Registration of Social Workers." She has been on the State Board for two years, appointed by Gov. Dukakis. She gave the graduation speech for the Boston College Graduate School of Social Work and had an article published in the *Smith College Studies of Social Work*.

John and **Win Nies Northcott** went to CO in July where Win was the oral interpreter at the wedding of a good friend's daughter. Most of the wedding party and some guests were deaf, but all good lipreaders. Earlier in the year they spent three days with **Jeanette (Jeddie) Dawless Kinney**.

Selma Silverman Swatsburg's yard was stripped of trees after Hurricane Gloria. She and Harry spent two weeks in England and then made a quick trip to her sister's in NM. She added that work on the old CC library is progressing and a Jan. dedication is planned for the renovated building.

Selma (Sally) Kingsdale Lewenberg and **Stanley** spent their wedding anniversary in London and touring the English countryside. All of their sons live in the Newton area so they see their ten grandchildren often—when they aren't in FL.

Martha (Miffy) Kruegar Henson, in Reno, had visits from her two daughters this summer—Rev. Peggy from

NJ and Prof. Bonnie from Trinidad, CA. Miffie volunteers at the Ronald McDonald House and helps raise funds for the Statue of Liberty.

Margaret (Crickie) Myers McLean, when not traveling or babysitting for their four grandchildren, was appointed by the governor to the Tryon Palace Commission, took a course in hospice care, and is on the board of the NC Symphony and the Board of Women of the Presbyterian Church.

Audrey Krause Maron had two new grandchildren this year, making a total of 14. She and her husband are still working, but taking more time out to travel. They had a visit with some German friends of her husband and took them to S.F. and Yosemite.

Betty (Wag) Wagner Knowlton and **John** were on a trip in Highlands, NC in their Airstream motor home when the brakes locked. They went to a real estate office to phone for a mechanic and ended up buying a house in Highlands, where they now stay six months of the year. They sold their Matthews after sailing it to the Bahamas for 14 summers. They do a lot of traveling—last year to Thailand, Bali and China—this summer to Yugoslavia. They have 12 grandchildren, the oldest graduating from the U of South (Severance) TN and the youngest only 8 mos. Wag takes classes in watercolor and sketching.

Jane Krepps Wheeler's son is married to a Japanese girl and they have a daughter **Anri**, 5, who is completely bilingual. John is v.p. of the Japan Society in Manhattan. Jane and Louis bought a house at Delray Beach, FL expecting to retire, which didn't happen, so they are still New Yorkers and go to FL when they can get away.

Jane Hutchinson Cauffield is back in the dog breeding business. They had a litter of pups which are now sold and a beautiful colt last June. Jane and her daughter **Carolyn** went to the KY State Fair to show their two-year-old colt. In July, Jane went to a writers' conference at Chautauqua, NY sponsored by *Highlights for Children*.

Helen Pearson Fowler moved to a condo in Brevard, NC which she may rent during the summer and go back to NH.

Ruth (Poofie) Earle Brittan visited her youngest daughter in L.A. and later they took a trip to Provence, starting at Cannes and working their way up to Paris, studying Roman art and architecture throughout the area. Poofie and **Kay Boutwell Hood** were able to get together when Kay was in Hanover this fall.

Carman Palmer von Bremen works at the Farmers Museum as a guide for student groups during the spring and fall and as a Museum teacher for student workshops during the winter. She is on the advisory board at the County Occupational Center. This year she is pres. of the Mary Imogene Bassett Hospital Auxiliary. Carman and Dan play golf when weather permits.

Bea Enequist Strifert had pneumonia last spring. In Oct. she had a visit with **Bill** and **Julia Brewer Wood** and **Bill Fallon**, husband of the late **Alice (Ron) Mansur**. The Woods were on a two-week trip East to visit friends and relatives. Bea went on a four-day autumn trip to Cape Cod with senior citizens.

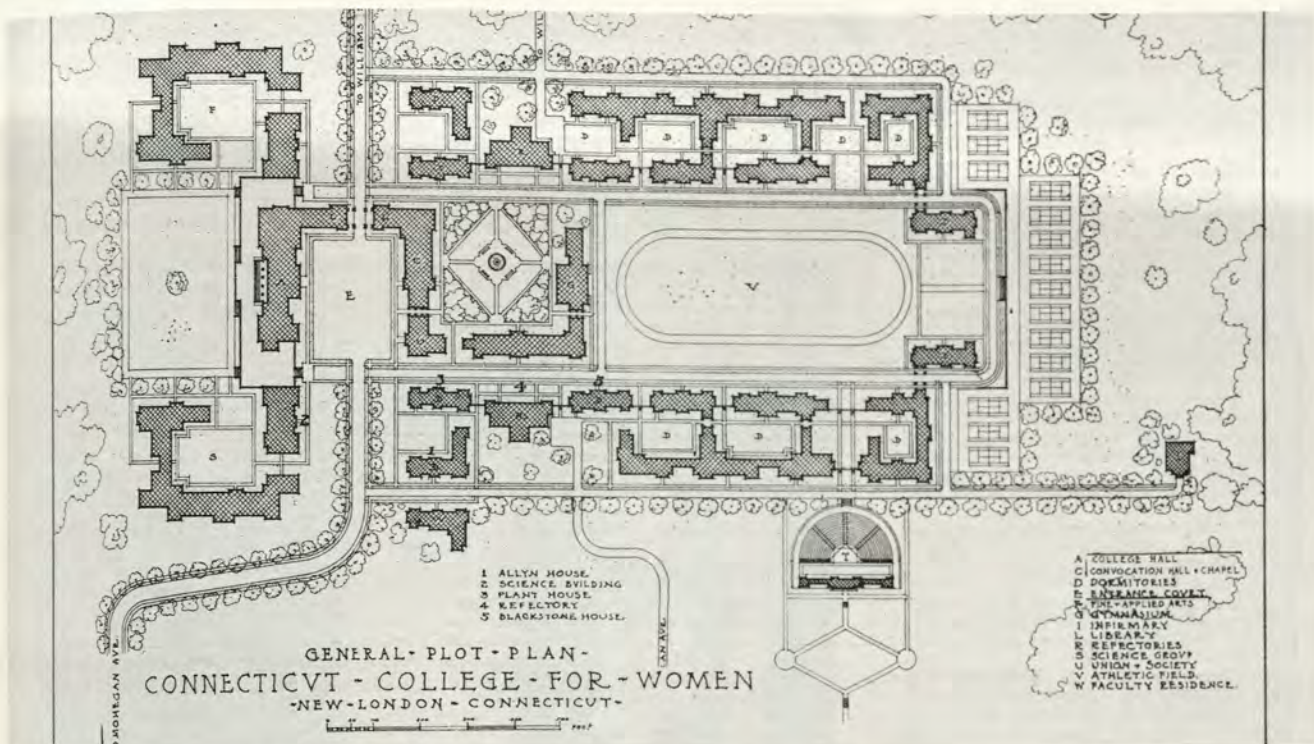
Helen Swan Stanley was off last spring to the National Parks of Zion and Bryce, ending up in Salt Lake City to welcome baby Kathryn Stanley on June 2. Summer found them again in the Adirondacks. Helen's mother died recently at the age of 92. Helen was preparing for the CC Africa trip in Jan. '86.

Priscilla Doane Calahan and husband celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on 10/19/85 at a party given by their three children and families. Seven grandsons attended plus **Esther Johnson Henderson** who was her maid of honor. Also attending were **Constance Turner Rea (CC '35)** and **Mary Anne Turner (CC '43)** and their husbands.

Dot Bartlett wrote that VT's foliage was especially colorful this year resulting in surprise visits from friends, including **Marcella Brown**, with whom she had dinner.

Celeste Babcock Lake sent a card from China where she was on tour with a Christian Services Int'l Group that visited all the major cities and returned via Anchorage.

Miriam Kenigsberg Glass is still working as a psychotherapist at the greater Bridgeport Community Health Center where she has been for the past 13 years. She said retirement and grandchildren seem to evade



One of the proposed designs for Connecticut's campus, 1914.

them. Two sons are physicians, one daughter is a lawyer and the other is on her way to law school.

Muriel (Mu) Beyea Crowell will be spending the winter in Bradenton, FL and would like to hear from CCers in that area.

Bill and I, your correspondent, gave 4.3 acres of land to the town for a wildlife preserve. With some help from others, we put together a GOP float for the 4th of July parade and won the N.C. Wyeth trophy for most original and artistic. Finally, my 35-year-old teenager, Jimmy, was married in August.

Correspondent: M.C. Jenks Sweet (Mrs. William L.), 361 West St., Needham, MA 02194

40 Madison, CT is now home for **Jane Hartmann Fones** and Jack, where they do lots of swimming year round (inside in winter), and participate in some community work in that small, friendly town. They often travel to the British Virgin Islands where Jack is a partner in BVI Spice Co. Ltd., which produces marvelous Caribbean seasoning from an old native recipe. Jane says it is sold in New England stores and will gradually become available in other parts of the country.

Martha Young Youngquist's husband Orrin retired in 1980 and they now live the six cold months in Wilmington, DE and the other six on Lake Superior on the upper peninsula of MI.

Anahid Berberian Constantian and husband are enjoying retirement except for the problem of too much to do and not enough leisure time.

Your loyal correspondent and husband have sampled two Elderhostel programs within the year—the first at St. Mary's U. in Halifax, Nova Scotia and the second at Cochise Community College in Douglas, AZ. Our classmates are the cream of our senior world still eager, interested students. The trip to AZ afforded a good visit with classmate **Doris Hassell Janney**, who has lived with husband Lew and four daughters in Phoenix for 38 years. Her home was on the outskirts of the town in 1947 and today is in the very center of an enormous, sprawling city.

On 10/6/85 **Jerry Willgoos Betts** and husband Ray hosted the 41st consecutive picnic for classmates **Lib Barron Dingman**, **Ede Irwin Whelden**, **Irene Willard**

Thorn, **Lib Thompson Dodge**, **Pat Alvord French**, **Kay Potter Judson** and all husbands. Pat and Bill French have moved from Glastonbury, CT to a condominium in Peterborough, NH.

We, the Dodges, in July headed for our largest and newest state—AK. We found ourselves part of a large tourist invasion. With so much extra daylight out travel day often ended at 10 p.m. We flew hundreds of miles and good weather afforded wonderful views of mountains, rivers and the endless tracts of tundra.

With sadness we report the death of **Catherine Partridge Post** last April in FL. For the class I extend our sympathy to her husband and family.

A note from **Betty Downs Bradley** earlier this year gave the sad news of the death of her husband, Lewis. He is also survived by a son, two daughters and three grandchildren. Betty lives in Brewster on Cape Cod.

Correspondent: **Elizabeth (Lib) Thompson Dodge**, 55 Woodland Trail, East Falmouth, MA 02536

42 Our class has lost two members and husbands of two members in the last few months. Our sympathy is extended to the families of **Barbara M. Smith**, who died 6/11/85, and **Mary Hooker Daoust Glendenning**, who died in 9/85.

Barbara House Fitzgerald lost her husband Edward in 7/85. **Franny Hyde Forde** lost her husband Richard in 8/85 after many years of illness. Our sympathy goes to both families.

Correspondent: **Mary Blackmon Smith, R.D. 4, Box 11, Towanda, PA 18848**

44 **Elizabeth Cochran Kemper**, for nine years in Naples, FL where husband Bob is in real estate, enjoys golf, the beach, their boat and volunteer work. Lib, no longer "Cocky", has a son Ben Ryan in publishing in CA. Bob has two children, and they have five grandchildren.

Marion Drasher Berry's husband Arthur retired this year, so they moved from southern VT to Newcastle, mid-coast ME—restoring their 4th old house, a 1760 Cape on the banks of the Damariscotta River. "This has to be the last." Teke also moved her business now named **Country Mouse Collectibles** and anticipates a peaceful retirement.

Gellestrina T. DiMaggio became an honorary member of Phi Beta Kappa in a 4/85 ceremony celebrating the 50th anniversary of the Delta of CT group. She is assoc. director of nursing at MA General Hospital, the 1st woman to hold that post in 173 years of the institution's history. She was also the American Nurses Assn.'s Nurse of the Year in 1978.

Jane Dill Witt had both shoulder joints replaced then had the left removed. "If I walked for 40 yrs. without a hip joint, I'll make the next block of time sans shoulder. I'm busy with eight grandchildren and taking a splendid Spanish course at U of WI. Another old lady and I trot our canes around campus. Having fun broadcasting on public radio a couple of hours a week. Retired life is lovely."

Elizabeth Demeritt Cobb graduated from Averett College, Danville, VA in 12/84. Took her two and a half years at eight hours a semester starting at age 60. "It was popular to drop out during war time (Libby had three yrs. at CC) but for those who did and wished they hadn't, go for it. It's possible to learn at our age—and it's fun."

Caroline Townley von Mayrhauser still does a bit of acting with a senior acting group taking one-act comedies to nursing homes, clubs, and churches; also does an occasional TV commercial. Cocky and Oscar have four "naturally superior" granddaughters. "They don't get their brains from me for sure."

Almeda Fager Wallace does a weekly music program for preschool blind children and is a lifetime member of the board. Newest grandchild is 6 mos., eldest (17) spent last summer in Tokyo and is college hunting. Al and Bill spent part of Aug. in Madrid with eldest and family. Moved Al's 88-yr-old mother from her home in Sedona to a lovely care center near the Wallace's. "Guess a lot of us have the same problems."

Madeleine Breckbill Driscoll and Joe have been retired for a year but Dainey fills in occasionally for vacationing or resigning reporters. They are in their 8th yr. on Cape Cod and three children (plus two grandchildren) live nearby. The fourth lives in Evergreen, CO and visits are exchanged on alternate years.

Mona Friedman Jacobson and George enjoyed a trip driving through Italy, France, Germany, Monaco and England. Daughter Lynn is one of two lawyers for Jewish Hospital in St. Louis. Son Peter is the neurolo-

gist in Pinehurst, NC. Lynn's daughter is looking at colleges.

Alice Adams Hilmer writes from St. Louis of fabulous MO World Series—almost like the 1944 all St. Louis series. Algie is working part-time in a bookstore and is an exercise and calcium guinea pig in an ongoing study at Washington U. Met new CC dean at local CC gathering.

Betty Babcock has moved to a retirement village in Needham, MA. She still enjoys teaching dyslexic children at Warren School.

Elisabeth Shore Birdsell visits son Tom in San Jose. She plays a lot of bridge, is active in Questers (a group for antique lovers), gardens, swims, goes cross-country skiing and is generally having a ball.

Marjorie Alexander Harrison writes, "Our four grandchildren are getting older and so are we." She and Ted were at the dedication of the new athletic center at CC, also attended a Directions weekend in Oct. on campus. They are much involved with a Brown U learning-in-retirement program. They enjoyed visits with **Maryann Swanger Burns** and Bill and **Alese Joseph Shapiro** and Jack.

Jane Bridgwater Hewes wrote her reply card while riding across NB en route to Darien, CT on her 2nd coast-to-coast drive. Driving is her favorite way to get back East. Jane has just taken over from Phyl as CAC and is working on the California committee for the campaign for CC.

Christine Ferguson Salmon suggests from Reno, NV, "Why don't we start a lottery for a plane fare to reunion? I (as well as others) fear that I can never get enough together to go." In '84 Chris became paralyzed in one arm and leg, and is trying to recover. She still manufactures metallic cord and thread. All children except youngest are married. She specifies that visitors are welcome.

Anne Davis Heaton and Gordon have bought a home in Vero Beach, FL and plan to live there six mos., and six mos. in Wheaton, IL, and find it hard to decide what to move. Son Roger, a lawyer, and family including 11-year-old Brad live in San Diego.

Lois Hanlon Ward writes, "It's been another year of travel—my escapism." She spent three weeks in the Balkans feeling as if she were back in China: peasants in fields, oxen, wagons plus new industrial growth and an attempt to make tourists happy in new hotels. Also spent two weeks in HI with unmarried son Mark.

Elise Abrahams Josephson and Neil had **Sally Church Payntar** and Howard as recent guests—also **Helen Crawford Tracy** and Bill. Ellie met **Nancy Hotchkiss Marshall** at G. Fox—reports she is still a slim glamour-girl.

Barbara Barlow Kelley is just surfacing after a numbing year of grief. The class extends its sympathy to her on the death of her husband Ken 8/24/84. Her job as circulation librarian has helped as does her family. "Bottom line is alive, well and ALONE." Flying to Albuquerque to meet Michael—1st Kelley grandchild.

Classmates also express deep sympathy to **Nancy Grosvenor English**, whose husband Chester Ferrin English, Jr. died 10/22/85; also to the husband and family of **Jean Brown Bagby** who died 9/22/85. Her husband Oliver wrote that she died of heart problems while tending her beloved garden after managing to complete a trip to the U.K. and Scandinavia this summer.

Correspondents: **Elise Abrahams Josephson**, 21 Indian Trail, Vernon, CT 06066; **Alice Carey Weller**, 423 Clifton Blvd., East Lansing, MI 48823

46 Lois Andrews Yearick last attended reunion for our 10th so she looks forward to our 40th. She was married at Harkness Chapel 2/7/46. Lois plans to stay in Virginia Beach but says because of her husband's death, the big house and yard have to go.

Paige Cornwall McHugh looks forward to seeing everybody on campus. She is back from traveling in France with daughter Laura, who attended CC but graduated UNH and rec'd a masters from Wesleyan in arts management. **Juanita Guruceta Flagg** was involved with Paige's children in a successful surprise party for Paige's 60th.

Phebe Clark Miller works in sales and looks forward to summer in ME where son and wife live with their two

A young psychology professor circa 1945-46 on viewing his Saturday morning 9:00 class—nicely scheduled to mesh with the 10:17 to New Haven—the students dressed to the nines in heels, stockings, makeup and even curly hair, mused, "I wish every day were Saturday."



boys. Daughter **Trudie** lives in Cambridge and works in Boston as a landscape architect. **Phebe** gets together often with **Sally Nichols Herrick**.

Muriel Evans Shaw writes from NH that she expects to be part of the fabulous reunion. She coordinates the adult literacy program—very active since the national pro-literacy campaign. She participates in improvisational theater with a northern N.E. social action group; performances centering on crisis situations have taken place in NH, Montreal, DC, and NY. Her doctor son studies hepatitis at Centers for Disease Control; son David is pres. of Agritech, a company he started last year, and is father of her three grandchildren; third son John in second year Harvard Business School; daughter **Martha**, recently married, lives in San Diego.

Ellis Kitchell Bliss says her husband had such a good time at their 25th, they are both coming to the 40th. When **Jane Kennedy Murdock** goes to Bath, ME to visit Catherine Oakes and Eleanor Voorhees, she will visit Ellis in Portland.

Janet Cruikshank McCawley has plans for reunion. She loves retirement on Martha's Vineyard and is grate-

ful for time to read. Forsaking a teaching career, she keeps busy making her gourmet soup and has just published *Martha's Vineyard Soup Kitchen Book—30 Easy Recipes*. New puppy and grandson keep them young, also a trip to France and Switzerland.

Louise Enequist Ferguson would like to hear that the old East House group is coming to reunion. Although her fifth and sixth grandchildren are due soon afterward, she would come East. All four children are married; two live in the Boston area. Husband is professor of orthopedics at U of Pittsburgh. The thought of retirement scares them both.

Phebie Gardner Rockholz has missed only one reunion and intends to be at this one. She and Bill have been visiting Germany, Switzerland, Italy and Australia and last year saw England and Scotland. They visited relatives in New London recently and so drove through campus. They have lived in Nashville for eight years. Bill is pres. of Third Lease Corp., an affiliate of Third Nat'l Bank. **Phebie** has done many volunteer projects, the biggest as chairperson of "Trees of Christmas." Son John teaches in SC, son Peter dir. of alcohol treatment

at Children's Center in Hamden, CT, son Philip at Walter Reed Hosp. with the Army repairing dental and medical equipment.

Miriam Steinberg Edlin is one of seven regional coordinators for the new CC alumni assn. program *Connections* to promote ties between college and alumni. Mimi is excited about her role as area coordinator for 1,272 alumni in nine states. At an orientation workshop on campus, Mimi saw **Joan Weissman Burness's** brother Paul and his wife who were visiting their student daughter and attending a meeting for parents. She had last seen him as a teenager in '45.

Priscilla Garland Westberg has a new and satisfying job with MONY as secretary to the sales manager and feels her work may make her miss reunion but promises to attend our 50th. Daughter Susie and family moved from ME to NC. All eight grandchildren now close at hand. Polly's parents moved from Cape Cod to FL, driving down at age 82 and stopping briefly in Raleigh. Priscilla's plans for retirement are on hold but exploring the attractive life care communities in NC is fun.

Dana Davis Magee said '85 was a great year! Younger daughter and son married; first grandson (second grandchild) born; traveled to AZ; Curt is busy with real estate and Dana involved with local art museum tours and classes, historical society oral history project and Friends of the Library.

Marge Watson Fulham's home in Wellesley Hills was the scene of laughs, reminiscence and discussion of reunion '86 with Marge, **Dana Davies Magee**, **Muriel Evans Shaw**, **Jane Seaver Coddington**, **Sally Nichols Herrick** and **Patty Kreutzer Heath**.

Sally Duffield Wilder formed a corporation with her partner and moved her business to a retail location. Her term as alumni assn. bd. member ends in June '86.

Gloria Frost Hecker looks forward to seeing all at reunion. Since Art retires in April and plans to take off for a month or two, he'll probably be there too. They had a wonderful trip to London, Amsterdam, a five-day Rhine cruise from Rotterdam to Basel with three days in Zurich, joined by Art's brother and wife from St. Louis and four couples from Bradentown. Glo says there is hope for grandparenting as their youngest is married.

Lygia De Freitas Johnson is having a great time now that she no longer works. She's busy with hiking, camping, concert going.

Ann Frank Oser will come to reunion from CA. Dick and she have traveled a lot. Europe in spring '85, then AK and AZ in the fall. She's enjoying first grandchild as a grandmother should. She saw **Nancy Armstrong Wood** last fall.

Barbure Grimes Wise received my postcard on her birthday and the day she joined Grand House Mgt. Co. as property manager covering Santa Monica to Long Beach via Palos Verdes and San Pedro. Office overlooks a 1920's refurbished development used by the movie industry. Ditto finds her work challenging and fun. Former husband Roger died. Daughter Cindy is with S. Stallone TV movie productions after four months in Morocco and Nice doing *Jewel of the Nile* (Michael Douglas Productions). Scott is with the graphics company Salisbery and Salisbery and wife Elizabeth is ass't beauty editor of *Harpers Bazaar* and co-author of a book *Life After College*. Andy is trying his sales skills with 3M after four months in Europe. Brooks is a loan officer in a bank and wife a computer manager. First grandchild, Tyler, is a buster.

Connie Hopkins Hyslop's husband Pete will retire on his 62nd birthday in March as chief of dept. of radiology at Sharp Memorial Hospital. He felt physicians should retire sooner than most others do, and set the goal five years ago. Connie looks forward to having time of their own. With a seventh grader in the family, she says it will be a while before they are on the traveling circuit. She's sorry to miss reunion and sends a warm hello to all.

Sara Caskey lived alone for ten years in Lexington, MA after her divorce from Jim Morey. For the past five years, she has enjoyed her home in Phoenix with swimming pool, spa, grapefruit trees and garden. Daughter Bibi and husband who are American Sikhs live nearby, and their 11-yr-old son (oldest grandchild) will return from four years at a boarding school in India. Sally's other two daughters visit often—Patty

and baby son from Boston, and Janet and husband who do political work in different parts of the country. They often join Sally for summer vacations. She finds culture in Phoenix and chairs a book discussion group, part of AAUW.

Joan Jacobson Kronick's daughter Susan, CC '73 magna cum laude and PBK was married in Aug. to Edward Shumsky. A tip of the hat to Joan who was appointed to the college board of trustees.

Eleanor Kempsmith Nocentini would love to come to reunion but a long-planned trip to Scandinavia interferes. Husband is mostly retired but keeps busy. Ellie's volunteer work includes helping autistic children and old ladies, and working in a thrift shop. They lost all their olive trees (Florence, Italy) after an arctic cold winter followed by a record hot summer. Last trip to U.S. was fall '81. Daughter Susanna married two years ago but still works in forestry. Lisa, the potter, is now committed to opera singing.

Like **Connie Hyslop's** husband, your correspondent's husband Aaron decided to stop operating before he had to but still has an orthopedic practice. We, too, have more time together and have new hobbies and good trips. He is on the OH board of the Nature Conservancy. In fall '85 we were in San Diego, Seattle and then AK with the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund. Our 35-yr-old daughter has just started medical school at Dartmouth so we visit NH once or twice a year as well as Palo Alto where our other daughter studies at Stanford. Fortunately our son and wife, parents of our only grandchild, are in Cincinnati. I'm making time for our 40th also.

Our sympathy to **Lois Andrews Yearick** on the loss of her husband. Our sympathy to the family of **Sally van Horn Finney**, deceased 6/84, mother of Susan D. Finney '68.

Correspondent: **Betty Finn Perlman**, 3836 Barker Rd., Cincinnati, OH 45229

48 Jean Mueller Card reports a new house, new studio and a large new gas kiln. With exhibits of her pottery at the NY Coliseum and Meadowlands this past year to Jean's credit, she still finds time to help Andrew train and care for their standard-bred horses.

Barbara Bates Stone's volunteer job at her church bookstore was given some spice of life when Aidan took her on a hot air balloon ride to celebrate their 38th anniversary. Bebe says the trip was far less frightening than a ski lift she once encountered in AK.

Nancy Beam Harnett and Joe's trip to Scotland, Ireland and London last fall was highlighted by viewing the military tattoo performance in Edinburgh. Now the Harnetts are luxuriating in the latest addition to their home, a spa room complete with jacuzzi. After 11 step-grand-children, Nancy is beaming with news of her first grandchild, a boy named Toby.

Marie Booth Fowler and Herb are still at their teaching jobs. Herb is prof. of arch. at U of AR and Boosie is in her 14th yr. of high school social studies. Last year, the Fowlers toured Italy with 24 art and architecture students who were housed in a country castle between Florence and Siena. Boothie always asks if there isn't



someone who comes her way—out to the Ozarks.

Elizabeth Stuart Kruidenier has been made a partner in her law firm in Des Moines. Liz comments that doing trial work and lots of farmers' cases is a big switch for a housewife of four years ago.

Patricia Hemphill Lepingwell is enjoying her new life of leisure, having resigned from her job in the trust division of Banc Ohio last year.

Nancy Morrow Nee and Tom spent four months traveling in Europe, highpointing their trip by following the pilgrim route to Santiago de Compostela from Paris, searching out the towns and churches in France and Spain en route. They then spent June in a rented pigeon tower in Beynac on the Dordogne River in France, where Bill and **Helen Colegrove Nesbitt** live. It was a wonderful experience exploring the countryside and learning about the Nesbitts' part of the world.

Nancy Head Bryant and Harry sold their home in '84 and spent that summer auctioning the excess that had accumulated from three generations, plus assorted relatives. They now live in a townhouse condo on Lake Winnepesaukee. From Jan. to May they are in their home at Hanalei. Nancy has seen **Bertha Mayer Romanow** in HI and **Emily Estes Whelan** in L.I. Nancy would love a call if you vacation in her direction. She's listed in the Kauai phone book.

Margaret Lucas Gunther has a lovely apt. in a mountain chalet in the French Swiss Alps for weekly rentals. Contact Peg in Mnpls. for details.

Patricia Dole Pearl's job as a librarian in preschool and church, as well as reviewer for library journals, leaves little time for outside activity, but Pat reports that another reference book on children's religious literature is in the works. Pat and **Shirley MacKenzie Wilton**, who also writes children's literature, attend many conferences together.

Mary Louise Thompson Pech is working full time in her art career which involves doing numerous shows during the year and keeping five galleries supplied with work. She and Karl spend most leisure time in outdoor sports. Son Ray is active for CT Human Rights Committee. John is a service rep and Caroline is in advertising in NYC.

Helen Beardsley Nickelsen is looking forward to Dick's sabbatical in Tucson from Jan. to May. The Nickelsens are always well-informed on the existent conditions at the oil companies since they have three geologists in the family. Their youngest, Jill, partook in a field project in Argentina during this, her senior year at Dartmouth.

Beverly Opper Silverman updates vital statistics: four grandchildren, ages 14 to two yrs. Bev winters in Boca Raton and would enjoy hearing from any '48ers nearby.

Betty Benjamin McClintock is nursing supervisor at the Visiting Home Health Services of Nassau County. Betty tries to take at least one major trip each year for variety in life. She has been divorced for 10 yrs.

Helene Sulzer Guarnaccia took advantage of Fairfield's early retirement bonus incentive and is loving the freedom she now has. The Guarnaccias exhibit at many antique shows. One of their specialties is novelty salt and pepper shakers, about which Helene has written two price guides. Second son, a free-lance illustrator, was married in 5/85 to an art director in NYC. Oldest son is a research fellow at Harvard Med.

Eleanor Allen Meyer and Bob enjoyed an exciting trip to China and Japan. Their daughter Anne, Middlebury '84, has just graduated from OTS in the Air Force.

Frances Farnsworth Armstrong wrote from Boothbay Harbor, ME, where she and Henry were closing up their summer cottage at Spruce Pt. Fran discovered **Joyce Willard** as a neighbor.

Sallie Ward Lutz, **Joan Williams Sokoloff** and **Rita Weigl Ledbetter** met for their annual reunion in Greenwich. Bim's three sons are a surgeon in urology, a cable-TV stations owner and a food business entrepreneur. Bim is a proud grandmother of five.

Polly Summers LePore and **Sallie Ward Lutz** journeyed this past summer to Europe, the second trip they have done together, leaving husbands home. Expectations for next year are that Bob and Vince will join their wandering wives. Both Vince and Polly are still active in business and teaching 1st grade, respectively. Son Tim

is practicing law and living in Newport.

Olivia Ramsey Brown sent updated news, claiming that she is the most "ex" of ex 48ers. She and Duncan celebrated their 40th anniversary last May, having lived in VT for 35 years. Two daughters are in business, a third at CA Inst. of Arts. Both sons are in construction business. Georgie raves about her only grandchild, Hilary, eight. Duncan is in the insurance business but allows for extensive travel. The Browns' last trip was a no-pressure, peaceful getaway on the Thames River. At this reading, Duncan will have sailed across the Atlantic in his 47 ft. ketch. Georgie is remaining on land.

Joanna Ray Inches and Henny have also been cruising, on their Hinckley yawl, to ME. Oct. takes them annually to Bermuda and in the winter they're off skiing in Europe. Neither Joanna nor Henny is retired.

Lysbeth Walker Platt and Ned are extensively renovating their new home in Walpole, NH. Ned has moved his business to Bellows Falls, VT.

Marquita Sharp Gladwin and Homer, contemplating retirement, have decided to stay put in the East and invest in their own home, rather than move to warmer climes. They are thoroughly enjoying the renovations and new additions, as well as their new grandson, born 3/17/85.

Frances Ferris Ackema and Hank attended a lovely CC campaign dinner at the famous Inn at Rancho Santa Fe, CA. The Ackemas see their four children and seven grandchildren periodically since all live within an hour radius of each other. Hank is very busy with his avocado grove but he and Fran manage a trip at least once a year. They visited with **Angela Sbona** when they came East for a high school reunion.

Angie Sbona also hosted **Patricia Reid Dinsmore** and Bob at her RI home when the Dinsmores were returning to NC. Angie is still recuperating from a broken hip sustained in summer '84. She manages to walk without her cane and finally played an 18-hole round of golf for the first time in a full year.

Marika Hartman Herndon is a volunteer information specialist at the Nat'l Gallery of Art in DC. When she is not taking yoga lessons or Japanese flower arranging, she occasionally lunches with **Natalie Kroll Lobe**, **Joan Dimmit Lewis** and **Jane Tilley Griffin**. Son Dudley is pres. of a mtg. backing co. in CA and Randy is a lawyer in DE. The Herndons have five grandchildren.

Virginia Doyle Thurston finds time from being an active grandmother of nine for local, state and national garden clubs. She hosted a N.E. symposium on landscape design at her home in Harvard. She is also active in the Appalachian Mtn. Club and pres. of the local women's club.

Eleanor Barber Malmfeldt attended a field school program in historical archaeology last summer. Organized by Old Sturbridge Village, the program was funded by the Nat'l Endowment for the Humanities.

Phyllis Hoge Kirtley and **Bacil** will be at Yaddo, Saratoga Springs, for Dec. and Jan. The changed title of Phyl's fifth book of poems is *The Ghosts of Who We Were*, to be out in April. Phyl has already begun another book.

Enid Williford Waldron and **Steve** spent the entire summer in ME since Steve has retired, which allows more time for leisure and travel. They visited Israel and Egypt last year and are now studying Italian for a planned student tour this winter.

Elizabeth Morse Baptie is looking forward to travel and more travel to all the parts of the world where she hasn't been. Her five children are scattered throughout the states but she manages to play grandmother occasionally. She is still very much involved with tennis; playing, coaching, managing and teaching. Her long-term association with the sport has led to hosts of friends all over the world. Betty's second passion in life is painting, with watercolor her medium.

Frances Norton Swift wrote about her life in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. To mention but a few of her fascinating experiences, Fran was an announcer on the English broadcasting service of Radio Riyadh for the Ministry of Information, then prepared and presented her own weekly 15-minute program about things to see and do in the Riyadh area. When she returned from her state visit last July, she entered a Safeway Store competition and won \$300 for her composition. Fran and Jack have

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1911, Morton F. Plant



1950, Dr. A. Parks McCombs '25, Elizabeth Babbott '51, Lilian C. Warnshuis, Rosemary Park.



1934, Governor Wilbur Cross, Mrs. Mary Harkness, Katharine Blunt, Harriette Webster '35.



1984, Nina Davit Hamill '73, Jim Hamill '74, Steve Brunetti '76, Mark Warren '75, David Geller '81

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returned to their permanent home in Georgetown, ME, fairly certain that their stint in Saudi Arabia will end, mainly due to the tight economic situation in the country. Youngest son Peter and wife Gingy had their first child, the Swifts' fifth grandchild.

Mary Jane Coons Johnson apologized for having forgotten to write of her '84 music tour to Europe, sponsored by the Nat'l Guild of Piano Teachers. The tour covered several countries with visits to composers' homes and concerts in such well-known palaces as the Palace of the Popes and the Prince's Palace in Monaco. This past summer, the Johnsons put in an inground pool and stayed home to enjoy it.

Margaret Reynolds Dodge responded with a poem, as did many of you. Part of Peg's read, "Arches are falling, and so's our face; with wrinkles appalling, still life we embrace . . ."

Mary Louise Flanagan Coffin commends our class for having 41% respond in contributing over \$25,000 to AAGP. We feel that with the leadership of a class agent we could once again attain the high standard for gift giving which **Bertha Mayer Romanow** established at our 35th reunion. The class agent position is open and we welcome applications. She says we have a reputation to uphold and "what we need is a 'holder-upper.'" John spent the summer in AZ studying geology; we went out for 3 weeks while he was there and checked out every national park in CO, UT and AZ.

Correspondent: **Edith LeWitt Mead** (Mrs. Edwin W.), Deacon Grant Farm, Norfolk, CT 06058

50 Margaret MacDermid Davis and husband Ridgway, spent three weeks this past summer in England and Scandinavia where they enjoyed traveling by rail. They arrived home in time for the birth of their first grandchild, Evan, born in NYC to their atty. son Douglas, an associate with Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy, and wife Sheila, a radiologist on the staff of NY Hospital/Cornell Medical Center.

Janet Pinney Shea corrects the statement made in the Summer '85 class notes, which said Egypt is "the Sheas' first experience of living in an underdeveloped country . . ." It should have said, "Egypt is the *least* underdeveloped country I've lived in." Janet states that her husband has been associated with the American AID program for 25 years and Egypt is, in fact, the sixth underdeveloped country they've been posted to and the most developed. Two of their children were born abroad, in Manila and Saigon.

Barbara Gold Zingman, Frances (Fritzi) Keller Mills, Ann MacWilliam Dilley, Ann Mitchell Throop, and **Beth Youman Gleick** held a mini-reunion in New Haven in Oct. All were guests at their husbands' 35th Yale Law School reunion.

Carol Raphael Stromeyer and husband Norman traveled to Mexico, Scotland and England in '84. Carol is now a "leisure lady," having stopped teaching Hebrew to supervise the care of youngest son Rob, who was in an accident three years ago. Sons Bill and David are partners in an auto appraisal service and live nearby; Carol and Norman are grandparents of four boys and one girl. Carol still takes courses and commutes from Springfield, NJ to NYC several times a week. Summers are spent in the Canadian 1000 Islands (on the mainland).

Marilyn Wunker Julnes and husband Norval went to NH and VT following reunion to see the sights and play golf. In July they spent an enjoyable weekend in DC. **Jean Gries Homeier** visited them in OH in Oct. when Jean was attending a guidance counselor's convention.

Mary Gillam Barber and husband Don retired to Fripp Island, SC in Feb. '85. They do lots of traveling, with four children and four grandsons scattered in Chicago, Boston and Winston-Salem, NC. They spent July at Quechee Lakes, VT and Aug. at Cape Cod where they had a fun reunion at **Diane Roberts Gibson's**; **Mary (Sally) Condon Miller** and husband Fred, **Geraldine (Gerry) Foote Dolliver** and husband Dick, and **Carol Baldwin** were also present. In Oct. the Barbers toured England, Scotland and Ireland; playing golf at St. Andrews was one highlight of their trip. At Fripp Island they play lots of golf, ride bikes, walk and swim, as well as being active in the loggerhead turtle program. Mary is entering a guardian *ad litem* program for



abused and neglected children and has volunteered to be a docent for the historical homes of Beaufort.

Ruth Kaplan reports that she and **Caroline Crane Stevenson** are already planning "the greatest reunion CC has ever seen" for our 40th in '90. "Be there!" Ruth went to Las Vegas in Nov. and returned "not one whit richer."

Joan Pine Flash and husband Alexander (Sandy) moved to Chatham, MA after spending 32 yrs. with the Loomis Chaffee School (Sandy teaching, administering, coaching; Joan hostessing, serving tea, flower arranging, and bringing up three children on campus). Daughter Anne graduated from MA College of Art and lives in NYC where she paints; daughter Pamela graduated from Brown U with a major in American studies and lives in S.F., where she promotes the arts; son David, Bates College '85, is interested in acting.

Jean Mulvaney Willis and husband Ed live in Keene, NH. After 17 yrs. of teaching, Jean is now a real estate agent specializing in residential real estate. Their children are in N.E., too: Scott a counselor at Berklee College in Boston; Bonnie a Latin teacher in Portland; Andy a junior at Keene State College.

Dorothy Pardoe Kaufmann and husband Ralph live in Switzerland, where Ralph operates ELHIS Int'l from home (supplies and accessories for electron microscopy), having retired in '80 from a J & J subsidiary. Dottie is active in the American Women's Club of Zurich and St. Andrew's Anglican Church. Son Larry (CC '84) married a CC grad, is with the int'l dept. of First Boston and lives in Forest Hills; son Roger, a student at Muhlenberg College, had to drop out to do obligatory Swiss army training for 17 weeks, and is working until Jan. '86. Dottie visited **Nancy Whitney DeVoe** and husband Cort in Mystic in March '85.

Eleanor Wood Flavell and husband John spent last spring in France while John was teaching at the overseas Stanford (CA) campus in Tours; Eleanor enjoyed exploring the castles, towns, and wineries of the Loire Valley at her leisure.

Your correspondent and husband Harry enjoyed two weeks of cultural and gastronomic enrichment in Oct. on a "Passage of the Masters" tour; highlights of the trip were Leipzig, Dresden, Prague and Vienna. Son Ted is in his second year at the U of VA.

Correspondent: **Nancy Lee Hicks Henrich** (Mrs. Harry S.), P.O. Box 305, Callicoon, NY 12723

52 Fairfield Frank DuBois lives in Winnetka, IL. Daughter Anne taught in Port-au-Prince two years but is back in Minneapolis where she teaches children with learning disabilities. Son Bob after graduation in June '85 joined the Peace Corps, while oldest son Bill works near home. Youngest son majors in theater and music at the U of KS. Frankie and Art, with the nest empty, travel. They enjoyed two weeks on the French Riviera to celebrate their 30th wedding anniversary. Frankie visited **Jane Law Venell**; they decided they look the same as they did in June '52 but feel better!

Joan Blackman Barovick's sons Andrew and Jon are

employed in NYC, where she lives. Daughter Harriet is a senior at Barnard. Joan entered real estate, selling co-ops and condos. She walks all over the city and gets to know the nooks and crannies. She has frequent lunches with **Ruth Stupell Weinfeld** and **Phyllis Waldstreicher Mond**. Sometimes **Liz Lahm Heller** from Scarsdale joins them. Joan travels with Dick on business trips extended for pleasure. A week in Paris made her wish she had been a better student of French.

Judith Frayne Sook's three oldest daughters are married and live in Rochester, Saratoga and Schenectady, NY. Youngest, Scottie, lives in Manhattan and works for Merrill Lynch in the heart of the financial district. She passed her exam in Oct. and is now registered. The Sooks became grandparents 11/84 when second daughter Kathy and husband George Parsons had a daughter, Julia Palmer Parsons is her grandmother's pride! Peter traveled to England in 6/85 and was impressed with the bargains. Husband Curt opened his own law firm in '84 which has proved successful and enjoyable for him. **Jean Lattner Palmer**, Jim and their third daughter, Suzie visited the Sooks in Loudonville following Suzie's graduation from St. Lawrence 5/85. Slim's second daughter, Boatie, a CC grad, is in Manhattan learning to become an interior decorator.

Beverly Bower Shadok left the East coast 13 years ago and finds LaJolla, CA surprisingly delightful. Ed has radio stations, so they meet many interesting media characters. Bevy has even become a fan of the Chargers, whose games are broadcast on their LaJolla station. Eldest child, Suzie, is married to an M.D. in Ross, CA, a pleasant place for the Shadoks to visit. Second child Ned is a first yr. student at Harvard Business School. Leigh, in the S.F. area, is "a throwback to the flower children of the '60's." Besides volunteer work, Bevy travels a lot with Ed. She feels it is her turn to relax in the sun by the pool and invites classmates to look her up when in the San Diego area.

Helen Brogan is startled to realize that she has taught Algebra 1 27 times! She enjoys teaching in Waterford, CT and doing many volunteer projects. Computer math has become a new subject and has reinforced many mathematical concepts. Helen recalls that she was involved with the first generation of computers—the UNIVAC with vacuum tubes in 1952 while doing the calculations for the *Nautilus*.

Julie Clark Bonta has been promoted to vp of the trust division of Pittsburgh Nat'l Bank where she is a portfolio manager. She is active in the Executive Women's Council of Pittsburgh and in Republican politics in Bethel Park, where she lives. An almost even split in party affiliations there gives political workers much incentive. She and David enjoy live theater in the area enhanced by good drama depts. at three colleges.

Georgianna Albree Markel for 13 years has lived in the Richmond, VA area where Art is marine oceanographer for Reynolds Int'l and involved in the *Titanic* searches. Geordie is grateful for family nearby. Son Douglas was married in '84 and works in insurance. Daughter Robyn is a teacher-consultant in the adolescent psychiatric unit at the Medical College of VA. Heidi was married April '85 and is a flight attendant with Piedmont Airlines. Geordie has a small printing business, weaves Appalachian baskets, retails part time and plays tennis.

Our class mourns the loss of two classmates: **Gloria Sterry-Quarentella** died 10/13/85, in Groton, CT. She was the senior music librarian at UConn until early retirement in '67. She taught music, piano and voice privately. She was a member of the Buick Club of America and the Yankee Yesteryear Car Club. She was known as "Miss Buick" because she and her husband, Joseph owned a large collection of antique cars, winning many prizes in competition.

Jane Wilson Shackford died 11/6/85 in New London. She was a CC librarian from '68 to '74. Afterward, she specialized in writing children's literature, publishing articles in *School Library Journal* and *Language Arts*. She lectured on children's literature at CC and Harvard. Her husband, Charles, professor of music at CC, died in '79. Daughters are Cathy Kerr Goode of Chula Vista, CA and Nancy E. Kerr (CC '78) of New London.

Correspondent: **Margaret Ohl Grace**, 609 Lucas St., Ponca City, OK 74601



*José Limón
and Betty
Jones in
Moor's
Pavane, 1967,
American
Dance Festival,
Connecticut
College.*

54 **Joan Feldgoise Jaffe** graduated spring '85 from Temple U Law School at the same time her middle son, Richard graduated from Tulane Law! Both were studying for the PA bar exam. Previously, Joan worked for a hospice program at a large, local hospital, wrote a book on volunteer training for hospice and still serves on a state-wide hospice network.

Ann Dygert Brady is back in DC, still with ABC News. Daughter Wren lives with her and is ass't mgr of an "office supply cum gifties store" in DC. Eldest daughter Robin is in NYC and the boys, Jay and Cliff are in FL "doing things for the public good." Ann was lucky enough to get to London and Paris recently on business.

Joan Abbott's card revealed a Ph.D. and that she is dir. of research at Electro Biology, Inc. in Fairfield, NJ.

Nancy Blau Lasser and John play tennis often. Both are busy with the Kessler Institute, a rehabilitation hospital near Short Hills, NJ where they live. Daughter Lynn lives in Chappaqua, NY with son Jeffrey, born in 3/85 and daughter Jennifer, 3. Another daughter, Ellen, was married in 3/85 to Richard Stall, a Ph.D. in electrical engineering who specializes in disks for computers. Ellen is a portfolio mgr. for David J. Green & Co. They live in Berkley Heights, NJ. Last spring Nancy met with **Joan Feldgoise Jaffe**, **Nancy Weiss Klein** and **Marianne Fisher Hess** for a mini-reunion at the Russian Tea Room, NYC. They had a great time reminiscing!

Mary Clymer Guilbert and John, a professor, are spending a sabbatical in NH and France. Their home is in Tucson, AZ. Mary has been working part-time as a librarian. Children are Anne, Linda and Paul and grandchildren are William and Jessica.

Marsha Cohen Gorden is a chemist and a v.p. in the International Consulting Engineering Co. Morton is a political scientist and they enjoy traveling to Third World countries. Nicole graduated from CC '81 and Lisa is class of '86 at Boston U.

Anne Cross Frost is a paid coordinator for parent activities at the Allendale-Columbia School in Pittsford, NY. Husband Kent is pres. of Cross Bros. Bob graduated from Wittenberg in '79 and Martha from Bates in '83.

Nena Cunningham Dahling keeps busy with the Jr. League and as a board member of the Mary Thompson Foundation, which deals with the frail and elderly, and she also raises money for CC. Bill is director of the Affiliation Center for Creative Studies & the Detroit Music School. Bill Jr., Williams '78 and Michigan Law '83, practices law. Dick, Trinity '81, is at the Daden School of Business at U of VA and Peter is a freshman at Williams. The Dahlings were in Scotland in Aug.

Elizabeth Alcorn Holt's daughter, Carrie, was married 7/27 to Christopher Sholz who's working on his Ph.D. at Duke U. Carrie has a job in Durham as a social worker. She studied for her degree at U of MN. Another daughter, Weezie, works for Burroughs in Boston and Emmett, who married Gwen Davis in 4/84, lives in Pride's Crossing, MA and works for a small computer firm.

Jane Daly Crowley sure keeps BUSY! Since '82 she has been exec. dir. of the Hospital of St. Raphael Foundation. She is also volunteer chairm. of the investment comm. for CT Trails Council of the Girl Scouts, chairm. of CC Planned Giving Advisory Comm. Bd., mbr. of Gaylord Hospital and mbr'ship chm. of the CT Estate and Tax Planning Council! Husband Chuck is with an insurance agency. Daughter Tracy graduated from Wheaton in '83 and Tara from Mt. Holyoke in '85.

Norma Jeanne Hamady Richards is the paid social coordinator at St. Alban's School in DC. She, too, is very busy with volunteer work. Ed is a physician and son Mark, a Yale grad, is following in his father's footsteps. Andrea, an Ohio Wesleyan grad (with Margie McVean Flynn's daughter!) is working in Boston. Laura is a junior at Wake Forest U.

Sally Lindblad Hollister enjoys her role as a housewife. Jim is still with U.S. Steel. Martha, a grad of WV Wesleyan, is married, has a son and is living in WV. Amy, Ithaca '82, is married to a West Pointer, lives near there and teaches jr. high music. Kate's in high school and loves horses.

Florence (Dudy) Vars McQuilling's daughter Carol was married 9/20/85 to William McMorris, who is at NYU Law. They live in Brooklyn Heights, NY.

Elizabeth Cleveland Lackey is in the guidance dept.

at the Winsor School near Boston and working towards an advanced degree.

We visited **M'Lee Catledge Sampson** and Bob after our return from the U.K. in July '85 and heard news of their three grandchildren and **Enid Sivigny Gorvine's** latest venture: The Hampton House, a shop of Scottish imports from "garage-sized" factories in Norwell, MA. **Gretchen Taylor Kingman** is the mgr.

Correspondent: Lois Keating Learned, (Mrs. Leslie S.), 163 Little Neck Rd., Centerport, NY 11721

56 **Anne Browning** is finishing her work for her M. Ed. in counseling degree. Charlie is at Andover, Alfred at U of CO Boulder, and Mark is working on a master's degree at George Washington. She has seen **Debby Gutman Fehervary** at Rutgers.

Suzanne Rosenhi'sch Oppenheimer is a state senator after four terms as mayor of Mamaroneck. Marcy, Yale '84, works for Ralph Nader; Evan graduated from Yale in '85; Josh is a freshman at B.U.; and Alix is a high school sophomore.

Camilla (Camie) Tyson Hall sent youngest child, Jay, off to Middlebury. Ginny is at Denison, and Nancy is working near home. Camie works part-time at a counseling center and plays golf with enthusiasm. She and Tom see **Sue Crane Kramer** and Bud often.

Peggy Mark Heller keeps busy as chairman of Morris County Dept. on Aging advisory council, vp of Family Service of Morris County, and vp of Retired Senior Volunteer Program.

Joyce Bagley Rheingold is v.p. of Westchester chapter of Children's Blood Foundation at NY Hospital and is a trustee of Rye Free Reading Room. Oldest son David is at U of Richmond Law School. Ted, 15, the only child at home, plays ice hockey.

Angela Arcudi McKelvey will take another group of high school students to France. Paula graduated from Catholic U and Peter is a senior at Williams.

Janice (Ginger) Simone Ladley volunteers with the Republican party and Speech and Hearing Auxiliary between trips to Chile and Gstaad. Mark is a freshman at Duke and Chris is at Deerfield.

Gale Anthony Clifford is supervising editor at Houghton Mifflin while Guy helps out in the kitchen.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION SLATE OF OFFICERS

The Nominating Committee presents the 1986 slate of candidates for Alumni Association offices. The slate was chosen carefully from suggestions made by alumni across the nation. A ballot will be mailed to all alumni in April. Nominations by petition are explained below.



For President, 1986-1989

Ellen Hofheimer Bettmann '66
West Newton, Massachusetts

Ellen Hofheimer Bettmann '66 recently returned to the States following a year in London, where she founded and was first president of the Connecticut College Club of Great Britain. A member of the Boston Area Committee of the Campaign for Connecticut College, she was also a Campaign volunteer in London. Mrs. Bettmann has also been a Connecticut admissions aide.

An English major at Connecticut, Ellen Bettmann has taught English in the Bronx, in Brookline, Massachusetts, at the American School of London, and was special projects coordinator for the Newton Community Schools from 1982-84. Her volunteer experience includes extensive work in the Understanding Handicaps Program in Newton, where she was City-Wide Coordinator for Physical Limitations and co-author of a workbook on handicaps.

In addition, Mrs. Bettmann has volunteered her skills at the Multi Service Center, a foster parent program for adolescents in crisis; at the Museum of Science; at numerous local schools; and at Temple Shalom of Newton. She has also been active in politics, serving as a ward captain.



For Alumni Trustee, 1986-1991

Helene Zimmer Loew '57
Cherry Hill, New Jersey

Helene Zimmer Loew '57 received the Alumni Association's highest honor, the Agnes Berkeley Leahy Award, in 1984. She served as president of the Alumni Association from 1980 to 1983, and as chairman of the Annual Alumni Giving Program (AAGP) from 1978 to 1980. Under Ms. Loew's leadership, AAGP reached the \$1 million mark for the first time. She has continued to contribute her fundraising skills to Connecticut, serving as Alumni Laurels Chairman from 1983 to the present. She has also served her class as regional class agent, class agent chairman and treasurer.

Helene Loew is now executive director of the American Association of Teachers of German, an organization of 7,000 instructors of German. Previously, she was supervisor of the Resources Allocation Program for the New York State Department of Education, a program directed toward improving basic skills in public school students.

A small sampling of Helene Loew's volunteer commitments include the presidency of the American Council on the Teaching of Foreign Languages; membership on the National Humanities Faculty, and service on the advisory board of Global Perspectives in Education.

Helene Loew holds a master's in education from St. John's University, a master's in German from Middlebury College, and has done work toward a doctorate in curriculum/instruction at the State University of New York at Albany. Her accomplishments include numerous speeches, workshops and publications in language and education. In 1978, she was honored by the Goethe Institute for her contribution to the teaching of German in the United States.



For Secretary, 1986-1989

Elizabeth McLane McKinney '52
Cincinnati, Ohio

Elizabeth McLane McKinney '52 has worked for the Cincinnati Opera since 1978, as Education/Outbreak/Touring Program Director and as Administrative Director of the Opera's Ensemble Company.

A psychology major at Connecticut, Mrs. McKinney founded and worked as administrative director of Community Help Services, a mental health center in Brussels, Belgium, from 1972 to 1978. Prior to her work in mental health, she taught English in Brussels for three years.

Betsey McKinney has been a class agent for the C.C. Class of '52, and is now president of her class. Other volunteer activities include work at Longview State Hospital and fundraising projects for the Junior League.



For Director, 1986-1989

Jane Day Hooker '44
Branford, Connecticut

Jane Day Hooker '44, an art major at Connecticut, is presently studying at Yale Divinity School and working as an illustrator and calligrapher. Since receiving her master's in art education from Southern Connecticut State University in 1964, she has illustrated three books.

While raising her children, Mrs. Hooker worked part-time teaching and in the Yale University Art Gallery. Over the years, she has taught at St. Thomas School, Perry-Mansfield School, and the Foote School in New Haven.

Mrs. Hooker is president of the Class of '44 and has also served as regional class agent and vice-president/reunion chairman.

In her community, she works with the Blood Bank and has been a Red Cross Nurses Aid since 1943. She was on the board of directors of the Creative Arts Workshop in New Haven, Yale University Art Gallery Associates, the Wightwood School in Guilford, and the Sterling School in Hamden. She was the co-founder and board member of Notch Hill Nursery in North Branford, and served as docent for the New Haven Colony Historical Society.

Mrs. Hooker has volunteered her time and talents to the United Fund, the North Branford Historical Society, and the Museum and Accessions Committee of the Branford Historical Society. She belongs to the National Society of Colonial Dames. Her church activities include Christian education, altar guild, choir, eight years on the vestry, and eight years as parish clerk. She is a licensed liturgical assistant.

The following paragraphs from Article III of the Connecticut College Alumni Association bylaws explain the procedure for nomination by petition.

A. Nominations

i. By Nominating Committee

For all offices to which candidates are to be elected by vote of the Association a single slate shall be prepared by the Nominating Committee.

ii. By Petition

Nomination for any elective office may be made by petition signed by at least twenty-five (25) active members of the Association, such petition to be received by the Nominating Committee by April 15 in any given year.

Son Bill works in DC; Bob is a senior at USC; Jamie is a senior at BC. John is a high school junior. Gale and Prudy Murphy Parris count on seeing every one of us at the 30th reunion/75th anniversary "bash" in May.

Prudy Murphy Parris enjoys the game on Wall St. and is a church trustee and AAUW program chairman. Daughter Pam lives in Miami; Chip crews for a 12-meter yacht contending for the America's Cup; Ted is at Northwestern grad school; and Gail is a senior at Gettysburg. Prudy, our reunion chairman, reminds us that we still know how to have a good time!

Betty Ann Smith Tylaska, our treasurer, urgently needs our \$10.00 dues, payable to CC Class of '56. Send to Box 230 RFD 1, Mystic CT 06355

Marjory Lewin Ross is a consultant for an advisory service on students' summer programs and sells ad space for Ivy League alumni magazines. Her girls are in 8th and 12th grades. As our class agent, she reminds us to send 30th reunion gifts.

Cyvia Russian Peters is a certified family therapist and lecturer in her field. Son Mark is a lawyer, and Jeff is in medical school.

Amalie Hughes Montstream sings in the Hartford Chorale, plays hammered dulcimer, and works part-time in her husband's law office. She has seen Marilyn Mason Ramsay.

Beverly Lawson Watts has two new daughters-in-law. Youngest son Geoffrey is a senior at Vanderbilt.

Margaret Thorp Tumicki's husband Bob died in Jan. '85. Daughter Rebecca graduated from UConn and has joined her sister Sarah as a computer programmer at Lockheed. Margaret reports that Nellie Beetham Stark received the Native Daughter Award at the Norwich Rose Arts Festival.

Suzanna Martin Reardon also lost her husband last year. Her three children are all at home. She is administrative assistant for college counseling at Trinity School in NYC.

Mary Roth Benioff and Ann Robertson Cohen own and charter a six passenger restored antique barge with crew of four on the canals of southern France. Ann's son Mark is at St. Lawrence.

Judith Missel Sandler, an interior designer, travels a lot. Youngest daughter is training with Lord & Taylor. Judy enjoys being a grandma.

Nancy Stewart Roberts took 32 students, including her Julie and Mark, to Spain. Older son Stew met them in Barcelona. At a language conference in NY Nan heard Helen Sormani Lepke, vice chairman of the conference.

Ann (Bonye) Fisher Norton's travels have taken her to Cyprus, Malta, London, Paris, and cruising off Mexico. Leslie is a high school senior; Charles is a senior at Drew U. Bonye's husband has retired to teach and set up an Institute of Philosophical Theology. Bonye is chairman of clergy spouses in her diocese.

Joy Shechtman Mankoff, pres. of the Nat'l Council of Jewish Women and founding pres. of the Women's Issues Network, was honored in Dallas at the Women Helping Women awards celebration.

Correspondent: Helen Cary Whitney, 1736 Fairview Drive South, Tacoma, WA 98465

58 Jean Tierney Taub and Don are in Huntington Beach, CA where Don is completing a mountain cabin he designed and built himself and is consulting for an L.A. engineering firm. Jean is an underwriting supervisor for Farmers Ins. Group and is completing coursework for CPCU designation. Daughter Kate is 2nd yr. law student at Pepperdine, spending fall '85 at U of London. Sue is a jr. at UCLA taking premed; Robert is a soph. at UC Irvine. Jean and Don plan to attend Don's 30th reunion at USCGA.

Pat Harrington McAvoy teaches 4th and 5th grade English, social studies and reading at St. Jude School, Huntingdon, CT. Daughter Katie is a freshman at Assumption College, Worcester, MA; son Tom is a sr. at St. Joseph H.S. Pat's father died suddenly in July.

Simone Lasky Liebling reports from Greensboro, NC a hectic summer with a daughter's wedding and the active real estate market. She will take Joel on a Caribbean cruise she has won! Wendy is married to Paul Stang, has masters in social work from Stonybrook, where she is working at the hospital. Suzy and husband

Sidney Libbraind are in NJ, where she works while he finishes dental school. Pam is in college.

Sydney Wrightson Tibbetts and Al have been happily back in NH for two yrs. Sydney has temporarily retired from retail work and entered "the world of untanning salons." She'll spend the winter in Naples, FL. Their Meredith, 23, is finishing at the Hilton Hotel School at U of Houston; Jennifer, 22, works in Springfield, MA; James, 19, is a freshman at the Center for Creative Studies in Detroit; Elizabeth, 15, is a soph at Wilbraham-Manson Academy.

Roswitha Rabl Classen writes from Gottingen, West Germany that all are fine. Husband Joachim is on sabbatical in Rome and Oxford researching in the classics. Their three boys flourish: Claus Dietes, 25, is an ass't at Tubingen U, having finished his law studies and mandatory military service; Carl Friedrich, 23, is a med student at Lubeck; Hans Christoph, 16, has completed a two week practical training at a bank and spent five weeks on a school exchange in the U.S. last spring. Roswitha teaches an Eng/ American lit class weekly to an elderly group, plays the violin in a local orchestra, and gives public recitals with sonatas for violin and piano, and is taking courses in French, Italian and oil painting. She would welcome seeing classmates in Gottingen.

Judy Ankarstran Carson enjoys being school secre-

tary at Dedham Country Day School. She saw some '58ers at the Hasty Pudding last winter: Betsy Wolfe Biddle, Atheline (Ath) Wilbur Nixon, Georgia Howe Macrae. Last March their family skied in UT on three feet of new snow!

Pam Waterman Gale writes from Charlottesville, VA of their transition in one year from two children at home to the empty nest. Pamela is at Harvard, Cameron is at Northern AZ U, and Eliza is at St. Timothy's.

Susan Miller Lowenstein and Peter's daughter Betsy is a junior at Miss Porter's; their son Christopher a soph at Salisbury. Peter is general counsel of Value Line in NY, and Susan works in the aging field at the newly formed Hospice and Alzheimer's Disease Care Program in Greenwich, CT. She is on the boards of the Greenwich Symphony and the Assoc. for Retarded Citizens - Greenwich.

Judy-Arin Peck Krupp has worked five years as a consultant to educational institutions and to industry in adult learning and development, dealing with change and using stress as a positive life force, work which involves extensive travel. Judy has written three books and numerous articles. Owning her own business gives Judy the flexibility to coordinate schedules with Alan, chief of medicine at Manchester Memorial Hospital. Their four children are well: Peter is finishing at U of



Martha Graham teaching at the Connecticut College School of the Dance.



MYSTERY MOCHA DESERT

This has been a favorite dessert of CC students for years.

Batter:

- ½ cup plus 1 tablespoon all-purpose flour
- ½ cup plus 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 5 tablespoons cocoa
- 1½ teaspoons butter
- 5 tablespoons milk
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

Topping:

- ¾ tablespoons light brown sugar, packed loosely
- 2½ tablespoons cocoa, sifted
- 2½ tablespoons sugar
- ½ cup strong coffee

Mix first three ingredients together in bowl. Blend cocoa and butter in saucepan; melt over low heat. Blend with dry ingredients on low speed. Gradually add milk and vanilla; mix until smooth. Pour batter into baking dish.

Topping: Mix brown sugar, cocoa and sugar; sprinkle evenly over top of batter. Pour coffee evenly over top of pan. Bake 30 minutes at 350° F. Serves 6.

Helen Dayton

Helen Wilmot

The Connecticut College Cookbook

Chicago Law School, Larry graduated from Yale in May and works in DC. Susan is double majoring in art and psychology at Brown, and Karen is a soph at Tufts.

Millie Schmidtman Kendall and Neil are still in DC but will be moving on next summer—destination unknown at this writing. She works in the president's office at Georgetown U and loves it; Neil is at CG headquarters. Son Steve works for WA State Health and Human Services in Seattle; son Bruce is a legislative ass't for Sen. Slade Gorton in DC; daughter Katie will graduate from CO College in June. She spent 2nd semester last year in France, where Millie and Neil spent ten days with her over Easter. They had a beautiful drive through France, Italy, Austria, Germany, and Switzerland.

Correspondent: Mildred Schmidtman Kendall, 916 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington DC 20002

60 Correspondents: Cary Bailey Von Koschembahr, 195 Hicks Street, Brooklyn, NY 11201; Elizabeth Froment Brown, 11 Treadwell Ave., Convent, NJ 07961

62 ADOPTED: By **Betsy Carter Bannerman**, Cody Carter—spring 1985.

Joan Addison Berry is a senior budget analyst formulating the Medicare budget at the DHHS Health Care Financing Administration in Baltimore. She and Merlin are home schooling their 14-year-old daughter with all three learning a lot.

Louise Brickley Phippen moved to DE where she is teaching at Concord Pre-school and Cork works in investor relations with Conoco/Dupont.

Barbara Burris is special asst. to Congressman Dante Fascell, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee in DC and she is also DC area co-chair of the Campaign for CC.

Ann Buchstein Heter is secretary at Lincoln Elementary School in Canon City, CO while Max enjoys being a house-husband.

Margo Conderman Carter took a "cultural sabbatical" in New Haven before starting a new job in sales which she finds exciting.

Betsy Carter Bannerman is enjoying every minute with her new baby but, being a single parent, is obligated to continue working in the documentary film business in post-production in S.F.

Bobbie Edwin Weinstein hosted a reunion at her home in Englewood, NJ in June '85 for **Florence McCrea Wright**, **Carole Root Cole**, **Yolanta (Yolie) Berzins Kaneps** and **Marcia Brazina Littenberg**; a rehearsal, perhaps, for our 25th in June '87?

Ellen Gottlieb Kazin is a medical secretary and directs community theater musicals as time allows. She reports two children at CC ('88 and '86) having sensational experiences.

Susan Greene Fraidin received her MBA in finance from Pace U in June '84 and is a bond analyst in White Plains at the Muni. Bond Insurance Assn.

Ann Hainline Howe does volunteer work in a high school career resource office, at a health care/rehab facility for the elderly, and with support groups for stroke victims all in the New Canaan area.

Nancy Jones deForest, still living in the Netherlands, recently visited Kenya where her family camped for two weeks with a group of 35 people from all over the world—an exhilarating experience.

Lee Knowlton Parker is executive director of an arts council which serves 50 arts organizations in three counties of WI. She also is on the board of her local Community Health Foundation.

Heather Turner Frazer reminds us that our 25th reunion is only little more than a year away and urges us to aim for 100% participation.

Correspondent: Jane Crandell-Glass, 21 Bow Rd., Wayland, MA 01778

64 MARRIED: **Patricia Burton Carpenter** to John B. Jacoby 11/23/85.

BORN: to Hunter Ingalls and **Mary Emeny**, Timothy, 6/10/85.

Ellen Greenspan Cardwell and **Allison McGrath Robinson** have finally caught up with each other again, after 20 years—at a dance at St. Mark's Church in DC. Ellen reports that Allison looks "slim, rich and gorgeous!" Ellen and husband Larry moved out of the city

this summer to Arlington, VA where they are learning the intricacies of machines such as lawnmowers and leafblowers. Ellen is exec. administrator for the Nat'l Assn. of Corporate Directors, working with CEO's and business leaders working on government issues. She also has two small businesses—one in career coaching and counseling, the other in catering. Ellen is founder and director of the St. Mark's players, who do an annual Gilbert & Sullivan production. Currently she's casting for *Pirates of Penzance*. Ellen's son, Adam Reiss, is "finding himself" ski-bumming in Aspen.

Barbara Brachman Fried has been reelected to another four-year term as trustee of Glen Ellyn, IL. She also is a counselor at DuPage College and has begun a 24-course MBA program at the U of IL—Chicago.

Sandra Colby Browne is a language consultant at General Motors research laboratories in Warren, MI. Recently, she published and presented a paper entitled *Four Problems in Spoken English for Non-native Professionals* which addresses the problems of research scientists in industry for whom English is a second language but who have to give professional oral presentations. Sandra's mission is to "build bridges between academia and industry."

Four '64 alumnae who couldn't make reunion in New London last year had their own mini-reunion last summer at Rehoboth Beach, DE. **Genie Dunn Hindall**, **Diane Howell Stewart**, **Barbara Brachman Fried** and **Ginger Haggerty Schwartz** reminisced for hours about good times in Vinal Cottage.

Genie Dunn Hindall has sold her guide service in DC and relocated with husband George to the Sarasota, FL area.

Ginger Haggerty Schwartz and husband Arthur have moved from Milwaukee to Stockbridge, MA where they are restoring a late 1700's house. They have two teenagers: Julie, 15 and Tony, 16.

Bonnie (B.J.) Higginbottom Ledyard, husband John, Stephen, 13, Henry, 11 and Meg, 10 spent the summer moving from Evanston, IL to San Marino, CA. John is a prof at Cal Tech and works at the space station at JPL. BJ is back to making pots and hopes to set up a gallery soon.

Brenda Hunt Brown, after eight years as a special ed administrator in Brattleboro, VT, has moved with her daughters to Potsdam, NY where Brenda returned to teaching emotionally disturbed teenagers. Brenda's own teens both graduate this year, Jennifer from college and Alison from high school.

Also on the move were **Sally Kessler Mertens** and family, from Skaneateles, NY to Milwaukee, WI where her husband is a dean at the U of WI. As Sally's son and daughter gear up for the college application process, Sally is directing a longitudinal study on women who graduated from Alverno College in the '70's.

Carol Bartholomew Medina is director of a Christian counseling center in Essex Fells, NJ. She and husband Mitch are deeply involved with world evangelism and spend a lot of time traveling spreading the Word. Carol's three children are Annabelle, 15; Allegra, 11; and Eli, 9.

Beryl (Widge) Cochran's mother wrote that Widge is happily living in Tacoma, WA, working for the U.S. government and going to law school nights.

Gail Rosenburg Ludvigson has been elected president of the Los Angeles Assn. of Investment Women. She is asst. v.p. for Trust Services of America, Inc. in L.A. where she is responsible for managing investments in trusts, foundations and employee benefit plans. Gail and husband Max have two daughters, Laura and Deborah.

Jeanette Gross completed her RN training and is a nurse at Hartford Hospital in a medical/surgical burn specialty unit. Despite her career changes, Jeanette says that music is her first love. She plays the organ on weekends, is taking viola lessons and plays with an ensemble in New Haven. Spare (?) time is spent taking courses at the U of Hartford working for her BSN.

Carol Aspinwall Miller's latest crusade is for a TV turnoff—she and 22 other librarians in the elementary schools in The Woodlands, TX are involved in a one-week project where over 30,000 students (and families) go tubeless! Daughter Kate is a freshman at Wellesley and son Andy is a h.s. sophomore.

Another mini-reunion was held this fall in DC: **Susan Epstein Messitte**, **Marie Birnbaum Vahl**, **Deane**



Marine Botany class, 1974.

Fischer Edelman, Alice Weinstein Joseph and Ellen Corroon Petersen all keep in touch via the CC Club of DC. Susan is campaign chairperson for the State attorney general of MD who is running for governor. Husband Peter has been appointed circuit court judge for MD; son Zach is college-shopping and daughter Abby is a freshman in high school.

Peggy Rawlins adores living in the heart of the wine country in northern CA in Healdsburg. She also adores her job as a director of the Sonoma County Cultural Arts Council.

Very best wishes to our newest class bride: **Pat Burton Carpenter Jacoby**! Husband John Jacoby is a prof

at Amherst. After doing every conceivable type of volunteer job, Pat went back to work in '73 as marketing manager for a public TV station. Since '79 she has been working at Amherst and is assoc. secretary of development and director of corporate relations. Pat's oldest son Brad is a CC freshman, younger son Scott is a senior at Longmeadow (MA) High.

Barbara Brodsky Rothbart has all three of her children in school full-time: Peter in first grade, Davy in 7th and Peter in 10th. As a result, she is again working full-time as a sculptor. She and her family love Ann Arbor where husband Hal works at the U of MI. Michigan is conducive to all the activities the Rothbarts

enjoy: camping, hiking, sailing and skiing.

There is never a dull moment in the Hatem household where **Bettie Gorra Hatem**, Lisa, 15; Mark, 12 and Beth, 4, just entertained a Mexican exchange student for the summer. Bettie teaches English to multi-national high school students, volunteers in school and is redecorating their house in Summit, NJ.

Central to the lives of **Mary Emeny** and Hunter Ingalls are three children: Alicia, 5; George Frederick, 2 and Timothy, 6 months. Habitat for Humanity is also important in Mary's life and "deep concern about our national and international insensitivity of the needs of the planet and humanity, and a continually broadening and deepening spiritual focus round out my life."

"Where did the years go?" asks **Miriam Ercoli Goldberg**. Next year her son will begin college selection and her daughter will be in high school. Miriam and family live in Cambridge, MA where she dabbles in local politics and enjoys urban living.

Miriam's question was implicit in every piece of correspondence I received. Interest in reunions is being rekindled. **Marjorie Tobin Davidson**, class v.p. is anxious to hear your suggestions for our 25th!

Correspondent: **Sandra (Sandy) Bannister Dolan**, 301 Cliff Ave., Pelham, NY 10803

66 MARRIED: **Jane Stern Buchman** to Lawrence Henigman, 5/1/83.

BORN: to Hugh and **Asia Rial Elsbree**, Lucy Rial, 4/23/84.

Jane Stern Buchman, PhD. and husband Lawrence Henigman live in Glenside, PA. Jane is a clinical psychologist at Abington Hospital Mental Health Center where she works with children and adolescents. Larry is an area sales manager for the major appliance division of G.E. Larry and Jane spend many weekends in Forked River, NJ where they enjoy boating.

Asia Rial Elsbree, husband Hugh and children, Langdon, 4 and Lucy, 1 have moved to Chevy Chase, MD, where Langdon has entered the pre-K program at Sidwell Friends School. Asia continues as director of training for an agency of the Dept. of Agriculture; Hugh is an ass't director of the CRS at the Library of Congress.

Claire Gaudiani is the author of a book, *Strategies for Development of Foreign Language and Literature Programs* (Feb. 1984). The book is designed to assist academic administrators in making thoughtful and sensible changes in foreign language and literature departments.

Alice Karmel Juda recently returned from a six-month sabbatical in Switzerland where husband Larry was doing research on international law. Alice earned two certificates from the Alliance Française and, armed with a newly acquired MLS degree, worked at an American college library outside Geneva. Joining them were children Emily, 12 and Adam, 5.

Mary (Mae) Concemi Bradshaw was appointed by Gov. Michael Dukakis to the board of trustees of Salem State College. Mae and husband John live in Newburyport, MA where Mae has a law practice. She serves on the exec. board of the Essex County Bar Assn., is a corporator of the Portsmouth Hospital and the Institute for Savings in Newburyport, an advisor to the YMCA and the John Ashford Link House, and serves as a volunteer on several community committees.

Correspondent: **Karen Schoepfer Hagerty**, 1337 Sunnyside Lane, McLean, VA 22102

68 MARRIED: **Jean Winans** to Martin Fisher, 8/84. BORN: to **Susan Mabry Gaud**, Henry Taylor III, 1/26/85; to **Jane Ranallo Goodman**, Alexander 4/15/85; to Kevin Palfreyman and **Donna Matthews**, Brett Matthews Palfreyman 5/7/85; to Bill and **Heather Marcy Cooper**, Cordell Warner 5/23/85.

Gail Weintraub Cooney and her family have survived the perils of more than a year of major home remodeling. Son Gabriel, 13, had his bar mitzvah in 7/85 and **Ruth Cheris Edelson** attended. Another recent houseguest was **Helen Epps**, following her return from China. Gail is a part-time RN at Marin Suicide Prevention Center and Agape Foundation. She attended a CC reception held last fall in S.F.

Lynda Mauriello Franklin recently moved to a larger home in Chatham Township, NJ. Daughter Jennifer is a freshman at Kent Place School and Mark and Christopher are in elementary school.

Georgia Urbano reports that she is "happily remarried, practicing law and living in Manhattan, spending weekends at our early 19th century house in Salisbury, CT and being a part-time 'wicked stepmother' to two wonderful kids." Husband Richard Raysman is senior partner of a law firm specializing in negotiating and litigating computer contracts for companies buying equipment and software. She and Richard do lots of Bar Association work in their fields, but still find time for opera and country weekends.

Susan Mabry Gaud is busy with baby Henry and his sister Emily, as she drives to dancing, gymnastics and church activities.

Cheryl Shepley Deane-Maniello writes that life is full of "the same old thing." She finished a production of *My Fair Lady* in 9/85, after doing *Brigadoon*, *Company*, and *Chicago* the previous year; she does grad work in art history; she is part-time "administrative assistant" for husband Bob, preparing reports and environmental impact statements for his landscape and land planning company. She is an active admissions aide for CC; she plays tennis, paddle ball and soccer; she went to Russia last June for two weeks and is raising three stepchildren and her daughter.

Polly Leonard-Keener claims to have been a hermit for more than a year while working on a book about cartooning for which she interviewed about three dozen famous cartoonists. She found time, however, to teach her class in cartooning at Akron U and take care of husband Bob and Ted, 15, at Western Reserve Academy and Whitney, 4.

Karla LeFren Blinn is back in school studying art. Her first art history teacher was Monica Rothchild Burros, CC '75.

Ellen Leader Pike is enjoying temporary life—and her leave of absence from teaching—in TX while husband Carl is on sabbatical, doing research in botany at the U of TX in Austin. Billy is in grade 3 and Jill in grade 7.

Patricia Reinfeld Kolodny and family spent last summer touring France. She and Frank enjoyed seeing everything through the eyes of Johanna, 6. Patti is a docent at the Princeton U Museum and would be happy

to give any classmates a special tour. She and Frank collect avant garde 20th century photography and recently loaned photos to the André Kertész Retrospective in Chicago. They attended the opening and look forward to the exhibit's arrival at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in NYC.

Barbara Modeski Holbrook still lives in HI and loves it. She keeps busy with two children, volunteer work and long walks on the beach. Last year she traveled to Hong Kong, Guam and Tokyo.

Jane Ranallo Goodman writes that with full-time work, two stepsons and her new baby, "time is precious and . . . very scarce." She recently visited **Nancy Gilbert Murphy** and "her two beautiful girls," and **Avery Halsey Dickinson** and husband, and their "four wonderful lads."

Joyce Todd Wilson is director of product information for Federated Investors, Inc. She manages the advertising, marketing communications and public relations for the company, which supplies mutual funds to banks nationwide. Husband Dick is with Vuono, Lovelle and Gray, a private law firm specializing in transportation law. Although both travel frequently for their jobs, they recently had a delightful vacation together in Switzerland. On a business trip to NYC, Joyce saw **Ann Werner Johnson** and **Lynda Mauriello Franklin**.

Sally Schweitzer Sanders is arts editor for the *Acorn* Press newspapers. Husband Jack is editor of *The Ridgefield Press* and has sold articles on speculation to *The New York Times* CT section and to several magazines. Sally and Jack and sons Benjamin, 10 and Michael, 8, last fall spent 12 days touring England, where they thoroughly enjoyed the old inns and the countryside.

Jean Winans Fisher, after ten years as an academic librarian, switched careers and is now an information specialist for General Foods Corp.

Donna Matthews reports that compared to mothering Heather, 16; Brendan, 2 and infant Brett, her part-time work as an RN in a cardiac rehabilitation program is like being on vacation.

Dinny Stearns Taylor was named project leader for the administrative programming group at the Williams College Computer Center. She claims she is adjusting more slowly to being the mother of a teenager than Aaron, 13 is to being a teenager. Daughter Karen is 9.

Suzanne Sanborn O'Cheskey and husband Brad moved to Princeton, NJ in '84. She completed an internship as a family nurse practitioner at Rutgers and works for Planned Parenthood. Brad is benefit administration manager at Lever Bros. in NYC. Son Terry, 7 is on soccer team and Matt, 5 attends preschool.

Candace Mayeron is vp of Ulysses Capital Corp. and loves her work sponsoring tax-advantaged investments.

Roberta Ward Holleman has lived in Sonoma, CA for 12 years with husband Terry and Christopher, 15; Toby, 13; and Avery, 3. They enjoy living in an old farm house with five acres, cows and sheep. Roberta is director of the Rainbow Valley School, the first employment-related childcare center in Sonoma County, at the Sonoma Developmental Center.

Ruth Kirschner Young is in S.F. writing fiction and doing a record series with *The Bobs*, a Bay Area New Wave vocal group. She also writes and illustrates children's books. Husband George is interning at the domestic violence project at Berkeley.

Mary-Elizabeth Walker Jackson writes that she is "seeking challenging—no, interesting—employment which will keep the vultures away but allow personal freedom for parenting." She is kept busy by her two boys, 4th and 7th graders.

Paula Zammataro Messina is co-director of Student Learning Center, Inc. in Meriden, CT, a state certified day school for learning disabled children. Husband Ed is changing careers from teaching to general contracting. Allison is 13 and Mark and Laurie are 10.

Shelley Taylor has published her third book, *Health Psychology*. She and husband Mervyn and children Sara, 4 and Charlie, 2 continue to enjoy their lives.

Heather Marcy Cooper keeps busy with Matt, 15, a nationally known debater; Kendra, 13, a national junior honor society member and long distance runner; Kyle, 9; Brandon, 4; and baby Cordell. In her free time she designs layouts for college textbooks. Husband Bill is vp in charge of operations at a point-of-sale advertising company. Any spare time she has seems to go to community activities—PTA, soccer, church, caucus, with an occasional deep-sea fishing trip thrown in "to keep our perspective of life in the proper place."

I, **Nancy Finn Kukura**, with Philip, Elizabeth, 5 and Marya, 3 spent a weekend last Sept. with **Iris Chaffoff Leonard**, Jay, Emily, 8 and Andrew, 5 touring Mystic Seaport, playing Trivial Pursuit, and having a delightful reunion. We introduced our children to the CC campus and refused to count how many years it has been since . . . As soon as this column is in the mail, I leave (alone) for a three-week teaching assignment in Germany, courtesy of the U.S. Office of Personnel Management. Almost immediately after that we all leave for a semester in London, where Philip is directing an academic program for Bunker Hill Community College.

Correspondent: **Nancy Finn Kukura**, 79 Mt. Vernon St., Melrose, MA 02176

70 BORN: to Donald and **Sharon Sweet DeLuca**, Sally Elizabeth, 8/10/85

Sharon Sweet DeLuca has been doing consulting in Financial Aid for Wheaton College and Brown U for the past five years. Sally Elizabeth's brothers, Peter, 6 and Nathaniel, 5 are fascinated by their new sister.

Katherine Maxim Greenleaf is vp of Hannaford Bros. She recently served on a "Liberal Arts Day" panel at Westbrook College in ME, offering advice to current students to "think about who you are and not what you want to do," that employers are interested in a perspective employee's thinking process and ability to solve problems.

Randall Robinson, husband Greg, Casey, 6 and Whitney, 3 gave their 20 acres of farmland back to the original owner and moved back into Fresno. She describes "Yuppieedom" as a welcome change from almond farming. She continues her private clinical psychology practice and trained for the NYC marathon. She shared some wonderful moments at the 15th class reunion with **Pauline Schwede Assenza**, **Barb Keshen** and **Linda Manno Kennedy**.

Correspondent: **Karen Blickwede Knowlton**, 1906 Sprucewood Lane, Lindenhurst, IL 60046



72 MARRIED: Denise Gagnon and Mohamed Nagib Mohamed Hamedy, 2/12/82.

BORN: to Gene Winter and Nancy Close, Jonathan Adam Winter, 2/29/84; to Sheldon and Cynthia Haines Stone, Gregory Haines, 1/28/84; to Mark and Betty Cohn Simpson, Erica, 3/27/85; to Peter and Bonnie Baker Humphrey, Robert Walker II, 2/1/85; to Mohamed Nagib and Denise Gagnon Hamedy, Gerard Rashed, 1/10/85; to Christopher M73 and Kathleen Cooper Vadala, Nicole Mariana, 7/25/85; to Michael and Holli Helpert Levy, Mark, 1/25/85; to John, MA '72 and Christine Berg Mara, Margaret Mara, 1/3/84; to Leroy and Beverly Alfano Ahrensford, Andrew Penn, 2/27/85; to David and Dotty Hatch Seiter, Jay Walter, 12/5/84; to Roger and Emily Bryan Grimes, Sophia Summerton, 4/18/85; to Alfred and Penny Eisenhart Veerhoff, Alexander Philip, 1/15/84; to John and Cathy Rudolph Breish, Eric Coughlin, 10/23/84; to Reuel and Pamela Peterson Johnson, Althea Marie, 12/10/84; to David and Enid Markowitz Garber, Jessica Lynn, 6/85; to Steven and Judith Piper Perkins, Danielle Rose, 4/15/81, and David James, 6/29/83.

JoAnn Giordano Everson is treasurer of Chapel Hill Service League, which is raising funds for a Ronald McDonald House. JoAnn's and Richard's sons are Ben, 5 and Rich, 3.

Norma Drab Walrath worked on her third National Endowment for the Humanities fellowship last summer studying African and Latin American literature. Besides teaching high school English, she is busy with sons Ivan and Todd.

Lynne Miller Moshe and family returned to Israel in '82 after four years in Hudson, NY. Lynne teaches English to adults at Tel Hai Community Center. Her fourth child, Miriam joined Odad, 11; Shimuela, 9, and Leah, 5 on 8/29/84.

Celia Halstead has worked for SEI Corp. in Lexington, MA since 3/83 as a training specialist. In her spare time she owns and manages four three-family houses.

Linda Johnson Quale is with Patcher-Brownfield Advertising in Phoenix. Husband Mark is with Thompson Industries and 9-year-old Matthew is very busy with school and soccer.

Cynthia (Cindy) Bond completed her MBA at Northwestern in '84.

Sherry Goodman is an assoc. prof. with tenure at Emory U in the psych dept., the only tenured woman in the 25-member dept.

Margaret (Meg) Gemson Ashman is head of the Office of Information at the U of VT Extension Service. Husband Jay also teaches at the University. Children are Kate, 6 and Daniel, 2.

Nancy Burnett teaches at the Job Corps in Oneonta, NY.

After her three-month maternity leave, Bonnie Baker Humphrey has returned to her law practice.

Betty Cohn Simpson is busy as a therapist and as a mother to Natalie, 4 and Erica. Mark works for Bechtel in the real estate group.

Nancy Close received her Ph.D. from Bryn Mawr College in May '84. She is a child therapist at Yale's child study center and also teaches in Yale's psych. dept.

Debby Dickson Shapiro has a private law practice in Middletown. Children Sarah, 5 and Suzanne, 3 keep her busy. She and husband Danny visited Israel and Egypt in Feb. '85.

Denise Gagnon Hamedy lives in Schenectady and is a part-time salesperson for a furniture company when not with husband Mohamed and son Gerard.

Stephanie Gomberg Chihai is MIS manager at Computervision Corp. in Bedford, MA.

Kathleen Cooper Vadala is working on her dissertation and has been rehearsing with a new chamber music group. Her husband did a summer concert tour with Chuck Mangione's band.

Kathryn Jacobs Housiaux teaches four-year-old kindergarten half days and stays active with Andy, 6; Julie, 4; and Charlie, 2.

Christine Berg Mara is a full-time mom, a full-time Shaklee Rep coordinator and a certified color analyst in ME. In '84 the family went on a Royal Viking cruise to Montreal courtesy of Shaklee.

Dotty Hatch Seiter is a full-time mother to Meg, 7; Scott, 5; and Jay, 1.

Addie Bernheim Firtel has a growing shop with a

large selection of ladies' clothes and accessories. She has three children and is a member of the assoc. bd. of trustees of the Chemotherapy Foundation of NY.

Beth Alpert is working on her Ph.D. in Near Eastern archaeology from the dept. of oriental studies, U of AZ. She did field work in Israel last summer.

Kristin Alexander Eschauer moved to Marion, MA in 2/85. Peter is with the *New Bedford Standard-Times*. Her boys are in 5th grade.

Debbie Eliason Rollins, John, and children Daniel, 8 and Andrew, 4 moved to New Haven where John works at Yale.

Claudia Aufhauser travels extensively showing her Newfoundland dogs; she has been renovating a 250-year-old, 14-room farmhouse and she also has a cottage on Lake Winnepesaukee where she trains the dogs in water rescue. She still consults with her NY manufacturing firm.

Patricia Barber Bagnell works at AT&T in Boston. She and Edward are busy raising Matthew, 5 and Andrew, 2.

Christine Hanson Adams is vp of Kaller Philips & Ross, a division of Doyle, Dane, & Bernbach. She works in NYC, and is responsible for the advertising of Tylenol, Pediacare, Reach toothbrushes and other products.

Karen Du Brul left NYC and Smith Barney in 12/84 and joined a Philadelphia law firm where she works in public finance. She lives in the center city and loves it.

Judith Piper Perkins lives in a house on the beach in Ogunquit, ME with her husband and two children. Her husband owns a trip fishing vessel and she runs the books at home in between kids. They use their sailboat and lobsterboat in their spare time.

Robin Rice Baker is enjoying her "new" 1790 home in Hopkinton, RI which she, husband Jim and daughter Tiana are busy restoring. She continues to teach dance at CC. In Nov. she staged two Ted Shawn solos for a *Dance Umbrella* performance in Boston.

Enid Markowitz Garber is in private practice as rehabilitation counselor doing consulting work. David is district manager for a film company.

Susan Monzani Swig left her job at Bain & Co. right before the birth of daughter Merrill, 2, and has been at home ever since.

Sally MacLaughlin Olivier enjoys rural/suburban family life and keeps busy chasing after Gloria, 2 and Andrea, 5.

Linda Pinckney Emmons, active in CT state politics, is serving her fifth term as a representative in the General Assembly. She is now house chair of the committee on finance revenue and bonding.

Peterann Rich Gilbert teaches emotionally disturbed junior high kids. Her daughter graduated, was married and is now in graduate school. Her son is at Evergreen State College in WA, and her youngest is in college in TX, where Peterann is now living. She has written a novel about a CC graduate.

Linda Lee Howe and husband began a "mom and pop" business designing and developing educational software. Their first package just reached the marketplace and business is taking off. Linda exhibits her artwork and designs murals. Her son is in first grade.

Elizabeth Otto is the administrator of the Colorado Open Space Council, the coordinating organization for the environmental community in CO.

Kathleen McGrath Stillman lives in Moosup, CT not far from CC, where she has taken courses in landscape design and photography. Daughter Elizabeth is four.

Margo Reynolds Steiner is assoc. director of alumnae affairs at Simmons College in Boston. She went to Morocco again for a week in Nov. to pick up a new pair of leather slippers. She had a great time at Alumni Council, despite being confined to the Holiday Inn by Hurricane Gloria.

Glenn Morazzini has started a private practice as a psychotherapist, seeing both children and adults.

Pamela Peterson Johnson was recently reappointed to a two-year term on the mayor's Task Force on Women in Pittsburgh, and to a four-year term on the city's Commission on Human Relations. She works as a real estate sales agent to promote the area. Daughter Erin is in kindergarten. Husband Reuel is area manager for the American Cancer Society. They are restoring their Victorian home.

Gail Langstroth has started her own school of

eurythmy in Santander, Spain.

Karen Ruddeforth Furnans had a mini-reunion with Margaret (Kim) Dearnley McEntire and Stephanie Levine in July '85. Karen is a clinical social worker on an inpatient adolescent unit. They took Jordan, 8 and Joanna, 5 to Disneyworld last fall.

Deirdre (Dee) Russell lives in Bedford, MA and works at McCormack and Dodge, a business software company. She received her MBA in 12/83 from Babson College after 5 years of night school. She keeps in touch with Deborah Garber King and attended her wedding to Phil in '84.

Jacqueline (Jackie) McGinty is an assistant professor of anatomy at the medical school at E. Carolina U in Greenville, NC. She teaches first year med students neuroanatomy and researches brain neurotransmitters with a grant from the National Institute of Drug Abuse. Don teaches business at a local community college.

Lucy Boswell Siegel is managing a benefits communication group at Equitable Life on a part-time schedule, taking care of David, 2 and managing to keep her head above water, barely. Henry's job has taken him abroad often recently, and a new assignment will entail a move for the whole family to Tokyo for a year or so this spring. Collecting class news may be difficult from Tokyo. Anyone who would like to take over as co-correspondent for '72 should contact Vivian Segall, editor of the *Alumni Magazine*.

We regret to report the death of Ann Sheldon on 12/31/84, in a car accident. The Ann C. Sheldon Scholarship Fund has been established in Ann's memory. Classmates who wish to contribute may send donations to the Development Office at the College.

Correspondents: Carol Blake Boyd, 742 Old Trail Dr., Naples, FL 33940; Lucy Boswell Siegel, 41 West 96th St., Apt. 12-B, New York NY 10025

74 MARRIED: Sharon Bell to Gregory Allen Gray, 5/17/85; Lynn Aschenbrenner to Bruce Jones, 10/2/83; Sherry Alpert to Dick Shmishkiss, 9/8/85; Elizabeth Disario to Robert Woolf Lighton, 5/4/85.

BORN: to Barry and Francine Axelrad Rosenberg, Cindy Renee, 5/24/85; to Leonid and Margaret Hamilton Turkevich, Paul Stevens, 11/3/85; to Scott '77 and Marion Miller Vokey, Hayden Marr, 7/20/85; to Andrew and Mary Lou Breglio Coronios, James Louis, 5/25/85; to Joseph and Carol Filice Godfrey, Joseph Edwin (Chip) IV, 9/30/85; to Lindsay and Christopher Wright, Christopher Henry, Jr., 9/26/85; to Bruce Jones and Lynn Aschenbrenner, Rebecca Lynn Jones, 2/24/85; to Leon and Joan Courcy Goldstein, Jill Regina, 4/30/84; to Richard and Cynthia Caravatt Holden, Whitney Diane, 9/27/85; to Tim and Sara Brown Laughlin, Elizabeth Morgan, 4/3/85; to Roy and Ann Cohen Darke, Jessica Pauline, 11/24/85.

ADOPTED: by Charles and Christine Dunkel-Schetter, Alexander Charles, born 11/2/85.

Anne Dietrich Turner participated on an alumni career panel in April '85 at CC dealing with what one can do with a major in foreign languages. In summer '85 she and husband Jim left New Haven and traveled the southern route cross-country to Portland, OR where Jim is the intern minister at the First Unitarian Church for one year.

Carol Filice Godfrey spends most of her time taking care of her new baby but also finds time to work on decorating her home in Bronxville, participate in Junior League activities and serve on the CC alumni executive board.

Elizabeth (Beth) Fisher lives in Chapel Hill, NC in a house in the woods with a friend, two dogs and a cat. She is a video product developer at S.A.S. Institute, dances quite a bit, teaches jazz and aerobics and volunteers at the art museum helping to develop educational programs and slide presentations.

Margaret (Maggie) Brigham-Ryan recently moved to Stonington, CT with husband Pat, who is out of the Coast Guard and now a civilian working at Ship Analytics, and six-year-old son Patrick Brigham Ryan. Maggie works as an independent accountant in her home and is also a part-time travel agent. She has taken art classes at the Lyman Allyn Museum.

Susan Froshauer finished her dissertation in microbiology and molecular genetics at Harvard last March

and is doing post-doctoral research in cell biology at Yale. She is enjoying salt marshes at her house on a cove outside of New Haven.

James Berrien is the v.p. associate publisher of *Food and Wine Magazine* and participates in the CC intern program. He lives in NYC, has a house in CT and sees a lot of **Mark Gerolmo** and **Alec Farley '75**. He'd appreciate news on **Michael Baird '73**.

Michele Bierenbaum Reichstein lives in Montclair, NJ with husband Bob and two sons, David, 6 and Matthew, 2. She is returning to work full-time as a psychiatrist-in-training, planning on completing her residency in July '86.

Katherine Freygang lives in NYC, has a studio, is an exhibition designer for an excellent graphic designer, and does her own art which is primarily performance or installations.

Caroline Cole and **Bernard Zelitch** welcomed **Michael Schoenwald '84** to the staff of their town newspaper, *The North Andover Citizen*, making him the third reporter who is a CC graduate.

Marianne Casey Reinhalter continues as a social worker on a part-time contractual basis for Catholic Social Services doing outpatient psychotherapy with adults and children. Husband **Emil** finished his residency and is an emergency room physician. Daughters

are five and two. She sees **Ann Jacobs Mooney** frequently and was planning on visiting **Susan Snyder Cloninger** during winter '85-86.

Janis Alexander-Jackson has worked at IBM as an advisory system engineer since '78 and is in NYU grad school for an M.S./M.B.A. She has been married for three years.

Melissa Fleishman Pruitt is staying extremely busy (and barely sane) caring for Andrew, 6; Timmy, 3; and Adam, 1. They moved to the DC area about three years ago, where husband **Phil** is with *USA Weekend*.

Amy Cohen is teaching at Western New England College of Law and recently visited CC to recruit for her school. Husband **Harvey Shrage** is an attorney with the NLRB in Hartford and daughters **Rebecca**, 5 and **Madeline**, 1 are doing wonderfully.

Dorothy (Doffie) Clarke-Farrar took last year off from corporate American life and was a "nanny" for a motherless 7-year-old girl in San Rafael, CA. She and husband **Stephen** recently honeymooned across America visiting national parks and Smith friends—**Sallie McClure Stanley** and **Martha Klingbil Murphy**. They now live in Rye Beach, NH.

Holly Babbitt Cobb lives in Westport, CT with husband **Bill** and two daughters, three and six. She works for IBM in Workstation Marketing at NAD headquar-

ters in White Plains and **Bill** works for the Bank of NY.

Nancy Cannon accepted a new position in Saratoga Springs, NY as director of Alpha Industries after eight years with North Star Industries.

Sharon Bell graduated from the U of Tulsa College of Law, married a fellow law student, was admitted to the OK Bar in 10/85, and joined her father's law firm of **Rogers and Bell** in Tulsa.

Linda Ferguson Benoist is in St. Louis with husband **Elliot** and children, **Elliot**, 3 and **Libby**, 6 mos. She is president of *St. Louis Magazine* and is also active in Junior League of St. Louis, plays tennis and travels. She frequently sees **Pam Strawbridge** and **Anne (Missy) Fenner**.

Ellen Feldman is regional sales manager of Gentry Foods Corp. in CA, and commutes every two months from her home in Chicago. She has almost completed her M.B.A. at Northwestern and is very involved in aerobics, working out and running. She, too, sees **Pam Strawbridge** occasionally.

Jody Fabso is completing a M.S. in dance therapy from Hunter College and is working at Fairfield Hills Hospital in Newtown, CT with an inpatient psychiatric population. She loves her work and living in CT.

Warren Erickson is associate director of communications at Conn. Mutual Life Insurance Co., busily restor-



A lofty perspective.

ing his early 18th century house in rural Ashford, CT, and winding down as pres. of the CC alumni assn.

Thomas Cheetham and wife, Joan Zaprzalka Cheetham '75, are both working on Ph.D.s at Iowa State, he in entomology and she in crop physiology.

Catherine Backus is in her ninth year at Planned Parenthood of CT and is the manager of a clinic she developed in Enfield, CT. Music continues to be her big interest; she sings with the *Conn. Choral Artists*, a professional vocal ensemble, and is a paid soloist at Immanuel Cong. Church in Htfd. She manages occasional visits with **Leslie Revilock**, Peggy Powell '76 and Charlie Fitzhugh '76.

Joanne Allport has lived in S.F. for almost four years and loves the Bay area. She did a subspecialty fellowship in adolescent medicine at UCSF and is currently involved in setting up and evaluating preventive youth health care programs for the City of S.F. Dept. of Public Health. She spent summer in Sweden learning about preventive health care and making an educational film, which was a great experience.

Cynthia Caravatt Holden decided after the recent birth of her daughter to stay home to care for her two children and not return to her job at the bank. Volunteer work also keeps her very busy.

Joan Courcay Goldstein recently moved to Madison, CT where she has temporarily retired from the teaching profession to care for her children, Drew, 3 and Jill, 1. After a seven-year residency program her husband Leon went into private practice as a plastic surgeon in New Haven.

Lynn Aschenbrenner had been employment manager at ARGO Systems until the birth of her daughter but is now doing some consulting from home.

Christopher Wright was recently voted into partnership in the law firm of Dunn, Haase, Sullivan, Mallon and Cherner in Media, PA.

Mary Lou Breglio Coronios and Andrew's second child, James, joins his four-year-old sister Christina.

Sara Brown Laughlin and husband Tim teach school in Brookfield, CT and work hard on restoring their old farmhouse in New Milford, CT. New daughter Elizabeth joins brother Timothy, 2.

DeEtte (DeDe) Chirgwin left the Wharton School where she had been an assoc. director of alumni affairs for three years and was recently appointed director of development at the Shipley School in Bryn Mawr with responsibility for development, alumni relations, publications and public relations. She continues as Phila. co-chmn. of Campaign for CC. Husband John Flowers is director of the Wharton School's grad admissions.

Paula Dzenis Healey is enjoying her new home and neighborhood in Silver Spring, MD and is director of equity research for a local investment advisory firm. She, husband Tom and son Jonathan, 5 were treated to some delicious Maryland crabs by Rick '75 and **Kathy Powell Cohn** this summer.

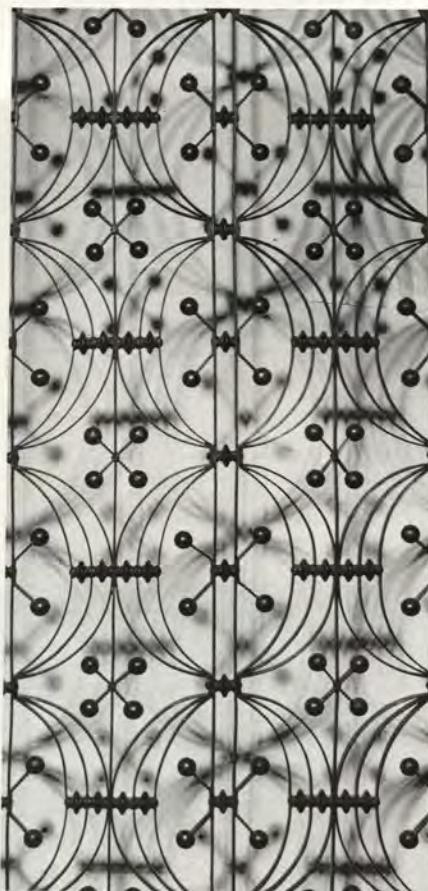
Elizabeth Disario Lighton is thoroughly enjoying marriage to Robert, her partner in British Khaki, Inc., a clothing business in which they design all of their own fabric, produce sportswear that is sold throughout the U.S. and Japan and also have eight licensed stores in TX. They spent their honeymoon traveling through Italy and France and have made several business trips to the Orient.

Christine Dunkel-Schetter is an asst. prof. of psychology at UCLA and lives in S.F. with husband Charlie and son Alexander. She would like some news from the old Branford bunch.

Sherry Alpert had a busy year. Last spring she left her p.r. job at Morgan Memorial Goodwill Industries and became director of public affairs at Jewish Memorial Hospital, Boston. In Sept. she was married and became stepmother to 12-year-old Laura. The Alpert/Shmish-kiss family is doing well in Sherry's 200-year-old home in Canton which they renovated extensively over the summer. Sherry continues her studies at the Graphic Design Certification Program at MA College of Art. She stays in touch with **Pam McMurray**.

Frann Axelrad-Rosenberg keeps busy with her law practice with offices in Cherry Hill, NJ and Phila.; her children, Michael, 3 and Cindy, 6 mos., and husband Barry; serving as pres. of Tri-County Women Lawyers; and teaching CPR for the American Heart Assn.

Carol Machado Nalewajk lives in Manchester, CT



Detail, Louis Sullivan grillwork, Cummings Arts Center.

and works for Connecticut Bank and Trust Co. in Hartford as an asst. foreign exchange trader.

Susan Compton moved from Atlanta to accept a position in Phila. as the asst. director of the credit division at Robert Morris Associates, where she is involved in new program and services development and is coordinating workshops which allow her to travel.

Brian Peniston married Anne MacDonald in May '85. They returned to Bali where Brian works for Foster Parents Plan International. Among guests at the wedding were **Donald Kane**, **Jonathan Gold**, Nancy Williams Ward '73 and H.P. Goldfield '73.

Dena Kirkbride Bellows co-authored a book entitled *Parties for Home and School—A Piece of Cake*.

Mark Gero (formerly Gerolmo) had his sculpture exhibited at a NY gallery and is working on a show at a gallery in L.A. for '86.

Bruce Garnant loves living in Potomac, MD with Tish and 5-year-old daughter Vanessa. They are working on developing child and infant safety vehicle signs, about which they're very excited.

We regret to report the death of **Carroll Jo Hunter Moore** on 4/7/85. An art history major at CC, she had been an associate in an art gallery in Tucson, but blindness brought on by diabetes caused her to pursue another career. She earned a master's in counseling (despite suffering from kidney disease as well) and was an award-winning weaver. Our sympathy is extended to her family.

Correspondents: Francine Axelrad Rosenberg, 1893 West Point Drive, Cherry Hill, NJ 08003; Andi Schechter, 1901 6th St., Berkeley, CA 94710; Margaret S. Hamilton Turkevich, 83 West Case Drive, Hudson, OH 44236

76 MARRIED: **Renee Baumbblatt** to Ted Magida, 10/24/82; **Haynes (Tim) Cates** to Sally Keith, 1/25/85; **Elizabeth Hopkins** to Daniel Blackstone, 12/8/84.

BORN: to Anne and **David Alden**, Peter Hams, 9/23/85; to Bruce and **Lynda Batter Munro**, Heather Louise, 2/2/85; to Ted and **Renee Baumbblatt-Magida**, Matthew David and Brian Craig, 7/3/85; to Kristi Vaughn '75 and **Todd Cody**, Alexandra, 10/85; to Jeffrey and **Mary Yoshimura Elkin**, Matthew Craig, 6/11/85; to James and **Susan Dudding Evans**, David James, 1/25/85; to Daniel and **Elizabeth Hopkins Blackstone**, Lindsey Carrington, 10/20/85.

Samuel (Sandy) Adelman is v.p. in charge of sales and trading for a major NYC barter exchange. He also does legal collection work, and promotes charity functions for major league baseball stars such as Mantle, Mattingly and Gooden. Sandy still keeps in touch with **Barry Wohl**, Bob (Wah Wah) Breen '77, and Jon Marcus '77.

Dave Alden has been promoted to the merchandising office of Ford Division, Ford Motor Co., Detroit, MI.

Bob Axelrod has just had his wisdom teeth extracted. He has kept in touch with **Steve and Jane Minarik Hauptman**, and **Dan Samelson**.

Lynda Batter Munro is actively engaged in the practice of law in a three person partnership of Peska, Sipples and Munro in Clinton, CT. While the Munros have help come into their home, husband Bruce is primarily responsible for Heather's daily schedule. Lynda and family live in an old papermill barn in Clinton, which they are making over into their home. She has heard from **Holly Wise**, who is a wife and mother in Barbados, and is in close touch with **Beth Stenger**, who lives in Oak Park, IL with her husband and dogs.

Renee Baumbblatt-Magida, husband Ted and twin sons have a house outside of Phila. where Renee is in private practice as an occupational therapist.

Dave Biro is a copywriter and jingle writer for Cunningham & Walsh, an advertising company in NYC. Dave sings and plays guitar professionally on weekends, and keeps in touch with **Steve Brunetti**. A happily married homeowner, Dave refuses to believe that nearly ten years have passed since our graduation.

Faith Blerch Zweick and husband Wayne have moved to Phila., where Faith is a research biologist in the research division of E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co.

Ann Bodurtha, after two summer vacations spent exploring the wilds of Wales, in summer '85 moved into her new condo in No. Haven. Still with SNET Co., Ann is back in the regulatory area, managing a staff which conducts economic cost analysis. She and her staff members can regularly be seen running the streets of New Haven on their lunch hour. Ann still enjoys singing, and performs for a local music club to which she belongs.

Lisa Boodman is in her second year at Northeastern U Law School, after completing her summer internship with MA Attorney General Bellotti's Public Protection Bureau Chief. She will spend her winter term in Boston with a small civil practice specializing in discrimination law.

Sarah Cahoon recently moved to Phoenix where she does research and program design in global/future studies for business and education partnerships.

Tim Cates finished his residency in urologic surgery and started a practice in Wilmington. He is also a part-time instructor in the urology program at Jefferson U.

Prudence Cheney Dorazio and husband Ernie live in Portsmouth, RI with their 17-month-old son Ernest.

Rebecca Cloe has a new job as choral director of the Milford area senior high school in Milford, NH.

Stuart Cohen has left the private practice of law and returned to the public sector, as senior law clerk to the chief judge of the state of NY.

Kathi DiMiceli is in grad school at the BU School of Social Work. She hopes to see some friendly faces at our 10-year reunion.

Patricia Dingle Murray is an illustrator for HHC 7 SIG Bde in Mannheim, West Germany. She has also been awarded an army commendation medal for meritorious service to the U.S. Army, while serving with the 68th transportation battalion in Colorado Springs.

David DePrete manages the operation of a martial arts school and also teaches there. He has recently taken up rowing, fulfilling a dream since his days at CC. He is saving quarters for a trip East in '86, and is looking

forward to cross-country skiing with his wife.

After eight years in Bloomington, IN, **Beth Dolliver Eldon** and husband **Bill** '75 sold their house and moved to Houston, where Beth's research advisor accepted a job at the M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute. Beth hopes to finish her degree in about a year. Bill is working on his dissertation and looking for a job. The Eldons are enjoying life in a city, and are wondering if any others from our class have found their way to Houston.

Susan Dudding Evans and family are living in Sitka, AK where Jim is stationed with the Coast Guard. They are due to be transferred during summer '86.

Nina George is celebrating a happy medium between teaching and writing—editing education books for Teachers College Press. She is more than halfway through writing a new novel, a comedy which her agent wants to send to Hollywood. Nina and husband Omar, who is working on his history Ph.D., enjoyed a summer vacation in the Catskills. They are looking forward to a 1986 move to Manhattan's upper west side, to be closer to old movies, Chinese food, and classical music. They confess to having bought a co-op, but swear that no one was kicked out so that they could move in. Nina ran into **Nancy Herschatter** and had fun catching up. Also had a visit from **Donna Diamond**, who is surviving her last year at Georgetown Law.

Wendy Golart Wachter received a promotion in Sept. and is now the systems manager for a DEC VAX-11/780 computer at the Naval Underwater Systems Center in New London. She works in the same NUSC branch as her husband John, a mechanical engineer. In addition to swimming and sunning at Ocean Beach after work, Wendy and John enjoy Club Med winter vacations in Martinique. On 11/15/85, Wendy and John celebrated the 10th anniversary of that fateful day when they first met in the Larrabee living room. Wendy is looking forward to seeing many '76ers at reunion!

Susan Hazlehurst Milbrath writes from Reston, VA that she loves her new lakeside home and that her husband and dog are fine. She continues her freelance Portuguese/English translating, and was looking forward to visiting her parents in Brazil at Christmas. Susan is the asst. to the pres. and corporate secretary of Enterprise Bank in Falls Church, VA. She was pleased to find another CC alum at the bank, Susan Duffield Strickland '66, the cashier. Susan recently passed the VA real estate licensing exam, and says the new knowledge helps her tremendously in her work. Susan is also looking forward to reunion!

Elizabeth Hopkins Blackstone and family recently moved to Novato, CA and would love to see fellow CCers who are area residents, as well as visitors.

Sharon Joyce is still with the NJ atty. general's office, representing professional licensing boards. She and her husband John Tabachnick, a family practitioner, live in Westfield, NJ with son Jeffrey, 3.

Correspondents: **Ann L. Bodurtha**, 1400 Hartford Tpke., North Haven, CT 06473; **Laurie Ouimet Leber**, 100 Finchley Court, Atlanta, GA 30328

78 MARRIED: **David Cruthers** to Josephine Killefer, 6/15/85; **Elizabeth (Buffy) Easton** to James Traub, 6/16/85; **Mark Grogan** to Jane Krammer, 6/8/85; **Mary Lynn** to Douglas Edwards, '84; **Allison MacMillan** to Marc DesMeules, 6/12/82; **John Moore** to Dorothy Mayo, 8/83; **Natalie Piontek** to Thomas Ramadan, 10/24/80; **Michael Reardon** to Christine (Tina) Gould '79, 10/26/85; **Thomas Roosevelt** to Frances Green Humphreys, 10/20/84; **Donna Shaffer** to Jon Ahlberg, 7/85; **David Stewart** to Katherine McNair '81, 6/16/84; **Jerry Tisser** to Jean Dwyer, 9/83; **Wilma Trueswell** to Jeffrey Townsend, 6/29/85; **Mary Wheeler** to R. Scott Ross, 7/13/85; **Frances Williams** to Merrill Ringold, 9/4/83; **Carrie Wilson** to Alexander (Sandy) Newbold '77, 6/83.

BORN: to **Isabel (Isa) Borrás Martínez** and Oscar, Oscar Gabriel, 7/1/85; to **Bonnie Klaus Guttenplan** and Ed, Seth Michael, 11/1/84; to **Elizabeth Gamble Taylor** '77 and **Peter Taylor**, Evvin Gamble, 11/20/85; to **Sally Shore-Wittenberg** and Bruce, Jacob Shore, 2/8/85; to **Diane Revaz Quinn** and Jim, Caitlin Renee, 1/24/85; to **Natalie Piontek Ramadan** and Thomas, Jeffrey Thomas, 6/25/83 and Kristen Leigh, 11/22/84;

to **Patience Merck Chamberlin** and Thomas '76, Katherine 4/84; to **Jerry Tisser** and Jean, Matthew Leigh 8/9/85; to **Jane Kappell Manheimer** and Jack, Benjamin, 7/85; to **David Rosenthal** and Julie, Sarah, 11/84.

In the Boston area, **Meg Propst** stays in touch with **Karen Haas** and **Steve James**. She is the asst. director of development at Pine Manor College and works with **David Cruthers**, a development officer. David's new wife Josephine works at Kent Publishing Company and they now live in Winthrop. Michael Bromley '77 was their best man.

Mary Lynn Edwards received her master's from Harvard Divinity School in 1982 and works at Wang Laboratories. Husband Douglas is finishing his Ph.D.

Diane Revaz Quinn and husband Jim moved to Cambridge recently after five years in HI. While Diane enjoys motherhood and teaching aerobics, Jim is completing his MPA at Harvard.

Also in Cambridge is **Lyn Tranfield**, rooming with Kate Hersey '79. Lyn no longer teaches, is now working for NEECO, a retail computer store in Needham where she is in training and support.

Valerie Rumsfeld-Karr just began her doctoral program in psychology at the MA School of Professional Psychology and is living in Newton with husband Stefan.

John Moore works for Lowell, Blake and Assoc., an investment counseling firm in Boston. His wife Dorothy manages a corporate travel department which allows them travel benefits away from home in Swampscott.

Michael Staz (Stasiowski) received a master's in human development from Harvard last June and splits his time between the Cape, where he's building an addition to the house, and Bermuda.

Patty Radin was promoted at John Hancock into a senior mass marketing position.

After three years in the MIT admissions office **Carrie Wilson Newbold** received her MBA from BU and recently began a new career as the director of marketing for an international management consulting firm, Language Consultants. Carrie and Sandy '77 stay in touch with **Pari Amadi** '78 in DC as well as **Richard Newbold** '77, **William Sheffield** and **Andy Chamberlin** '77, all in the S.F. area.

In the Bay Area, **Marc Pandone** received an MFA from the CA College of Arts and Crafts while he interned at Creative Growth. He teaches at the S.F. Academy of Art, the CA College of Arts and Crafts, and Berkeley.

After managing restaurants in the Bay Area for years, **Roger Sigal** has enrolled in law school at Boalt Hall, U of CA, Berkeley.

Karin Winnard teaches 8th grade math in Oakland where she sees Emily Odza '77 and Ann Heron '76. Karin, Roger and Marc all live in Oakland.

Suzanne May Wagster and husband Daniel, both financial planners at IBM, were transferred to the San Jose General Products Division. They love CA and Tahoe skiing.

In Nov., **Selden Prentice** began work as an environmental lawyer at the regional counsel's office of the EPA in S.F.

After three years as a consultant in DC, **David (Miami) Watkins** entered Stanford Business School, received his MBA and joined a software company, Activision, as a product manager. In '84 he married a Stanford classmate and lives in Menlo Park.

Greg Silber continues work on his doctorate at U of CA Santa Cruz in biology/marine biology. As a consultant, he studied the effects of oil exploration on whale behavior in AK. This winter he did dissertation work on porpoises in Mexico and in the spring will continue that work in Monterey Bay.

In NYC, **Janet Mave** has opened an antique silver and jewelry shop at 52 E. 76th.

Dan Warmflash lives in Hackensack but works in Manhattan for Manufacturers Hanover Trust as a technical officer, providing design support for online funds transfer systems.

Peter Reich teaches English at Riverdale Country School and runs summer schools in France.

Ethan Wolfe took time away from law practice this past fall to act off-off-Broadway in *Frankenstein: New*

Wave and *The Googal-Plex*. He has appeared on *Ryan's Hope* and *The Equalizer*.

Sally Shore Wittenberg was a systems analyst before her son's birth but now enjoys being at home in Ardley.

David Rosenthal left the insurance industry to become a parking attendant and risk manager for Edison Parking Assn. His wife Leslie is a graphics designer and communications officer at the Morgan Bank. They live in Hoboken.

William Lattanzi and **Martha Vibbert** live in the Park Slope neighborhood of Brooklyn. Bill is a film editor for R/J Greenberg, making trailers for films like *Big Trouble*, *Santa Claus*, and *The Bride*. Martha received an M.Ed. from Harvard in '79 and pursues her doctorate in clinical psychology at NYU. They keep up with many alums and saw Robert Donaldson '77 playing three roles in the same play.

Jonathan Katz and **Toby Mardis Katz** celebrated their fifth anniversary in the Greek Islands last June. Toby works in film production and has a new job at Sandbank films in Hawthorne; Jon is the senior psychologist on the crisis intervention unit at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, instructs clinical psychology at Columbia U, and also has a private practice in NYC.

Warren Klotz is with *Scholastic Magazine* in marketing/public relations for the 8-12th grade publication. He can be found on the upper west side bar-hopping with David Wolf '77.

In Washington DC, **Jane Sutter Starke** is a Capitol Hill attorney for the House committee on energy and commerce. She dances when time permits, keeping in touch with **Sarah Hershey** and **Hilary Henderson** '79. Jane's husband, R. Penfield Starke, is an attorney at the Fed. Home Loan Bank Bd.

Peter Rustin is an attorney in the office of general counsel for the U.S. Dept. of H.U.D. Peter is a drummer by night in a new wave group *B-Time* which has released a single on Washington's "Go Records."

Maryellen McLaughlin Sobin recently joined Electronic Data Systems (EDS) as a product manager in the government services group and will finish her MBA in May '86. Maryellen and husband Sturge live in Arlington.

Carol Penn-Muhammad spent last summer as a Kennedy Space Center teacher fellow. Now she has a grant under the sponsorship of Washington Very Special Arts to continue choreography work for blind and visually impaired students. She also teaches dance to gifted and talented 4th-6th graders in MD.

Lisa Quinion Abbott and **Geoffrey** are waiting to find out if the Coast Guard will transfer them next summer from Woodbridge where they now live. Lisa is active with the church junior high advisors, CG Wives Club, the Sunshine Foundation for terminally ill children and the local Endometriosis Assn.

In NJ, **Bonnie Klaus Guttenplan** has two sons at home and is still an outside sales agent for a travel agency with a terminal at her E. Brunswick home. Husband Ed has his own CPA practice in E. Brunswick.

In Philadelphia, **Michael Weinick** finished his Doctor of Osteopathy in June '85, having previously conducted research at the Hosp. for Special Surgery NYC in birth defects. He received his M.A. from Tufts in child studies in '80. Michael is now serving a transitional internship at Metro. Hosp., Phila. He sees Jim Wright '79, Peter Florey '80, Ross Delaney '79 and **Betsy Hamburger**.

David Rosenthal is finishing his otolaryngology residence at Jefferson U, Phila. Wife Julie is completing her master's in psychiatric nursing at U.P.A. Sarah, I, keeps them busy. David sees **Jon Rothschild** in Phila. and Haynes (Tim) Cates '76 at the Wilmington VA Hospital.

In Pittsburgh **Barry Gross** celebrates his first anniversary and promotion to sales manager of his bedding supply company.

Jerry Porter and **Lindsay Gates Porter** '80 returned East after several years of buying oil/gas leases. Jerry completed his MBA at Cornell and now works in Pittsburgh at Mellon Bank's energy division. Lindsay has her own small business.

In Unionville, PA **Thomas Roosevelt** works for M. E. Franks trading agriculture commodities. His wife is an architect for Venturi, Rauch and Scott Brown.

In CT, **Michael Reardon** is an attorney, clerking for a

U.S. dist. judge in Hartford. He and Tina Gould Rear-don '79, a political analyst for the govt., live in Avon.

Richard McClellan is now the asst. director of career planning at Wesleyan. He still chairs the bd. of directors of the Penny Ante Theater founded by classmates **Nancy Kerr** and **Alan Klugman**. Rick reports that **Donna Hodge** has received her Ph.D. in psychology from U. MI.

Natalie Piontek Ramadan is keeping busy with two children and a house to decorate in Woodbridge.

Susan Slotnick Lentini completed her master's in reading from Central CT State and is a certified reading consultant. She teaches kindergarten in Bloomfield where she and husband Chuck live.

Marjorie Nelson recently bought a condo in the newly renovated Norwalk district and switched jobs to Citicorp in Harrison, NY as a programming manager on a startup IBM database project. Marge is a CC admissions aide and keeps in touch with **Jean von Klemperer Makris**, **Marge Lisbon** and **Michael Colnes**.

Susan Guastamachio King of Mystic received her MSW from UConn. Last summer, she joined the professional staff of the Family Service Assn. of So. New London County.

Mark Grogan and wife Jane live in Stratford. Mark works at Eastern Press in New Haven.

Mary Barnett starred in an Aug. '85 dance of *Hands* about Bank Street night life. She lives in Mystic and works with two small dance companies in New Haven—the Susumi Dance Theater and the Annie Sailer Dance Co. She's enrolled in a master's program in movement at Wesleyan.

Patience Merck Chamberlin and Thomas '76 are living in Exeter, NH where Patience enjoys motherhood with Nathaniel, 5 and Katherine, 2.

Jerry Tisser and Jean write from Providence where Jerry works for the Defense Mapping Agency, having spent time in a master's program in automated cartography. They plan some extensive European travels in spring '86.

Leigh Semonite Palmer is the first woman to be elected to the bd. of directors at the Portland Yacht Club where she directs the junior sailing program. She is still at Unionmutual Life Insurance in Portland and of course, still sailing. Leigh and husband Jim ran into **Claire Bamberg Johnson**, husband and son at a Bow-doin function.

Alison MacMillan DesMeules lives in Calais, VT and works for the VT dept. of water resources reviewing hydropower projects for compliance with water quality standards. Husband Marc is a science and stewardship director for the VT field office of the Nature Conservancy. Alison saw **Wendy McAllister** and her baby girl; also **Pam Goff** at **Cornelia Boynton's** wedding on 10/5/85.

In the Midwest, **Elizabeth Gamble Taylor** '77 and **Peter Taylor** enjoy their two youngsters in Minneapolis, the newest was a Thanksgiving treat.

Lynn Stauffer Wayne teaches English as a second language at Carl Sandburg College in Galesburg, IL and lives in nearby Monmouth with husband Charles and son Michael, 4. She's active in AAUW, vp of early learning center bd. and food co-op and still swims laps.

In MI, **Donna Shaffer Ahlberg** lives on a beef cattle farm which she manages with husband Jon, whom she met while getting a MS at dept. of animal sciences, U.V.M. She studied the photoperiod effects on milk production and reproduction in dairy cows. Donna says Iron River in the upper peninsula is remote and beautiful country.

In Ann Arbor, **Prudence Regan Hallarman** and **Peter Hallarman** are newcomers. Peter is doing a dermatology residency at U MI and Rindy is a school consultant for the Washtenau County mental health dept. Nicole, 2, keeps them entertained.

Kristine (Tina) Siewers writes from Salt Lake City, where she works at Native Plants, Inc. as technical consultant and reclamation seed sales representative. She specializes in reclamation and vegetation of mined lands. She spends free time hiking the Rockies or studying desert flora.

Mary Wheeler Ross received her MBA from Washington U, St. Louis in '80 and has been living in the Phoenix area since then. Both she and husband Scott work for the state of AZ. They also own racing

greyhounds that they watch competing in AZ.

David Stewart writes from Dallas where he received his MBA from SMU 12/84. He spent '85 trying to start a magazine and has seed money for the research phase. Named *Lone Star Sunday*, it will be a high quality magazine for TX newspapers.

Frances Williams Ringold works for Camp Fire as a district director, recruiting youth and leaders for the program. She and husband Merrill enjoyed seeing President and Mrs. Ames and alumni at a CC dinner.

In AK, **Rosana Reis Stimson** is an Air Force captain stationed at Elmendorf AFB since '83. She and husband David have two children, Gordon, 4 and Julie, 1. She's starting her master's in systems management.

Our class expresses sympathy to **Sally Schwab Gerson**, whose husband Raymond died unexpectedly in Oct. '85.

Correspondents: **Laurie Heiss**, 6 Seaside Ave., Milford, CT 06460; **Jay Krasner**, 56 Oak Hill St., Newton Centre, MA 02159

80 MARRIED: **Alison Butler** to Frederick J. Geyer, 6/8/85; **Anne Marie Dempsey** to William Carter Sullivan, 9/28/85; **Jacqueline Kent** to Elliot Jacobson, 10/19/85.

BORN: to W. Godfrey and **Deborah Gray Wood**, Sidney Jeffrey Gray, 6/11/85; to Peter and **Rebecca Imhoff Shepard**, Emily May, 11/5/85.

Rebecca Imhoff Shepard lives in London, England and loves it. She is a CC admissions aide there.

Kathy Bliss works at Mass Financial and lives in Brighton.

Gail Compton loves her new position at *Body Designs*, a dance and athletic clothing shop in Manhattan.

Jacqueline Kent lives in Manhattan and is a production assistant at Great Amwell.

Amy Kalberer bought a condo or two in Boston. She has been with Sheehan Assoc. for the last four years.

Howie Grimm is at Kidder Peabody; business suits and short hair!

Peter and Lori Regalo Musser were married two years ago. They have moved to the San Francisco area and are both starting an office management firm.

Chris Gottlieb lives in Needham, MA and is the new manager at Delta Wye Credit Union. He attends BC at night for his MBA.

Ted Greenberg is married to Laura Miller '81 and works at Bailis Realty Co. in St. Louis.

Melanie Dennis has been living in Boston since graduation and has just left Vesti after four years.

Anne Marie Dempsey is an account exec. at Young and Rubicam.

Janice Barefoot is a bank relations specialist with Goldman Sachs in NY.

Karen Greeley of Torrington, CT has been promoted to consumer research analyst at Northeast Utilities. She is very active in various county chorale and church choirs in her area.

Lori Epstein has formed a law partnership, Kroll and Epstein, with William Kroll. She specializes in real estate and civil law.

Michael Eugene Jones is pursuing a master's degree at the U of VA.

Deborah Gray Wood, 27 Crafts Rd., Chestnut Hill, MA 02167; **Martin C. Johnson**, 117 Central Ave. S., Wayzata, MN 55391

82 MARRIED: **Susan Baldwin** to Theodore William Kietzman, 10/85.

Susan Baldwin Kietzman is a reporter for *The Compass* of Groton, CT. Her husband is an assistant superintendent at Dow Chemical.

Julie Stahlgren Wharton has been in Austin, TX for the past year working as a school administrator and modern dance instructor for a ballet company and school. She is moving back to DC where her husband is assuming a position as a foreign service officer with the State Department.

Ensign Joseph J. Izzo has recently been commissioned a U.S. Navy officer, having graduated from the U.S. Naval Officer Candidate School, Newport, RI on 7/26/85. He is serving aboard the *USS Thorn*, pres-

ently ported in Brooklyn, NY. While in NYC, he is rooming with **Howard Chaloner**, a corporate accountant with KLM Royal Dutch Airlines and enjoying the city with all the style and gusto synonymous with charter members of the Sahara Club. Ensign Izzo was planning to attend Surface Warfare Officer School in Newport in Dec. '85.

Paul Kiesel graduated from Whittier College School of Law in L.A., has earned the degree of Juris Doctor from the A.B.A. and is now eligible to take the bar exam.

Jeffrey Haus also earned his J.D. degree, attending the New England School of Law. While there he advanced to the semi-final round of the Honors Moot Court competition. He also served as a staff member for the *New England Journal on Criminal & Civil Confinement*. Jeff is currently a candidate for admission to the bar in AZ and MA.

Beth Brown Bardo has moved to the Monterey Peninsula, CA where husband Lance is working for his M.A. at the naval post graduate school. Beth works for UpJohn Health Care Service.

Barry Stringfellow and **Max Moore** '81, who performed with Hub Moore and Chris Harford in the band *Three Colors* at CC have just released their first record, a six song EP called *Three Colors*. They have been playing around the Boston area with such bands as the *English Beat* and *Bow Wow Wow*; also at CC and other local colleges.

Tatiana Lopuchin lives in Port Chester, NY and loves teaching 3rd grade at PS 132 in Manhattan.

Charles Plante has been accepted as a graduate fellow to Magdalene College, Cambridge, England in a two-year program which should culminate in an M.A. in the history of art.

Kim Sloan is a candidate for a doctorate in clinical psychology at Washington U in St. Louis.

Condolences to the family of **Edith Thompson** of Niantic who died 8/85. An RTC graduate, she had been a nurse for 14 years at Seaside Regional Center.

Correspondent: **Jill Crossman**, 63 Maplewood Ave., West Hartford, CT 06119

85 MARRIED: **Pamela French** to George Evarts, 8/24/85; **Elizabeth Grimsey** to Stephen Ather-ton, 6/22/85; **Eileen Kane** to Stephen Engel, 6/22/85

Suzanne Hanny and **Rosemary Battles** share an apartment in Brookline, MA. Suzanne is a coordinator of a new clinic, as well as a program for medical students at Beth Israel Hosp. in Boston.

Anne (Amy) Kiernan is in the Bank of New York retail banking training program in Manhattan.

Correspondent: **Kathleen A. Boyd**, 4302 Saul Rd., Kensington, MD 20895; **Anne-Marie Parsons**, 531 Burnham St., E. Hartford, CT 06108



The Early Years

20s 30s
40s 50s
60s 70s
80s

